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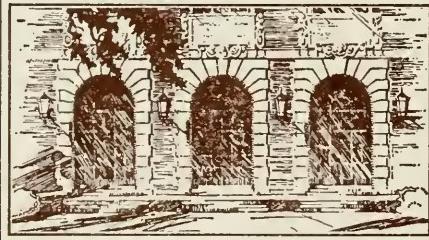
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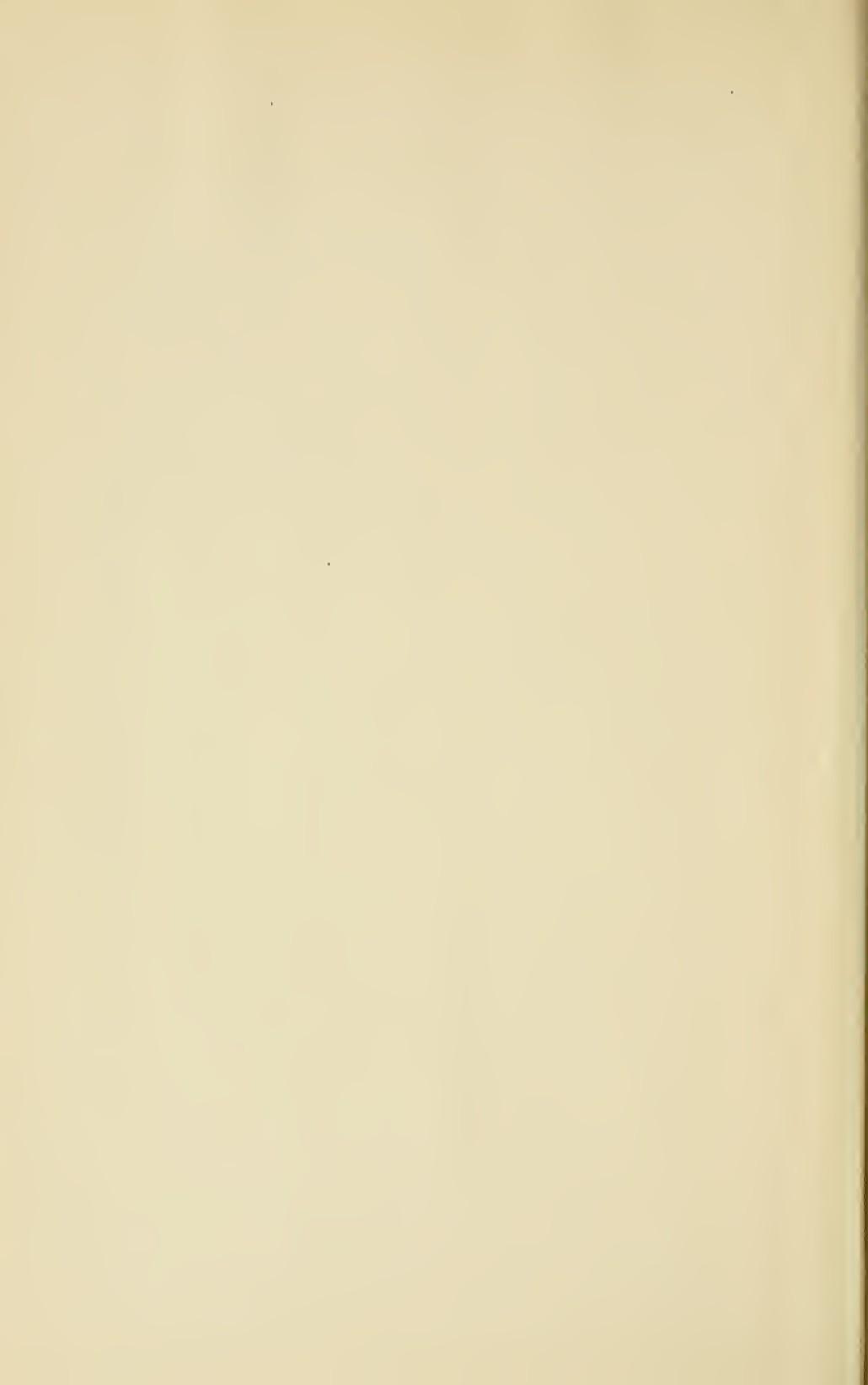


from the books of

Jacob Best







Recollections . . .

Recollections

OF LIFE & DOINGS IN CHICAGO

FROM THE HAYMARKET RIOT
TO THE END OF WORLD WAR I

By An Old Timer



Normandie House * Publisher
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Chicago, Illinois, 1945

This book was written in the Fall of 1943. Due to existing conditions, it became necessary to delay publication until the Spring of 1945.

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W. T. 731

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Author's Preface

AN AMATEUR AUTHOR in attempting a book of this nature must invariably be confronted at the outset with considerable apprehension. To find a plausible alibi for undertaking such a task without sufficient training was one of my first misgivings. Intimate and well-meaning associates, as well as members of my family, knowing of my keen interest in the life and doings of Chicago for over fifty-five eventful years, are partly responsible for my embarking upon this venture. Having been recently subjected to another rather serious heart attack which kept me out of active circulation, I concluded that it might provide an amusing pastime to do some reminiscing on paper. At that time it loomed beyond my imagination that these incipient writing efforts would ever be considered worthy to appear in print. I believe, however, that no harm can result from my attempt to relate a few incidents which might be deemed of interest especially to old-timers of Chicago, and it affords me untold satisfaction to have at last transmitted some of my valued recollections into permanent record form.

Before going on, there is one amusing little incident that needs to be told. An old fellow Chicagoan, who is a friend and neighbor of mine, when he surmised that I was wasting my seemingly valueless time in jotting down these recollections, remarked, "Charley, you were born in 1871, and this being the end of 1943, it brings you to the age when men decide that it's about time they write their auto-

biographies. But must I again be obliged to read another old man's book?" Now I would like to serve notice on my friend (whom I'll not mention by name, but whose initials are F. H. B.) that a perusal of this volume will surely prove him "all wet" in his premature conclusion.

Much has happened in Chicago and to Chicagoans in the last twenty-five years that is not recorded here. Moreover, it reasons that only men and women credited with worthwhile accomplishments are entitled to write their autobiographies. I don't presume to rate one, and it is doubtful if it would prove of much interest if I wrote one. It is only because it fell my lot to live and move in a certain environment, which I believe to be singular, that I feel justified in waxing reminiscent. It is the recollections recorded in this book and not my life that matters. In selecting subjects on which to discourse, I have taken primarily those in which I was somewhat personally involved, and that fact imposes the necessity for many of the incidents to be related in first person. I sincerely trust that my readers will bear with me for this seemingly presumptuous breach.

*There have been a number of worthy and interesting books published about Chicago by capable professional authors. Those which come particularly to mind are *Stormy Years* by the Hon. Carter H. Harrison, *Giants Gone* by Ernest Poole, and *Old Chicago Houses* by John Drury. These authors have painstakingly expended much time and effort in research work which naturally lends an air of historical value and authenticity to their works. In this narrative, however, I am relying strictly on my memory. For dates and memory refreshers I have referred occasionally to an old file and scrapbook which was my standby. Only in the strictest necessity have I repeated what has*

previously appeared in print. My objective, therefore, is to disclose some inside information in connection with political campaigns and a few high city officials. Matters of less importance relative to earlier life and events in Chicago are introduced with the hope that such reminders may stimulate the memory of Chicagoans of days gone by.

CHARLES H. HERMANN

CHAPTER 1

DAME FORTUNE oftentimes plays strange and alluring games as she guides the destinies of men along the pathways and corridors of life. This collection of incidents should reveal the subtle hand she played in one such game with the lives of two men who were among the elect of the early citizenry of the great middlewestern metropolis sprawled along the west shore of Lake Michigan. Fortune smiled benevolently upon James Jefferson Gore and Gardner Spring Chapin, the two main characters in this little drama. The setting—Chicago in the middle nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

James Jefferson Gore, the originator of the firm, was born in Georgia and was endowed with the characteristics of the land from which he hailed in the rough-and-tumble times when the Vigilantes approached closest to a semblance of lawful authority. He shifted manfully for himself in that part of our country where every man was as good as another and sometimes better. At the age of nineteen, he was a fearless, free-handed youth who drove a team all the way from Texas to California. Because of his love of adventure, he cast his lot with the men of '49 and contributed his share toward winning that great territory beyond the Divide.

In those adventure-laden and exciting pioneer days of the six-shooter, the steady eye and hand, Jim Gore was learning the ways of the world. In this school he received the education in which the three cardinal principles were

honesty, loyalty to friends, and square dealing. It was in the early fifties, while he was engaged in the hazardous work of hauling freight overland to Nevada, that he met Gardner Spring Chapin who came from Massachusetts and was making money in San Francisco as a broker in mining stocks. One day, after a return trip across the mountains and plains during which the chief incident had been a fight with Indians and outlaws who had endeavored to lift the dust and bullion they thought Gore's wagon contained, that Jim, tired, sick, and in need of money, asked Chapin for a loan of two hundred dollars. Chapin handed Gore the money, telling him to repay it whenever he felt able, or to forget it if that suited him better.

Gore started for Nevada and did not see Chapin again for two years. In the meantime, Chapin had decided to pull up stakes, and with a comfortable sum of money, made for the States. Chapin settled at Faribault, Minnesota, where he opened a dry goods store. The business was not prosperous, so he moved on, and settled in Chicago. With the small sum of money which he still had, he established a grocery store on West Madison Street. He had forgotten about Jim Gore and the two hundred dollars:

Gore returned to San Francisco, enthusiastic and happy. He had made money and his first thought was of the man who had been his friend in time of need, but there was no trace of Chapin. That he had gone to the States was all Gore could learn. With ample money, Gore concluded that he would take a trip to the States himself. He had no particular point in view, but learning that Chapin had talked of going to Chicago, Jim Gore decided to visit that city.

Arrived there, his first business was to locate Chapin. Modern methods of finding people were not then in vogue

and Gore spent several days in inquiry. At last he heard that a man named Chapin had a little grocery on West Madison Street, in the prairie country. He found the place—a small, shabby store. Looking through the open door, he saw Chapin sitting on a box. Striding forward, he slapped his benefactor on the back and asked, "Do you remember me?"

Chapin did, and the two men sat down and talked over old times. Gore said, "Do you remember the two hundred dollars you let me have out in Frisco?"

"Well, now that you remind me, I believe that I did lend you some money, but I had forgotten all about it."

"But I haven't had any lapse of memory," responded Gore, "and I have the dust right here in my clothes for you. By the looks of this shebang, I reckon you need it, too."

The payment of the old loan, the discussion of their affairs, and the talk of old times led Gore to decide that Chicago was the place in which he would settle and make his home for life. He suggested that he and Chapin go into business together. It was agreed and they opened a wholesale and retail grocery store on State and Monroe Streets. Gore did not like the grocery business and tried to induce Chapin to abandon it for the liquor trade. Finally they compromised by adding a liquor department to the grocery store. This had a separate entrance on Monroe Street and the business transacted was wholesale only—which in those days meant a jug trade.

It was in 1865 that the grocery and liquor store was opened for business at State and Monroe Streets. It was a woman, a dozen eggs, and Jim Gore's dislike for petty details that caused the closing of the grocery department. Gore was in the grocery department one day when a

female customer called and accosted him, "I bought a dozen of eggs here yesterday. I was told they were fresh. They are not and I am bringing back those that I have not broken."

"Madam," began Gore pleasantly, "we bought those eggs for fresh eggs."

"I don't care what you bought them for," she snapped. "What I want is fresh eggs."

Gore, turning to a clerk, said, "Bob, give this lady a dozen fresh eggs."

This was the beginning of the end of the grocery business. Soon after, the stock was sold and the partners gave their undivided attention to the liquor enterprise. The house of Chapin & Gore began to thrive. Chapin's conservatism and Gore's daring combined to enlarge it to proportions of which neither partner had dreamed. The business of the firm had gone ahead so rapidly that when the conflagration of 1871 destroyed their place their loss was in excess of seventy-five thousand dollars. All they saved was a hundred barrels of whiskey which they rolled into Lake Michigan at the foot of Monroe Street.

Chapin & Gore rapidly resumed business—at 152 Twenty-second Street. Then, on the thirteenth of May, 1872, the partners opened what was to be the most famous liquor establishment in the country at 73 and 75 Monroe Street, on the site of the present Majestic Building. It was on that opening date that James Swift Carter entered the firm as a junior partner.

The business expanded. In promoting brands and their merchandise, the leading concerns of those days did so by establishing branch houses with retail departments which were called sample rooms. Chapin & Gore established

many such rooms. They retained the one at 152 Twenty-second Street and started five more sample rooms in Chicago, two in Indianapolis, two in Kansas City, and one in Paris, France.

In those early days, distillers and wholesalers did not resort to advertising to promote their brands. The publisher of the "Chicago Times" made several efforts to obtain advertising from Chapin & Gore. One day in 1875 Jim Gore told that publisher that he believed only in the walking advertisement, meaning by that, the satisfied consumer. However, he finally told the publisher, "I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will sell us the entire first page of your paper for one edition, I'll take it."

The publisher replied, "You wouldn't pay that price."
"What is that price?"

The publisher named a big figure. Jim Gore said, "I'll take it," with the result that the "Times" of September 4, 1875, carried on its title page a full-page advertisement of Chapin & Gore's merchandise. That has probably never been duplicated before or since by a leading newspaper of the standing and importance of the "Chicago Times." With his usual gameness Jim had called their bluff.

In the rear and one upper floor of the building which was erected immediately after the fire to house their extensive merchandising business was established a famous restaurant. Its reputation extended throughout the world and among its frequenters were the most noted men of the day—statesmen, soldiers, actors, men of letters, captains of industry, artists, judges, lawyers, and *bon vivants*.

An Englishman, writing home to a friend, described Chapin & Gore's as a place "as well known in America as the Houses of Parliament in London"; and truly, it was

a veritable parliament—a parliament of good fellowship and good cheer.

Into this café no woman ever entered. It was a man's place for men. And such men! Billy Florence made merry in the old rooms; Carter Harrison, martyr mayor of Chicago, was often the life of the company; Governor "Dick" Oglesby and "Long John" Wentworth sat at table; John T. Hoffman, Governor of New York, made a special visit with a party of friends to view the art exhibit and collection of oddities; the late Joseph Jefferson toasted the good fellows gathered about; "Uncle Dick" Hooley and J. H. McVicker, both of theatrical memory, and "Uncle Phil" Hoyne, United States Commissioner, came there to dine. The Pinkertons were among those who added to the zest of story telling. General Nelson A. Miles and Colonel William F. Cody (Buffalo Bill) exchanged tales of the wild west days; and George M. Pullman found time to contribute his jest. Harry Murdock, who perished in the Brooklyn Theatre fire, left his impress on the place in the form of his five crayon portraits of "Dick" Hooley, William H. Crane, Simon Quinlan, James O'Neill, and Harry Murdock. (Now in possession of The Chicago Historical Society.)

General Philip Sheridan was a daily and most welcome visitor in the days when he commanded the Division of the Missouri; the late Philip D. Armour was also an habitué. S. K. Martin, of memory now, then a lumber king, was of the fellowship; so were Colonel James Sexton and Edwin Walker and Charles Kern, old time Sheriff and County Treasurer; and that famous Commander of old Battery "D," Major Tobey. Then there was "Old Hutch" and Pardridge, of Board of Trade fame. There was A. H. Sellers

and his brother, Morris Sellers; and Colonel J. B. Sanborn, later an heroic general in World War I. There were the Parmelee brothers, John W. Gates, and the Studebakers; State's Attorney Grinnell, C. K. G. Billings and his father, A. M. Billings, the West Side banker; A. S. Trude, Jack Haverley, Dr. Florence Ziegfeld (father of "Flo," of Follies fame). The Moore Brothers, whose law offices were across the street, came every day until they moved to New York and became titans in high finance. I remember Mr. Barber, of Barberton, Ohio, who joined with them in creating their first trust, "The Diamond Match Company." It was only natural that the prominence of such an establishment should also attract the sporting element. It did, and the nationally known bookmakers, gamblers, and turfmen could be found among its patrons.

While mentioning those two famous financiers, Judge Moore and J. H. Moore, the name of an esteemed Chicago old-timer should also be brought into that picture, William R. Mygatt, the son of a wealthy up-state New Yorker, Judge Mygatt. The Moore brothers hailed from that same vicinity and came from there to Chicago in the seventies. They were both lawyers, each destined to cut his niche in the history of American high finance. William R. Mygatt and the Moore brothers were boyhood friends. Mygatt was also a lawyer and became connected at an early date with the Moore Brothers law firm in Chicago, an association and friendship which lasted until both Judge Moore and J. H. Moore died. William R. Mygatt retired and moved to Santa Barbara, California, where he died at the age of eighty. He was a fine man, highly regarded, and a prominent figure in the life and doings of Chicago during his time. About two years before his death, I received a letter

from him that should be of interest because of the national financial eminence of the Moore brothers. He was prompted in writing that letter because he read an account of the tearing down of that old landmark, the American Express Company building on Monroe Street, in which also were located the law offices of the Moore Brothers. An excerpt from Bill Mygatt's letter follows:

June 8th, 1930

Dear Charlie:

The enclosed clipping will interest you. If you and I could have stood across the street, we could have "reminisced" till daylight.

Judge Small, attorney for the American Express Company and the West Side Street Railway moved in soon after that building was finished in 1872, and afterwards took in with him Judge and J. H. Moore. There is where the "Diamond Match" bubble busted in 1894 and in that same place the Moore Brothers made their wonderful recoupement, with P. D. Armour back of them, by a consolidation of the three big biscuit companies into the "National Biscuit" in 1898; and later on, where the many steel industries were grouped by the Moore Brothers, and Dan Reid and W. B. Leeds and turned over to the U. S. Steel Corporation with the assistance of George F. Baker and J. P. Morgan.

On the third floor of that old American Express Company building, dear old Ed. Hill, then as you know, Treasurer of American Express Company, and I so often would peer out of the windows at the old house of C. & G. across the street. Those were grand old days.

Your old pal and sidekick,
BILL

I have mentioned quite a few of the old guard—enough so as to paint a partial picture of the scene into which I entered on June 1, 1889. I saw these Chicago pioneers often—became well acquainted with many of them—

acquaintances that lasted well past the "Gay Nineties" and into the beginning of the twentieth century.

In 1872 an eminent artist who was familiar with the prominent Chicagoans who frequented that famous establishment, conceived the idea of creating a mythical painting, namely: *Chapin & Gore Butterfly Ball*. In the picture he congregated Chicago's leaders of that period. That painting was about 7 feet by 4 feet in size, large enough to make most of the subjects recognizable. Among those famous Chicagoans pictured in the *Butterfly Ball* were Philip D. Armour, United States Commissioner, Philip Hoyne, Marshall Field, Potter Palmer, General Philip Sheridan, General John A. Logan, "Long John" Wentworth, George M. Pullman, William A. Pinkerton, Lyman J. Gage, Levi Z. Leiter, Colonel James Sexton, Carter H. Harrison the first, former Governor Richard Oglesby, and many others. Theodore Thomas is pictured leading the orchestra. In front, at the extreme right is Wilbur F. Storey, the *Chicago Time*'s editor, depicted dancing with Lydia Thompson of the "Black Crook" Company, the burlesque "Queen" who had horsewhipped him. Directly in the rear of that pair is James Gore doing a dance, as is Gardner Chapin towards the left of that picture.

When in 1919 that old firm retired from business, that painting together with a number of others was given to the Chicago Historical Society. A few days before it was to be delivered to that institution, it was stolen. The theft may have been committed by an aesthetic thief—a kleptomaniac who found it impossible to resist the artistic urge, or by an "old timer" familiar with Chicago traditions, who wanted that painting for its associations.

CHAPTER 2

AS A MATTER of perspective, an autobiographical word at this point should not be amiss, and then on with the story.

I was born one month before the great Chicago fire in 1871. My parents were born in Austria and migrated to America, landing in New York in time to get a taste of the 1873 panic. They then went west to Wisconsin when I was four years of age. I was orphaned in my teen age. At thirteen I went to work as a printer's "devil." By the middle eighties I was hearing stories of opportunities existing in the big and still growing city—Chicago. I left the "Badger" state to go to the "Sucker" state, arriving in Chicago shortly after the Haymarket riot, and took up residence with an old Irish family named Touhy on Jackson Street, east of Halsted Street. I shared a room with one of the Touhy sons who was an athlete—a fairly good "catch-as-catch-can" wrestler. He and I "doped" out the idea of putting on a wrestling match in a Halsted Street hall to raise some money. We had posters printed and distributed them for display in barber shops, saloons, and stores, but on the date set for the match we were notified by the police, just as the box office window was opened for business, that the bout would be stopped. The officer cheerfully explained that the police were not exercised about that wrestling match developing into so brutal a contest that mayhem might be committed. He informed us that the closing order was issued because we had overlooked an important detail

of complying with a police regulation by failing to apply in advance for a permit to stage such an event. That put an end to my sports promotion.

I finally landed a job as a compositor in a printing plant, but later, feeling that my abilities were more in the line of salesmanship, I hoped to obtain such a connection with some old-established merchandising concern. Chapin & Gore was a thriving corporation; they hired me as a \$12-a-week clerk. In those momentous early days of my association with the firm I heard many fantastic and exciting tales about how it came to be established, and they so fascinated me that they remain to this day, a half century later, indelibly imprinted upon my memory. As I figured when I accepted a salary which was less than I had been earning, the job held more than a fair prospect for advancement and was a continuous source of interest for me.

Having gone no further than the sixth grade in public school, I concluded that some additional education was necessary, so I attended a Chicago night college for two years. As I worked each day from seven o'clock in the morning until six o'clock in the evening, that night school "stuff" made it a bit tough. The only college yell that I remember is the one I yelled at my alarm clock early each morning.

In connection with my mention of the Haymarket riot, it was a strange coincidence that one of the first men with whom I became well acquainted was a mild, soft-spoken gentleman named Van Zandt. He was employed by the Kirk Soap Company as head of their perfume department, and father of the Nina Van Zandt who fell in love with August Spies one of the several anarchists who were convicted for their guilt in connection with the Haymarket riot. She insisted on visiting him daily in his cell, and

through her actions during and after that famous trial, the young woman became nationally known from the front page stories throughout the country.

Through my employment with Chapin & Gore, I became well acquainted with State's Attorney Grinnell, who prosecuted those anarchists. The anarchists' trial was probably the most sensational in the history of the country. Its result was of great importance to the nation, and particularly to Chicago. Those bewhiskered, long-haired radicals, with their "gift of gab" were spreading their dangerous, foreign doctrines from soap boxes on the city's lake front and in many other sections. If I remember correctly, eight of them were convicted, five to be hanged, and three to life imprisonment. One of the five who were to be hanged cheated the gallows. He had an accomplice smuggle a small bomb into his cell. This he placed in his mouth, lit the fuse, and when that bomb went off, most of his head went with it. His name was Lingg. The next morning some clever headline writer named him "No Hang Lingg." The others were hanged. When John P. Altgeld was elected governor, he saw fit to pardon the three who were sentenced to prison. They and their kind crawled into holes and were scared out of their racket for years. However, the governor's act was an unpopular one and it was generally known that his leanings were to the "left"; but the convictions of those anarchists had the effect of discouraging radicals who have no liking for the good old American way of life.

There was another nationally sensational trial when Millionaire Snell was murdered. As I understood it at that time, Snell's fortune was largely founded through his control of toll-roads, of which there were quite a number in those days. It was known that he kept large amounts of

cash in a safe in his home. He was often alone in his spacious, fine home on the West Side. One morning he was found murdered and his safe robbed. Being a prominent man of wealth, the police had a sensational murder case to solve. It was never really solved. A young man with a previously good record who, by the way, lived in the victim's neighborhood and whose name was Willie Tascott, disappeared forever. Many suspected that the real criminal may have put Tascott out of the way so that crime could be fastened on him. Tascott was never again seen nor heard of and no one was convicted for that murder which was committed on February 8, 1888.

One day a friend of mine introduced me to a young man, a Mr. Snell. After our visit which took place only a few months after the Snell murder, I wanted to make sure I had understood his name rightly. My friend informed me that the son had invited him to go out to the Snell home with him the next day and my friend asked me to go along. We went there and were taken through the Snell mansion where we were shown the room in which the murder was committed, where the body was found, and the safe that was robbed. On account of the great amount of publicity that crime received due to the prominent figure involved, the disappearance of Willie Tascott, and the great problem that the police had put up to them to solve, naturally, going over those premises was quite exciting to us young fellows.

In 1889 I moved to an abode on North Clark Street, north of Division Street, directly opposite where Dr. Cronin had had his office. I never knew nor even saw Dr. Cronin because he was murdered shortly before I moved there. His murder was a sensational one, momentous nationally

and internationally. I will not go into details of that murder nor its motive, but I later became acquainted with one of the principal figures involved in that crime, namely, "Big" Dan Coughlin, who had previously been a member of the Chicago detective force. Dan Coughlin was one of those who was convicted of that crime, but finally "beat the rap" after serving several years in prison. A man named McGuire took Dan Coughlin in with him as half partner in a saloon on Clark Street, just north of Madison Street. It was a prosperous venture, but after a few years Dan Coughlin got himself involved in another criminal affair in connection with a railroad matter and he skipped out, supposedly to South America. As far as is known he was never again heard from.

I was always interested in athletic events, and made a close acquaintance with the champion English wrestler, Tom Connors, who wrestled William Muldoon and many of the best of that time. Through Tom Connors I met many topnotch athletes of that day, including Dan O'Leary, the greatest "heel and toe" walker of them all. Also, Evan Lewis, the original "Strangler" Lewis. He was a powerful man and a rough customer. When he wrestled that famous Jap, Matsedo Sorikitchi, in the Central Music Hall on State and Randolph Streets, he picked up the Jap and threw him out into the audience, breaking his leg and several ribs. It looked rough then, but it's surely a pleasure to write about it at this time. Whenever Evan Lewis applied his strangle hold, the opponent had to give up or suffer certain fracture.

Tom Connors kidded me into thinking that I had the makings of an athlete. In wrestling, I failed to graduate from the "maiden" class and was always a cinch bet for

"place." Fred Sugden, Wisconsin State champion long-distance runner, induced me to come back to Racine to enter a three-mile race to be staged there in 1888. There were only four starters—Sugden, Fagan, Cartwright, and myself. Sugden won that race by over a city block. I ran a poor third, beating only Cartwright, a colored fellow. Then I played for a short time on a mediocre basketball team. The opening of the basket was too small and the space around it too large for me to ever score. The captain advised me that I was a great help to the opposing team. I agreed with him and thereby finished my short athletic career. However, I never lost interest in athletic events and attended such whenever I had the price of admission.

However I did finally win an exciting athletic contest. In 1889 I resided on North Clark Street, between Division and Goethe Streets, occupying a front room in a good old house that was minus a bathroom. Close by was a basement barber shop, equipped with three barber chairs and three small bathrooms that we patronized. In each of those little rooms was a built-in tub, a three-legged stool, and one lamp hanging from the ceiling by a cord. There was a small window eighteen inches wide and twelve inches high next to the ceiling for ventilation. It so happened that the window was level with a walk on the outside. When you entered the bathroom you locked the door from the inside, but the constant moisture from the baths rusted the lock so that it was difficult to open. One evening I had just finished taking my bath and had put on my underwear. The good Lord must have had me by the hand, because for some unknown reason, I sat on that three-legged stool and put on my shoes before getting into my pants. I had finished lacing my shoes when it sounded like a man had fallen into

that bathroom through the window. Well, it was a well-fed, full-grown rat—the largest I have ever seen. That six-foot fall stunned it for a moment, but as I sprang to my feet, the rat, seeing that it was cornered, came at me. With one kick (and it was a good thing that my "bombsight" was perfect), I caught the rat squarely in the middle and bounced it up against the wall. Like myself, the rat must have realized that we two were in a pit and that it had to be a fight to the finish, so it came at me again with full speed. Again I let him have it, and I repeat that it was good I was "shooting" 'em straight, for when it came at me the third time it was a bit groggy. Then I jumped on it and finished the job.

The commotion in the bathroom caused one of the barbers to cut the man he was shaving. When I unlocked the door, all the barbers and customers, with their sheets still tied around their necks, were gathered around that door. They saw me come out with only my underwear and shoes on. Considering my appearance, in addition to all of the noise they had heard, it's no wonder that they had concluded that I had gone "bugs." When they got a flash at that big dead rat, they all cheered me lustily and I was a hero. I have often wondered what the decision would have been had that rat fallen in through that window three minutes sooner than it did.

CHAPTER 3

T

THIS RELATOR was always an ardent fan and an enthusiastic customer at many athletic events. In those days prize fights were prohibited. When a fight was arranged, it was whispered around and had to be pulled off secretly, sometimes in the "woods" of northern Indiana. Only those in on the "know" would be told how to get there. Of course, that applied to finish fights such as Jack McAuliff vs. Billy Myer, and Ryan vs. Doyle, but six-round boxing exhibitions were permitted and many such were staged at the old Battery "D" on Michigan Avenue at the foot of Monroe Street. That great police official, Inspector John D. Shea, had the last say when it came to issuing permits for boxing exhibition matches. The Inspector was a fearless, fighting police official, and a pronounced prize fight fan. Whenever a tough gangster or crook was arrested, the Inspector's orders were to bring him into his private office alone. Shea would then lock the door. If the offender would claim he was innocent and if the Inspector doubted the word of such gangster or crook, he would say to him, "You are a liar and I want the truth from you. You are not giving it to me. Get up out of that chair!" It made no difference to Shea how tough they were, he would go at his man with his bare fists then and there. The offender nearly always came through with the truth and changed his plea to guilty.

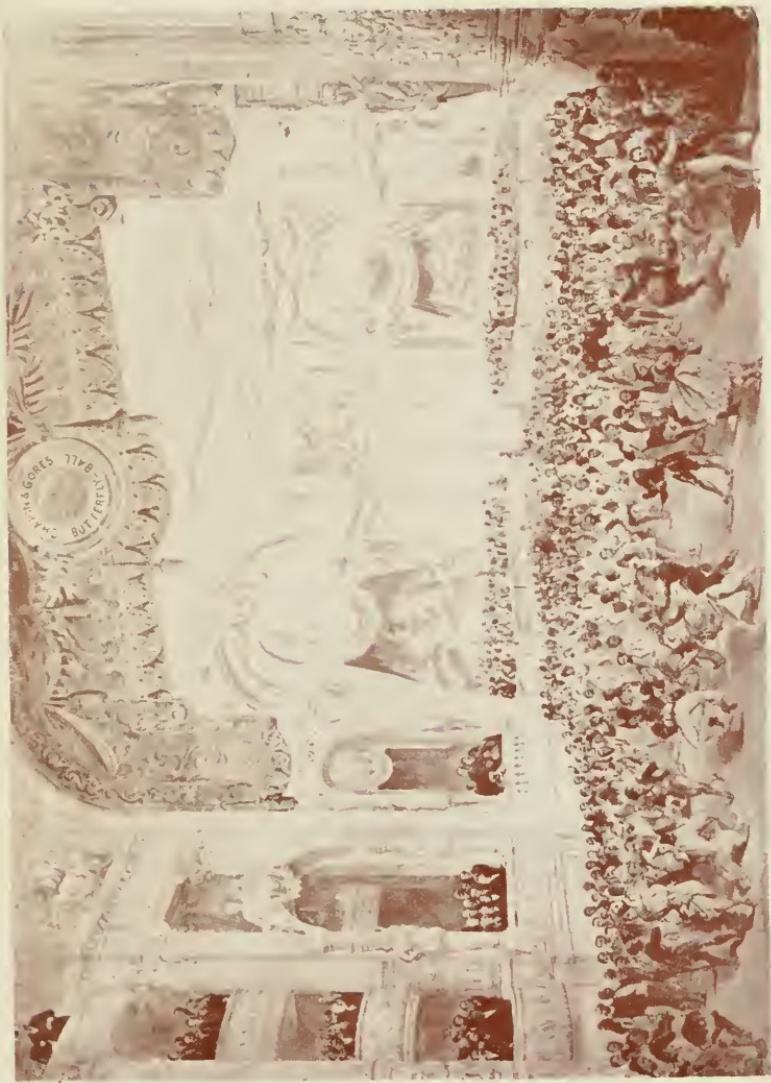
In those days important boxing exhibitions were put on by that nationally known promoter of athletic events,

"Parson" Davies. Seats were always reserved for Inspector Shea and his friends in the first row, and the show would never be started until the Inspector arrived. He was ostensibly present at such events to see to it that no "brutal prize fighting" was being pulled off and that the law was being observed. The Inspector never stopped a bout so long as, in his opinion, the contestants were fighting hard and the battle was on the square and in real earnest. But, if he suspected that the fighters were "stalling" and not doing their best, the Inspector would be up on his feet, his hand raised, and the fight would be stopped on the pretense that prize fighting must be prohibited according to the law.

In 1888 a great match was arranged by "Parson" Davies between "Denver" Ed Smith and one of the greatest boxers of all time, Peter Jackson, for whom no match could be arranged for the World Championship because John L. Sullivan said he drew the color line. It was staged in Battery "D" and the house was packed. Young lads even climbed on the rafters above the audience. I didn't have the price of admission, and anyway the house was sold out. That's the only time that I ever crashed a gate. I knew "Parson" Davies was a friend of Tom Connors. The "Parson" was outside at the entrance. I walked up to him and said I had a message for Tom Connors, that he was inside, and that I must see him. The "Parson" looked at me suspiciously, thought for a while, and then gave me a hard push through the gate and said for me to hurry out. Well, I forgot to "hurry out" until the fight was over. I even found a good seat and everybody had to wait until Inspector Shea arrived. He was on time and as he walked down the aisle, the great crowd gave him a hand. It was a good fight,

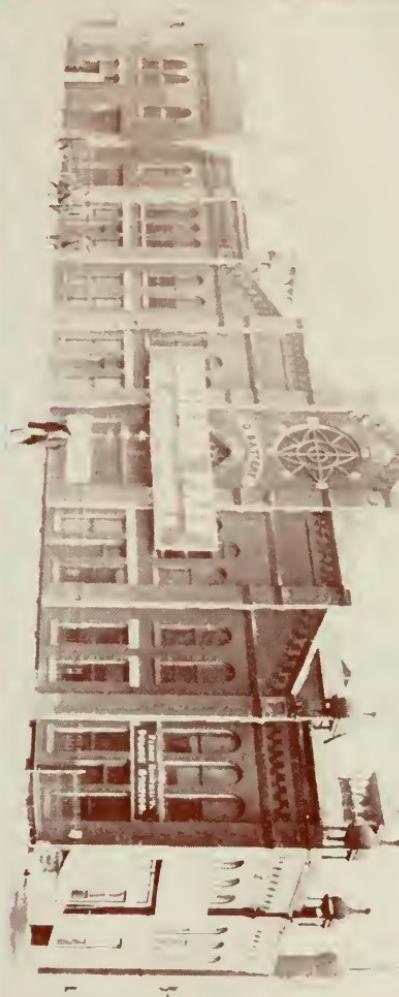
but, although "Denver" Ed Smith was a top-notch heavyweight fighter, he was no match for the great Peter Jackson. A few years later "Parson" Davies and I became good friends. I was with him, Tom Hanton, and Smiley Corbett one day at the old Schiller Cafe in the basement of the Schiller Building. "Parson" Davies ordered a quart of champagne. When the "Parson" wasn't looking, I paid the bartender for that bottle. When the "Parson" placed a five dollar bill on the counter it was pushed back to him by the bartender with the remark that I had already paid for that bottle. Then, the "Parson" looked at me and asked, "Why did you do that?" I then explained how in 1888 at Battery "D" he had been "soft" enough to let me put it over on him and crash the gate to the Jackson-Smith fight. Tom, Smiley, and I gave the "Parson" the laugh. The "Parson" then said, "Let me see; that was seven years ago. How about the amount of interest due on that debt?" I was then obliged to buy another quart.

Jim Corbett was a great boxer. There were two men who were believed to be equally great fighters. One was Peter Jackson whom Corbett did not beat in that memorable fight of the late eighties which was fought to a draw. The other one was Joe Choinski. His fight with Jim Corbett will long be remembered. In the first place, Choinski was many pounds lighter. In the second place, the fight was interrupted by the police. It was continued elsewhere the next day, but Choinski's seconds forgot his skin-tight gloves, and Corbett refused to fight with bare knuckles. In order for the fight to proceed, Choinski gamely gave Corbett the advantage to save his hands from injury, allowed him to wear skin-tight gloves while Choinski fought with bare knuckles. It was a long, grueling battle



CHAPIN AND GORE BUTTERFLY BALL

Battery "D" Major Tobey's Battery Armory on East
middle Michigan Avenue South of Monroe Street in
1880 Remodeled in 1895.



BATTERY "D" BUILDING

that Corbett finally won. It might have ended differently had the contender not fought under such heavy handicaps.

Joe Choinski was also a fine character. I first saw him in Chicago in 1891. He dressed like a dude, and looked nothing like a fighter on account of his clothes and hat which was adorned with a conspicuous band. For that reason, roughnecks often made slurring remarks at Choinski. I was passing the corner of Monroe and Dearborn Streets one afternoon just as three alleged toughs made some such remarks about Joe. He heard what they said and stopped and requested an apology. Instead, they came at him. He hit one and down he went; then another, and down he went. The third threw up his hands and said, "I don't want any of it."

I said, "Joe, what's the trouble?"

He replied, "I've been insulted."

Those three were really big, tough guys. While the two were getting up, the third asked me, "Who is that bloke?" I told him and all three were profuse in apologizing.

Joe Choinski told them, "I'll not accept your apology. Had I been some ordinary gentleman you would have made a sucker out of me. Just behave as you should is all I ask of you." I know of two other similar occurrences—one on Michigan Avenue and the other while Joe was riding a bicycle in Lincoln Park. A truck driver didn't like Joe's regalia and started abusing him. Joe pulled him off his dirt truck and taught him a lesson. Joe Choinski was always a perfect gentleman and never looked for trouble. He told me that he felt he was doing a good service in teaching ruffians how to behave.

John L. Sullivan was the greatest natural heavyweight fighter of all time. He was not really as heavy as heavy-

weight fighters usually are. He could fight under 180 pounds and was lighter than that when he won the championship from Paddy Ryan in Mississippi on February 7, 1882. I have photographs of that fight which took place on the grounds surrounding the Barnes Hotel. My old friend, Orson Wells (the man for whom the present Orson Welles, motion picture actor, director, and radio star was named), some years ago asked me for one of the pictures, stating that while he was a telegraph operator in New Orleans he had had a ticket to that fight. It was impossible for him to get away to go so he gave his ticket to a good friend and also loaned him an overcoat. There were only about five hundred spectators there and the friend with Ort's coat was in full view in that small crowd. For that reason he wanted that photo.

Sullivan's size and weight handicapped him from obtaining backing against the big fighters of that time. Mike McDonald, who was a wealthy gambling-house owner and boss politician of those days, told me the story of how the "Boston Strong Boy," John L. Sullivan, came to him in Chicago and asked that McDonald back him in a fight with Capt. Dalton. Dalton was a big man who had been licking all comers and was a natural for a try for the championship. McDonald looked Sullivan over and said, "Boy, you don't weigh enough. Dalton would make a sucker out of you."

Sullivan tried to assure McDonald that he was under-rating him and then asked, "There are some tough, rough-and-tumble fighters in Chicago, especially out around the stockyards, aren't there?"

To which McDonald replied, "I'll say there are!"

"Well," said Sullivan, "to prove to you what I can do, go

get three of the toughest you can find and I'll agree to go into a room with them and I'll lick all three with bare knuckles, one at a time, within one hour." Mike McDonald told me that it sounded like an interesting sporting proposition and arranged it. Sullivan did a good, workman-like job of it in rather easy fashion. After that proof McDonald furnished Sullivan with the backing for a fight with Dalton who also proved easy pickings for Sullivan and made him the real contender for the world's championship crown. Sullivan defeated the champion, Paddy Ryan, easily. Those fights were all fought under London prize ring rules with bare knuckles. Sullivan held the championship for ten years. He could easily beat any man in the world who would stand up and really fight.

Then he became careless — he drank heavily, and wouldn't even train for a fight. The only man who made him train for a fight was Billy Muldoon. It was for the Jake Kilrain fight. Even then, he was not trained properly. He vomited at the beginning of that fight, but he won it. Then came along the fancy boxers like Peter Jackson and Jim Corbett with their efficient footwork. At that, in their fight on September 6, 1892, at New Orleans, Corbett found it difficult to hit Sullivan hard enough to knock him out. It took ten rounds and Sullivan was tired out chasing Corbett around that ring. That fight was fought under the Marquis of Queensbury Rules. A great idol had fallen and Jim Corbett's victory was not at all a popular one.

That fight was staged in conjunction with two others in New Orleans. Billy Myer, the "Streator Cyclone," a lightweight, was defeated by Jack McAuliff; and the greatest featherweight fighter of them all, colored George Dixon who had held the crown for a long time knocked out Jack

Skelly in eight rounds. Billy Myers retired from the ring and went to work for Al Hankins at the race track as superintendent of construction and the bar privileges.

In 1891, before he lost the championship, John L. Sullivan turned to the stage. I saw him as a co-star in "Honest Hearts and Willing Hands" at the Haymarket Theatre. He was a crude actor, had only a few lines which he spoke awkwardly, and acted the same way until the last act when he boxed three rounds which he did as gracefully as Fred Astaire dances.

During the World's Fair of 1893 Dominick O'Malley came to Chicago from New Orleans. He had the reputation of being a successful prize fight promoter, and he figured that he could "cut in" on some of the easy money that was being "poured" around by the great crowds attending the World's Fair. He decided to stage a big prize fight show, but the Chicago authorities refused to issue a permit to him. That didn't stop O'Malley, for he went just outside the city limits to Robey, Indiana, where he found some "hick" village officials ready and very willing to grab off some "dough" and the permit was readily handed to him. Then he proceeded with the construction of a wooden, temporary stadium that would seat over fifteen thousand customers. He arranged to pull off three fights that evening. The first was between two featherweights, Jimmy Barry, a Chicago boy, and Solly Smith, of San Francisco, both tops in their class. The second bout was between two good welterweights, and the main event was between two light-heavyweights, Alex Gregane and Dan Creedon. Charley Bush, of Bush & Johnson, from New Orleans, had O'Malley reserve two supposedly good seats for me. When my friend, Harry O'Brien, and I arrived

at the stadium we discovered that our seats were way up high and far from any exit. That stadium was built as cheaply as possible and without any fire protection and every seat was sold. At that time Robey had a small population, but it was made up of some real tough fellows. O'Malley had hired about forty Pinkerton detectives which turned out to be fortunate. When those tough fight fans in Robey and from other nearby territory discovered that they could not get in to see those fights, some real trouble started. They began crashing the gates. Many were slugged by the Pinkertons. O'Malley himself knocked out a few with a chair. Then the mob got real sore and started to set fire to that wooden stadium. Before that riot was quelled, more than fifty revolver shots were fired. Harry O'Brien and I were very uneasy, to say the least. I told Harry that, if worst came to worst, we were sitting up so high that we wouldn't have far to go to get to Heaven, but he didn't see the joke. The riot was stopped and the fire was extinguished, but there were many cracked heads in Robey.

Sitting in a box close to the ring was a rather short gentleman, slightly thick set, with a drooping gray moustache. He was dressed immaculately in a white linen suit. A crowd had gathered around his box, because he was a famed national character, Mr. George Francis Train. As one of the principal guests, he had participated in the celebration that took place when the U. S. A. was given its first transcontinental railroad in 1869, when that golden spike was driven that joined the Central Pacific and Union Pacific Railroads. He was closer to the trouble in the stadium than we were, but close to an exit. When the fights were finished, Harry O'Brien and I made our way to his box. When the crowd had thinned out, Harry, some other

young fellows, and I carried that dignified gentleman out on our shoulders. We all went with him to the Palmer House, where he was stopping. He sat with us in the lobby and held us spellbound for over an hour telling us stories.

During the late nineties Tom Hanton held the permit to put on fights one night each week at Jacob Litt's Clark Street Theatre. One night the main event was between "Kid" McCoy and a mediocre heavyweight fighter named McCormick. At the opening of the first round McCoy wasn't looking and McCormick landed an unexpected "haymaker" right on the button, strictly an accident but "Kid" McCoy went down like a log and was counted out. McCoy's feelings were hurt. He tried every way to get a return match, but McCormick would not fight him again. Then, McCoy waited quite awhile and had the story circulated that he was through fighting. He sent a "stool pigeon" around to see McCormick to tell him that McCoy was drinking heavily and was on his way to the "dogs." McCormick fell for the story and they were matched to fight again. That second fight was just plain murder. The "Kid" could have licked McCormick in the first round, but he wanted to punish him, so he stretched the fight out for four rounds—and what punishment!

"Kid" McCoy whose real name was Norman Selby was a very clever and foxy fighter. William A. Pinkerton told me that before the "Kid" became a professional prize fighter he had a rather "shady" record. That fact was authenticated later when he was sentenced to prison for life. After serving several years he was paroled to and was employed by the Henry Ford plant at Detroit. He behaved very well while on parole and was employed at the Ford plant until he died.

CHAPTER 4

NORTH CLARK STREET in those days was a good business thoroughfare. LaSalle Avenue to the west was a high class residential street. From North Clark Street east to the lake and from Erie Street to North Avenue constituted one of Chicago's finest residential districts. In it were many of the city's fine mansions, where dwelled a large percentage of Chicago's élite, the wealthy and prominent leaders of society. Then some of the wealthy residents east and west of North Clark Street moved farther north, many moved to the suburbs north of the city and thereby Clark Street merchants were deprived of some of the "cream" of their trade. Eventually some of the old established commercial firms were forced out of business. The fine old historic Ogden mansion was taken over by the exclusive Union Club until it had to make way for the Newberry Library in 1890. The Union Club then built its pretentious new club house one block south on Dearborn Avenue.

On the southeast corner of North Clark and Division Streets were located the offices and headquarters of Chicago's arch corrupter, Charles T. Yerkes, and his street car companies. On the northwest corner was the saloon and political headquarters of Tom Burke. When gambling ran rampant in Chicago, Tom Burke conducted a wide-open gambling house on the floor above his saloon, where he provided roulette, craps, or anything the customers desired. Tom Burke was a political power in that ward and his was a popular spot for politicians. Fred Busse, later Mayor of

Chicago, was a constant frequenter of Tom Burke's place. There Fred met his many friends and political associates. It was the headquarters from where they carried on their political activities.

Some surprisingly large buildings were constructed during the eighties. Such outstanding structures as the "Rookery," Tacoma, Chicago Opera House, Owings, Auditorium, Home Insurance, and Montauk Block, but the amazing era of the skyscrapers was ushered in with the completion of the huge Masonic Temple on the northeast corner of Randolph and State Streets. From then on many of the old buildings were torn down to be replaced by the tall buildings which eventually dominated and completely changed the sky-line of the entire Loop district. Old-timers will recall the erection of the new Ashland Building on the northeast corner of Randolph and Clark Streets in the early nineties. To make room for that skyscraper, the old Ashland Block was moved to a new location east on Randolph Street to Michigan Avenue, then south on Michigan Avenue, to the southeast corner of Twelfth and Michigan Avenue, where the old six-story building was "parked" and where it still stands.

Alexander Dowie had been conducting his Cult on the South Side, on Stony Island Avenue. Shortly after the old Ashland Block was moved to its present location, "Healer" Dowie rented and occupied that entire building for many years. We remember that for propaganda purposes, Dowie set aside one room which he filled with the crutches that had been discarded by the afflicted whom he allegedly had healed. His following multiplied, and after Dowie had succeeded in assessing the members of his Cult sufficiently, he was able to purchase much vacant land north of Chi-

cago, where he established Zion City, to which he moved with his flock and was then able to operate on a large scale. The be-whiskered, silver tongued Alexander Dowie was a shrewd and aggressive leader. We know nothing about how good a "healer" he was, but it was generally understood that, as long as he lasted, he himself was well "heeled."

The construction of the Masonic Temple Building was started in 1890. It was twenty-two stories high and at that time was the largest building in the world. That famous skyscraper has recently been torn down. It was often sold surreptitiously to "hicks" by confidence men. The procedure was to take the sucker into the building, the crook claiming to own it. He would take the "innocent" all through the building, order the elevator operator to take them to the twenty-second floor. When the crook figured the sucker was sufficiently impressed about ownership, he told a plausible story why he had to sell that building and quite often the poor "hick" would buy the Masonic Building at a low figure and make a down payment of all he had in his pocket.

Directly across the street from the Masonic Temple stood the Central Music Hall, where aside from concerts, lectures, and social events, there also were held political meetings, billiard tournaments, and athletic events.

It may prove to be of interest to recall a billiard match—the last important billiard match we witnessed at the Central Music Hall. It was a championship match between "Wizard" Jake Schaefer, the first, and that outstanding genius, "Napoleon" Ives. That match took place in about the middle "Nineties." Ives was deemed to be so invincible that he became known as the "Napoleon" of billiards.

He met and defeated all the experts of his time, except one—"Wizard" Jake Schaefer, the first. He was matched to play the "Wizard" for the world's championship and a large side bet. It was a great match and was won by Jake Schaefer. The day after that match, friends went to congratulate Jake on his victory. As a side line, he conducted a popular place on Clark Street just north of the old Grand Pacific Hotel. He intimated how much he valued the glory of winning that match, but said that the depression of the nineties had often run his place of business into the "red" and the winning of that match had resulted in putting him on his feet financially. Soon thereafter he closed that place and opened up a billiard room on the second floor of a building on Clark Street just south of Monroe Street. There he continued and competed until his demise. With his passing, the billiard world lost a wizard of the cue and Chicago lost a noted citizen. His son, the present Jake Schaefer, is a "chip off the old block." He, too, is an outstanding billiard player, with a great record of accomplishments, but neither he nor any other has ever reached the heights in that game to which his famous father climbed.

The "Wizard's" greatness as a billiardist was seen in the match play at "straight rail" on May 29, 30, and 31, in 1890. That famous match was staged in San Francisco and his opponent was McCleery. To handicap Jake Schaefer, McCleery insisted that they play on a $4\frac{1}{2} \times 9$ table. The "Wizard" conceded those odds to the advantage of his opponent. The play was to be 1000 points for each of the three nights for a side bet of \$200. On the opening night Jake took the first shot and failed to serve. McCleery did likewise. Schaefer, in the second inning, served four points. McCleery followed with thirteen, taking four points from

Schaefer's serve. Schaefer then missed again and McCleery served two points, making his total fifteen while Schaefer had none. Then Schaefer gathered the balls on his fourth try on the rail and counted 1000 points which ended the first night's play and repeated on the second and third nights, making the final score 3000 to 15. After McCleery made his fifteen points at the start of the first night's play, from then on he was just a spectator; or to use an up-to-date expression, McCleery, as an opponent, must have appeared to be on a "sit-down strike."

In Jake Schaefer's day, that popular pastime, billiards, was considered a major sport, participated in by men from all walks of life. Interest in it diminished with the advent of golf, but billiards still retains its share of adherents and is going strong. Chicago's great master, "Wizard" Jake Schaefer, was to the day of his passing away the idol of a multitude of billiard fans.

CHAPTER 5

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE of 1890, I was dumb enough to permit myself to take part in something that I'm not proud of. On that eve, Tom Connors, the English champion wrestler, called on me at Chapin & Gore's. He introduced me to his friend, who was twice my age. They invited me to go with them that evening to a little village just north of the North Chicago Rolling Mills to witness a wrestling match between Tom Connors and a clever amateur wrestler named Dempsey who worked in the rolling mill and lived in that village.

"Of course, this is to be just an exhibition affair?" I asked. "No amateur could have a chance with you, Tom."

Connors' friend smiled and said, "It's a real match, but they will wrestle and divide the gate receipts equally after I take out sixty dollars to pay the expense for the rent of the hall, ring, and mat. I don't think that there will be more than three hundred spectators. I live in that village and this young Dempsey has beat everybody and is a bit cocky. We'll have some fun with him. Tom will let him win one fall out of three."

"That sounds interesting. I'll go along."

On our way out they unfolded their scheme which was that I should be introduced as Tom Connors and the real Connors was to be introduced as Billy Wilson, my pupil. I did not consent. While Tom Connors was a great wrestler and had met the best, he was a small man who could wrestle at 165 pounds. He was smaller than I. They pointed

out that fact to me and also that nobody was to be cheated, as they were to split the gate receipts and no side bets. "Anyway," said Tom Connors' friend, "I may decide to tell them who Connors is when we arrive in the big bar next to the hall." Well, when we arrived, that "bird" started introducing me as Tom Connors and those rolling mill workers seemed to swallow it, but I was not at all comfortable.

The dressing rooms for the wrestlers were up one flight of stairs. The customers started filling up the chairs. Then Tom Connors' friend came up to the dressing room and handed Connors \$116 as his half of the receipts. Dempsey received the same amount. A local man refereed the match. I was in Connors' corner. Dempsey was a big, fine, strong lad, but Connors had to "stall" to keep from throwing him in any minute of the fifteen minutes that he made the fall last. Then, there was to be ten minutes between falls, so Connors and I went upstairs to the dressing room. No sooner than we arrived, when up came Connors' friend and said, "Boys, there's trouble brewing. I didn't take into account side bets that might be made. Dempsey and his friends have made many and someone has discovered the deception. Tom, get your clothes on and you two get out of this window onto that roof, jump for your lives to the ground below and make for the railroad track one block east and turn south. Here is a gun. I'll get by with it by claiming that you fellows also deceived me, but will advise them to wait until you come down for the second fall when they can all question you."

Tom Connors pulled his clothes on over his wrestling togs. I never saw a man dress so quickly. We made the leap to the ground and we heard loud talking inside, so we

beat the hundred-yard record in getting to the railroad track and we kept on going. I said to Tom Connors, "You are a great athlete, so you had better carry this big revolver; you may need it. I won't because I can outrun you." We looked back after we had gone about a mile. It was raining and we saw no one coming. We decided that they were waiting for us to come down for the next bout, so we slowed down to a walk, but kept on going down that railroad track until we came to a cross street on Chicago's north side.

"Tom," I said, "I don't want to know where you met that new friend of yours nor who he is. I just want to make sure that I'll never meet a 'bonehead' like him again. But I'm surprised that you would fall for such a dirty job, and that both of you should 'suck' me in as you did."

By that time the whistles were tooting in the New Year. We were two hours getting to where we were then, but out of danger of those tough rolling mill workers getting their hands on us. We were wet through from the rain. For some time Connors didn't reply and then he said, "I've got that \$116. You sure are entitled to part of it."

"This is the beginning of a New Year, Tom," I replied. "You can start it with that kind of money if you want to. I need money, but here is one instance where I prefer a clear conscience. You keep it all. I feel lucky to get away with no bones broken."

After a little thought the great English wrestler said, "All right, Charley, all I want to say is that we are lucky to have gotten away. It was a silly proposition for me to fall for. If you insist on it, I'll keep all of the \$116, and will attempt to ease my conscience with the thought that in this world there are many ways of making money and this

just happens to be one of them. I hope you'll believe me when I tell you that I don't like this any better than you do." Shortly after that incident, Tom Connors went back to England and I never saw him again.

To prove that the old adage "We live and learn" does not apply to everyone, I will relate here an incident that occurred over four years after the one recorded above. It won for me a well deserved Bronx cheer. In 1893 I moved to LaSalle Avenue, just north of Locust Street. Mr. Adolph Henrotin lived there. He was a member of a fine old pioneer family. His brother, Charles, was Belgian Consul and his other brother, Dr. Henrotin, the eminent surgeon, lived a few doors north of us on the site now occupied by the Henrotin Hospital. Victor Lawson, the publisher, lived for many years in that block; Mr. Adolph Henrotin, aside from his commercial activities, was also the managing head of that historic panorama where the "Battle of Gettysburg" was for many years exhibited and was considered one of the interesting and historic features in Chicago.

On LaSalle Avenue also lived Mr. and Mrs. Otho F. Geeting. They had a nine-year-old daughter named Hazel, who was "topped off" with a gorgeous head of red hair. She was a stylish little miss, pretty and smart. I became a close friend of the Geetings, but stuck my neck out when I called little Hazel a "brick top," because she claimed that her hair was not red and insisted that it was auburn. I always called her attention to any white horse that happened to come in sight. Then, to cap the climax, I asked her parents why, when there were so many names to select from, they should have decided to name her after a nut.

Early in the morning on July 4, 1895, I was on the front porch celebrating by shooting off cannon crackers and fire

crackers. The little red-head, then past eleven years of age, came up on the porch, ostensibly to assist in that celebration, but I am sure her real motive was to teach me how to shoot off crackers. Then something happened that interrupted my pleasure in connection with that celebration.

An apparent pickpocket came running at full speed down the street. A light rain had come on and he was followed by a woman with an unopened umbrella hollering, "Stop, thief!" To impress the little miss, I quickly decided to do something courageous and started at my best clip after that thief. The details of my escapade were fully chronicled in the newspapers. The following is an article that appeared in the Chicago Record-Herald:

HE CHASED A ROBBER
CAPTURED HIS MAN GALLANTLY

When a man has troubles of his own, he shouldn't sigh for honors as a policeman. That is the essence of Charles H. Hermann's Fourth of July vow never to again mix up in other folks' family differences.

Mr. Hermann captured a supposed sneak thief in North Clark Street early yesterday morning at the solicitation of a woman who proved to be his wife. Later developments showed that the man was simply trying to break home ties long enough to buy a drink. Mr. Hermann had a busy time last night explaining how he happened unwittingly to enlist in the temperance cause.

When not at home at 299 LaSalle Avenue, Mr. Hermann puts in his time promoting the business of Chapin & Gore. His experience yesterday demonstrated that he is a rare combination of patriotism, fleet-footedness, and gallantry. Eight o'clock found him in before-breakfast negligee on his front door stoop directing the fire cracker operations of a ten year old hopeful. Ten minutes later a man whose dress gave evidence that he had left somewhere in a hurry dashed North at a 100 yard



J. L. Sullivan.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN
World's Heavyweight Champion from 1882 to 1892



CENTRAL MUSIC HALL BUILDING
Located on the southeast corner of State and Randolph Streets

clip. Immediately afterwards a woman, bareheaded and brandishing an umbrella in the foggy morning air, rushed on the scene.

"That man has stolen my pocketbook," she said excitedly. "The dickens he has," said Mr. Hermann who had done a mile under five minutes. "I see his finish."

HE PURSUES THE CRIMINAL

Then he tore down LaSalle Avenue towards Clark Street in the direction the man in a hurry had taken. As Mr. Hermann turned into Clark Street he caught a glimpse of "his man" jogging along at a steady pace a little above Oak Street. In blissful ignorance of his pursuer, he wasn't whistling, "They're After Me," and Mr. Hermann inwardly concluded that his capture was a matter of minutes.

Taking a reef in his unsupported trousers, he "hit up" his gait to a four minute clip until the distance between pursuer and pursued was shortened into yards. At Maple Street Mr. Hermann caught up. With a lunge from behind he landed with his 175 pounds squarely on the "robber's" neck. The men rolled to the curb with Mr. Hermann to the good.

"How about that lady's pocketbook?" demanded Mr. Hermann.

"That lady's my wife," gurgled the man underneath between mouthfuls of asphalt mud. "Will you oblige me by climbing off?"

TURNED THE PRISONER LOOSE

Mr. Hermann mumbled words to the effect that "that was a good thing" and released the prisoner. The man didn't stop for apologies, but went on his way. Mr. Hermann started home. He met the woman in the case and explanations were asked.

"Villain, he never was my husband," was the woman's retort when Mr. Hermann had told his story. Then, convinced he was himself the victim of a confidence game, Mr. Hermann retraced his steps, assuring the lady he would "get him yet."

The man had slackened up for repairs at Elm Street, and

when Mr. Hermann executed a flank movement from across the street there was no resistance offered to the second capture.

"For pity sake," ejaculated the mud-bespattered one, "can't a man leave home to get a drink without being hounded by his wife and an officious meddler?"

Mr. Hermann said, "Come on" and grabbed the man by the arm.

A crowd had gathered in the meantime, and just after someone had sent for the police, the woman at the bottom of the trouble hove into view again. She approached coyly. Then, edging her way into the crowd, she reached for the "robber's" sleeve, clutched it firmly and said, "George, now you come home with me."

"George" winked at Mr. Hermann and "came." No names were asked. Mr. Hermann went back to LaSalle Avenue by way of Franklin Street.

That newspaper publicity brought me plenty of ridicule. A few days after it appeared in print, I was invited to a dinner at Mangler's. It was given in the big private dining room on the second floor. When I entered the room I was completely surprised to find so many pals seated at that long table. Among them were Drury Underwood, Captain Adrian Anson, "Big" Bill Lange, Bill Corbett, Battalion Chief James Horan, Tom Hanton, Inspector John D. Shea, Leigh Reilly, Dr. Frank Reilly, Albert Goodrich, Charley Almy, Billy McKay, Frank Finnegan, Col. Henry Barrett Chamberlin, and several others. Inspector Shea was the toastmaster. I was the "butt" of all the joking. Then at the proper moment, Inspector Shea arose, and after a speech that had me squirming in my chair, presented me with a large tin star. It was a big night, but never again did I do any police work.

CHAPTER 6

OLD-TIMERS will remember that much night life went on south of Van Buren Street, mostly for the faster boys and girls. Before South State Street deteriorated, Batchelder's was a large and popular bar and restaurant. Across from that place was the old Park Theatre where that popular Irish Comedian, Kelly, "The Rolling Mill Man," did his stuff. For originality, Kelly had no equal. He wrote his own songs, and his original and spontaneous jokes kept the house convulsed. I remember a benefit given for that popular actor, one-armed John McQuade, who made the song *Comrades* famous. Kelly was an hour late getting to the Columbia Theatre, but when he finally showed up and came out to do his turn, he kept the house in a constant uproar. His whole act consisted of how and why he was late. The audience would not let him go, and he entertained the crowd for over a half hour with his plainly impromptu gags explaining his tardiness. It was a great act—only Kelly could have put it over. He wrote many songs, including the one about the Newhall House, Milwaukee's disastrous hotel fire where so many lives were lost. P. T. Barnum's famous midget, General Tom Thumb and his little wife were saved, and Mrs. Tom Thumb, after she was carried down the ladder, requested the brave fireman to go back for her diamonds. Kelly was a great pal of Malachy Hogan, who was a prize fight referee and quite a character in Chicago and who also ran a saloon at the northwest corner of North State and Illinois Streets. Kelly

wrote a song about him. It was a treat to hear Kelly sing—
“When Hogan paid his rent.”

On State Street at about Congress Street stood the saloon and restaurant where Alderman Billy Whalen was shot and killed in 1890. Whalen was prominent in First Ward Democratic politics and his being shot was sensational front page news. We went to the place early the next day and found a notice on the door that the place was closed by order of the police, but it was soon reopened by Matt Hogan who ran it successfully until 1895.

Batchelder's, Hogan's, and *The Social* all served good food, but while Hogan's occupied two floors, his place was much the smallest and charged much higher prices. In fact, Matt Hogan had no printed menu. You ordered what you wanted and Hogan would make out the check for such amount as he thought you would stand for. His trade came largely from gamblers and sports. They all knew Matt, and of course, there were many “squawks,” but suave old Matt Hogan would square them in some way.

I remember being in his place about noon one day shortly after Captain Brown had shot some policemen and was himself killed by police at Hawthorne. Racing was stopped and that threw many of his customers employed in bookmaking and connected with race tracks out of work. But they kept right on eating and drinking at Matt Hogan's, but it was mostly all “on the cuff.”

A tall man with whiskers came in and sat down to have his lunch. He was a stranger, evidently a cattle man. He ordered a drink, a cut of roast beef, potatoes, pie, coffee, and a cigar. His check should not have been over \$1.30. The waiter handed him a check for \$3.95. When he complained vociferously, the waiter suggested that he see

Mr. Hogan. Matt Hogan quieted him down first, then went over his check and found that all items listed had been served to him.

"Well," said Hogan, "that's the price and you'll have to pay it because all of those fellows over there are eating 'on the cuff.' They pay only with 'tabs,' and somebody just has to pass some cash over this counter to keep those front doors open."

The big cattle man looked at Matt and said, "This is robbery!"

"Pay your check and tell that to the copper," Matt replied.

As the customer went out, Matt turned to me and said, "That guy is unreasonable."

I said, "Matt, I would like a piece of pie, but I can't afford it, so I'll have some whiskey and a good cigar."

He handed me the bottle and I saw him go to the cigar case and take out a "Hermitage." It was a cigar that sold everywhere for a nickel. I laid down a half dollar, he took it, rang it up on the register, and said, "That's just right."

I had my drink, lit the cigar, and said, "Matt, that's really a good cigar for twenty-five cents."

"You're a damn good judge," he replied. "I sure like satisfied customers."

Hogan was of the Adolphe Menjou type in appearance. His hair and moustache were iron gray, and as he was a good dresser, he impressed one as being a dignified gentleman. Matt was anything but dignified. He felt at home in any company and was a most entertaining companion, but was no respecter of persons.

Matt Hogan's life was unique. During the Civil War, at the age of fourteen, he joined the Navy. He was a "powder

monkey" on Admiral Farragut's ship. Later he became a prominent figure, though somewhat notorious, in the night life of New Orleans. As far as is known, he lived mostly by his wits and frequently tangled with the law. Police Chief Gaster of New Orleans told us a story about Matt that was characteristic of him. One day a truck from a furniture store drove up to the station and unloaded a bed, dresser, rocker, easy chair, and rug for Mr. M. A. Hogan. The chief ordered the furniture taken into the station, and sent for Matt.

Matt explained to the chief, "That stuff is to furnish my cell. Inasmuch as I spend so much of my time here, I insist upon my stay being comfortable."

We asked the chief whether Matt really was a guest of his that often. He replied that Matt had been brought in on numerous occasions for disputes, fights, gambling, etc., but that they could never pin much on him nor hold him long. His sending that furniture was partly for the purpose of getting a laugh.

As a result of his wide acquaintance with the sporting fraternity, politicians, men-about-town, and the spenders, he secured the appointment as western representative for Dry Monopole Champagne at a good salary and a large expense account. With the advent of prohibition, Matt lost his position as wine agent and was left at an advanced age without means. Ex-Mayor John P. Hopkins, who was very fond of Matt, gave him a comfortable income for life. He spent his last few years in a sort of "hang-out" at George Ballard's restaurant and bar in the basement at the northwest corner of Wabash Avenue and Adams Street, living in the past with some of his old sporting cronies.

One day in the early 1920's he told Ballard, "George, as

near as I can figure, I'm seventy-five years old. I've run my stack pretty high and the old ticker is not hitting on all four. I have stowed away in a safety box, to which I will arrange for you to have access, over one thousand dollars. If I should kick in, I want you to attend to the details of my being planted. Use that money to defray the expense and with what is left over buy wieners for the boys here. Some of them don't look like they have been eating regularly." A few weeks after Matt made this, his verbal last will and testament, Matt Hogan passed away. He came to Chicago from New Orleans in the eighties, and had been an interesting old sport and a prominent figure in the night life of Chicago for nearly forty years.

Hogan was a sucker for that gambling game, Faro, and it cost him plenty. One day his landlord served notice that his rent was in arrears to the amount of \$800, and unless it was paid promptly, he would be dispossessed. After much effort, Matt finally succeeded in borrowing that amount. On his way to make payment, he stopped off at a gambling room, bucked Faro, and lost the \$800.

The Social, a large restaurant established by Smith & Perry, was located in the same vicinity as Batchelder's and Hogan's, and was well run for that type of place. The only entertainment was a piano played by "Lame" Johnny, a rough looking fellow, who was skillful at tickling the ivories. Inasmuch as Smith & Perry were also prominent bookmakers on all race tracks, their place was patronized principally by the sporting element. Charley Smith was a good sport, a square shooter whose word was always as good as his bond, and who was respected by everyone who knew him. He made books on all tracks in the United States and Canada, and was financially well fixed.

In the depression of 1893, Charley Smith banked with the Union Trust Company, then located on the second floor of the northeast corner of Dearborn and Madison Streets. The bank at that time was a small one, but Charley had over one hundred thousand dollars on deposit there. In 1894 there was a run on that bank, as on many others. There was a line of depositors at the Union Trust Company a half block long up Dearborn Street, waiting to withdraw their money. I was passing by opposite the bank and saw Charley Smith in the doorway of the *Inter-Ocean* building entrance.

"Are you going to get into that line?" I asked him.

He hesitated a little and then said that if he withdrew his money it would probably bust the bank, "However," he said, "don't for a moment think that I'm not scared, but I have decided to take a chance. If they pull through, I'll be helping those poor depositors as well as the bank."

I was told by Fred Rawson, later the bank's president, and Fred Wilk, the bank's executive vice president, that Charley Smith's action in that matter may have saved the bank from serious trouble.

CHAPTER 7

ONE DAY "Uncle" Phil Hoyne, United States Commissioner, an old friend of Jim Gore, came in and told Mr. Gore that he and some of their mutual friends had found a small place on Washington Street, near Marshall Field & Company, that served the best food in Chicago. "The only trouble with the place," he said, "is that they have no champagne. The man who owns the place has no money and no credit. Jim, we want Chapin & Gore to extend credit to him so he can buy a couple of cases."

Gore replied, "Send him in here and we'll take care of him for you."

The next day Mr. Kinsley came in and assured Mr. Gore that credit would be most welcome and greatly appreciated. Mr. Gore took him to the order window and instructed the clerk to take the order for what Mr. Kinsley needed and to open a charge account with him.

H. M. Kinsley had come to Chicago from Canada. After the great Chicago fire of 1871, he opened this small place without sufficient capital and was struggling along as best he could. With Chapin & Gore extending credit to him and with the boosting he got from "Uncle" Phil Hoyne and his friends, it wasn't long before he prospered and outgrew his small place. He always paid his bills with Chapin & Gore promptly and his account developed into an important one. Mr. Gore took a great liking to Mr. Kinsley, who came in one day and told Mr. Gore that he must have much larger quarters. He had an option on a

lot on Adams Street, next door to the Honore Building, and was planning to build if he could borrow the necessary money. Mr. Gore listened to his plans and finally said, "Get the figures on the proposition and see me again about it."

In a few days Mr. Kinsley returned and reported to Mr. Gore that he could construct the building and furnish it for forty thousand dollars. Chapin & Gore lent him that amount. Mr. Kinsley went ahead with his plans, but instead of the amount he asked for, the expenses exceeded double that amount. However, Chapin & Gore went through with that deal. The place was opened and was a wonderful catering establishment, but from its opening day, it lost money. Mr. Kinsley worried and worked hard, but when his loan reached one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars, he lost heart. With tears rolling down his cheeks, he told Mr. Gore, "I can't take any more of your money. Come and take the place."

Mr. Gore looked at him and said, "Kinsley, we didn't go into that proposition to lose—we went into it to win! You won't win without a fight. I've got confidence in you and I'll stick with you if you show me you have guts enough to fight it out. Damn you, Kinsley, I'll tell you when to quit! Go back there, work, and fight. Come to us for more goods and more money when you need it. We've got to win!"

Mr. Kinsley wiped away his tears and said, "Mr. Gore, I haven't lost confidence in that proposition. I just didn't have the heart to pull you in any deeper. With the assurance you now give me, I'm sure we'll win out. All I ask is that you have someone from your office take charge of the books so you'll know what's going on." That was done,

and before the concern started making money, Kinsley's owed Chapin & Gore over one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars. It turned out to be the biggest catering success ever known in Chicago. Chapin & Gore was paid all that was lent to Kinsley.

Kinsley became a rich man and by 1890 he built and opened the famous Holland House in New York, and New Yorkers were served with the best food ever known to them. His service, too, was unexcelled. Mr. Kinsley himself could sit at a table with eleven friends and serve a fine dinner of many courses and cook it all himself right there at that table in chafing dishes while his guests looked on. One of Mr. Kinsley's daughters married Mr. Charles Hutchinson, Chicago's great banker and one of its leading citizens. Another daughter married Mr. Gustave Bauman who became Mr. Kinsley's partner and continued the business in Chicago and New York after Mr. Kinsley's death. The last time I saw Mr. Kinsley was in our office in 1892.

The career of Charles Rector was somewhat similar. Charles Rector was superintendent of a dining car running between Chicago and New York. He lost that job and came to Mr. Gore for help. Mr. Gore obtained a job for him with the Boston Oyster House under Willoughby & Hill's clothing store on Clark and Madison. Rector worked there for a while, but he wanted a place of his own. He saw an empty basement on the southeast corner of Clark and Monroe Streets, took an option to rent it at a low price even though he had no money. He came to Mr. Gore with the proposition and said he was sure he could make a go of it, but it would take ten thousand dollars to fix the place up and furnish it properly. "The Boston Oyster House is in a basement and does a big business," he

argued. "This place is one block from there and it appeals to me as the right spot. I wish I could interest you in lending me that amount."

Mr. Gore liked Charley Rector, but Rector had never been in business for himself and that basement was low and under an old building. At first, the request didn't appeal to Mr. Gore, but he felt that Rector knew the restaurant business, and he had an attractive personality. Furthermore, the prospects for profit in specializing in fish, oysters, lobsters, and other sea food were good, so he finally agreed to have Chapin & Gore lend Charley Rector the ten thousand dollars. As usual, the work and furnishings cost much more than Rector had figured, but Chapin & Gore increased the loan to cover the extra cost. After he opened the business, he lost steadily. He finally owed Chapin & Gore forty thousand dollars, and concluded that he was on a "dead horse" and would have to quit. Again Mr. Gore refused to let his man quit. Soon his affairs prospered and Rector's became the choice lunch and after-theatre spot of Chicago. The restaurant made big profits and Rector paid off Chapin & Gore in full and at the same time remained a valuable customer.

Like Mr. Kinsley, he opened a large place in New York which proved a great success. Rector became a very rich man out of the profits he made in that basement and his New York place, but he made two serious mistakes. One was the building of the Rector Building on the site of his basement place, and the other was the building of Rector's Hotel in New York. These two projects about broke him.

He came to Chicago before he built the Rector Hotel and had lunch with me at Kuntz-Remmler's restaurant on Wabash Avenue. John Kuntz sat with us when Rector

enthusiastically told us of his proposed New York project. He asked my advice, and I told him, "I think you are making a terrible mistake at your age"—he was nearly seventy years old then—"to go into such a deal, especially when you are being offered a rental of seventy thousand dollars per year for ninety-nine years for the lot that you own where you intend to build the hotel. You have plenty of assets, besides, and own a big yacht. You have worked hard enough and with that kind of 'dough,' you would use better judgment to rent the real estate and enjoy yourself. Let someone else have the hotel business."

John Kuntz, who also knew Charley Rector from way back when, put in and said, "Charley, you'll never get better advice than that. I hope you'll change your mind."

Charley Rector laughed, and said, "I like to be active," and unfortunately, went ahead with that hotel project to his sorrow.

H. M. Kinsley and Charles Rector were both completely financed by Chapin & Gore. Both became nationally famous in their line. Both went to New York, and with their first New York places, each in his line was an outstanding success for many years. Their next moves into larger investments and undertakings proved to be failures. Mr. Kinsley, having passed on years before, of course, was not responsible for the mistake his son-in-law made when he built the now famous Hotel Biltmore. Mr. Bauman was an able executive, but this unfortunate project cost him his life. However, while that project proved to be unfortunate for him, the Biltmore later became a great success under the able management of Jack Bowman, who got his start in the hotel business when Mr. Bauman gave him a job in the storeroom of the Holland House. From that minor

position, he was advanced steadily until he became Mr. Bauman's chief assistant. Later, Jack Bowman became the chief executive of the Biltmore chain of hotels in this country and one in Havana, Cuba. Eventually, he became one of the leading hotel executives in America. Kinsley's and Rector's were great assets to Chicago. These able caterers were always loyal Chicagoans, and they will long be remembered for the great establishments they created in that city.

Going into the details of the histories of the above two famous catering establishments seems justified only because of the thought that it might be of interest to many old-timers. However, there was no intent to create the impression that Chicago otherwise was short of first class restaurants. There were plenty of interesting places where fine food was properly served. There were also the chop houses that specialized in serving excellent steaks that were sufficiently aged to make them tender. One such was Billy Boyle's Chop House, located in Gambler's Alley. Billy Boyle's was patronized by leading politicians and well-to-do gamblers. When gambling was closed down, Billy Boyle was forced out of business. His money drawer was full of I.O.U.'s that could never be collected. There were also good Italian, French, and German and other restaurants that enjoyed a large patronage because of their knowing how to cook and serve special dishes upon which they attained notable reputations.

Now, it should be of interest to drop down to "mass production" in the eating line. There was an old landmark in the way of a very large restaurant that catered to all who were hungry at twenty-five cents per meal and no limit on how much was eaten. That was Burky & Milan's

place, located on Clark Street near Kohl and Middleton's Museum and that old gambling place, "House of David." Burky & Milan's had a large seating capacity—all long tables and you sat down where there was a vacant seat. The meat course with trimmings and pie and coffee was served separately, but the rest of the food, such as potato salad, cottage cheese, onions, radishes, beets, pickles, and jams, were on the table in large bowls. These were passed back and forth by the customers after they had plunged their own forks into the bowls to serve themselves. There being no limit, many came back for more several times. The patron could take his hat off or leave it on, just as he chose. Burky & Milan's was well known by the country folks as well as the city dwellers, and thousands were fed daily.

In later years I became well acquainted with Mr. Milan. He ran that place in a business-like way and very profitably. But that was possible when food supplies, utensils, and labor were at low costs and because of their large volume of business. Under the conditions existing during recent years, Burky & Milan's could not get by without charging about three times what they did for the meals they served. It was then possible for them to get such a large volume of business because it was in times when drug stores sold drugs instead of doughnuts and concoctions that patrons took inwardly through straws instead of syringes. Also, about that time came the beginning of the chain lunch rooms, with the "come and get it" systems and arm chairs.

On the southeast corner of the alley on Clark Street, between Madison and Washington Streets, was Lansing and McGarigle's "round bar" and low priced restaurant.

Many ate there at all hours of the day and night, and as the bar was large, a great crew of bartenders was required to dispense the many gallons of lager consumed. The proprietors dabbled in politics and their place was a meeting spot for political henchmen. It was well patronized by out-of-town people, for the "round bar" was centrally located and considered an unusual place.

It was directly in front of Lansing and McGarigle's "round bar" one night in 1892 that a gun duel to the death was fought between Doc Haggerty and "Bad" Jimmy Connerton. At the first exchange of shots, Doc Haggerty, a fearless battler, was severely wounded. He was placed in a hack, but before the driver could start his horse, Connerton opened the door of the hack. Both Connerton and Haggerty started shooting, but Haggerty's gun failed to go off when he pulled the trigger and Connerton kept on firing and killed Haggerty.

Old-timers will recall another such affray which took place in the late eighties in the saloon conducted by "Appetite" Bill Langdon, which was located on Dearborn Street, North of Madison Street. It was the culmination of a feud between two well known characters of that time, namely, Jerry Dunn a gambler and Elliott, a prominent heavyweight prize fighter. Upon their meeting in that place they immediately went at it. At first chairs were used as weapons, but finally Dunn whipped out his gun, shot and killed Elliott.

Many remember when, a year before the 1893 World's Fair, John R. Thompson arrived in Chicago from down state and opened his first lunch room on Madison Street,



H. M. KINSLEY'S
Chicago's Famous Restaurant and Catering Establishment.
Located on Adams Street, east of Dearborn Street

Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

MICHIGAN AVENUE IN 1887

Looking south from Jackson Street, in order of their sequence, may be seen the old Leland Hotel, the famous Hotel Richelieu, Masury Building, Hotel Victoria, Art Institute, later occupied by the Chicago Club and the Studebaker Building, afterwards known as the Fine Arts Building



just east of LaSalle Street. He was an astute and aggressive restaurateur. George Ade, who was then a reporter on the *Daily News*, patronized Thompson's and wrote some catchy pamphlets for Thompson gratis, which patrons picked up from the counter when paying their checks. Thompson's grew rapidly and soon developed into a large chain lunchroom business. Then along came other chain lunchrooms and put Burky & Milan's "nose out of joint." In those days bakery eating places were popular. Coyne's on Madison Street, did a profitable business until Mr. Coyne neglected his business to serve as postmaster. The most popular of the bakery eating places was Henrici's, on Randolph Street, frequented by many who breakfasted there because of the fine coffee and delicious pastries they served. Henrici's grew into a fullfledged restaurant, and after gaining wide popularity, was absorbed by the Thompson Corporation.

However, the first of the eminently successful bakery lunchrooms was started by Herman H. Kohlsaat. From his place on Clark Street between Monroe and Adams Streets that business grew into the first chain of lunch rooms. The H. H. Kohlsaat Co. also built and operated a large bakery plant on Wabash Avenue. Attaining wealth and prominence in politics, he later entered the field of journalism as co-publisher of the *Inter-Ocean* on the northwest corner of Madison and Dearborn Streets, and subsequently acquired the *Times-Herald*, and later its successor, the *Record-Herald*.

During the years that Mr. Kohlsaat applied himself to the loftier tasks of publishing and guiding the destiny of the nation through his political influence, Fred Barnheisel, who had been employed as a \$10-a-week cigar counter

clerk, grew into such importance in the H. H. Kohlsaat Co. that he eventually controlled the business.

Herman H. Kohlsaat was one of President McKinley's close friends and advisers. As a Chicagoan, he was a leading citizen and exerted a great influence in the city's affairs, but he would have been better off financially had he stuck to and been able to retain his extensive and profitable lunchroom and bakery business.

Up until 1893, there were certain favorite places, such as the Old Grand Pacific Hotel, Hotel Richelieu, Palmer House, Sherman House, Tremont House, Hotel Wellington, Auditorium and Annex, Chapin & Gore's, Kinsley's, Rector's, and numerous other good restaurants, where the prominent men of affairs were in the habit of congregating. The habit was due for a change shortly after the World's Fair. Exclusive clubs were organized. The Chicago Athletic Association proved to be the biggest factor in bringing about that changed condition. That magnificent club was completed in 1892, but due to the misfortune of the fire which gutted much of the interior, its completion was delayed until 1893. The cream of Chicago's citizens comprised its membership. It provided its members with magnificent dining facilities and excellent service, a fine billiard and pool room, bowling alleys, an exceptional swimming pool built of marble, a huge well equipped gymnasium, a handball court, running track, and well qualified instructors in each department. It was without question the last word as an athletic and social club in the country. On its second floor in the grill, billiard department or lounge, on any afternoon or evening one could see many of the city's professional men and leading men of affairs in all lines, enjoying the companionships made

possible by that organization. Its membership was eventually filled and there was at one time a waiting list of well over three thousand. That afforded the membership committee the opportunity of taking its pick, which gave the assurance of a continued high class membership.

CHAPTER 8

CHICAGOANS of the seventies, eighties, nineties, and early nineteen hundreds get a laugh out of certain objects that seemed necessities then but have completely disappeared since. For instance, who would have thought of a drug store as such without a large glass ornamental receptacle filled with colored liquid and a light behind it in the window; or a cigar store without a life-size wooden Indian in front; or a barber shop without a large stand against the wall with shelves filled with individual fancy shaving cups owned by the shop's customers and bearing the names of the owners? In those days a man wasn't a man unless he was blessed with a beard, or at least a moustache. Men with such facial adornments were looked up to by their juniors because they signified seniority, and therefore, commanded respect. The first objective of a young doctor was to raise a beard for that same reason. A full beard might prove useful to hide defects such as an Andy Gump chin, a too prominent wart, and so on, but such things which then seemed important are now looked back upon as inconsequential.

The coming of the automobile seems to be the one great invention that completely revolutionized our mode of life. It spread out our cities; it made us go farther and faster. It is questionable whether mankind has been correspondingly compensated in the way of pleasure for the additional effort so expended. At any rate, there is one pleasure in life of which the automobile seems to have deprived

sport lovers, and that is harness racing . . . a grand and exciting sport.

In the days before the advent and development of the "gasoline buggy," it was the ambition of innumerable men to avail themselves of the great pleasure of owning and driving fine horses in contests of speed. That was the incentive for the breeding of trotters and pacers. In order to further lower speed records, someone went so far as to suggest the kite-shaped track. Where is there an old-timer who looks back upon those days without regrets that harness racing is now only a memory? There were many racing circuits. Harness racing was always the chief attraction at County and State Fairs. Professional drivers like Bud Dobble, Matt Maloney, and many others were then the public idols, as were the great horses they drove. Even boys in their teens knew those drivers and horses by name and could tell you their time for a mile. Many old-timers recall those champions—Goldsmith Maid; Nancy Hanks; Dexter; Rarrus; William H. Vanderbilt's Maude S.; Jerome I. Case's Jay Eye Cee; and C. K. G. Billings' several famous record holders.

Jay Eye Cee, after being retired from racing, lived on to a ripe old age, and during his remaining years was considered an attraction at Racine, Wisconsin. Sightseers were always welcomed to the Jerome I. Case stables.

The winters of snow racing are a thing of the misty past. On the north side it was on Sheridan road north of Lincoln Park; on the west side it was on Humboldt Boulevard to Garfield Park; and on the south side it was Grand Boulevard from Billy Gillam's place south to Washington Park. There Chicago's leading citizens, Marshall Field, P. D. Armour, George W. Pullman, C. K. G. Billings and his

father, A. M. Billings, George Dryden, John R. Thompson, Wm. M. Wright, and hosts of others drove their own horses in those memorable contests before automobiles dispelled the snow on those thoroughfares. For non-owners and the public it was a treat to stand on the sidelines and look on. After those contests champagne flowed freely at Billy Gillam's place on 35th and Grand Boulevard.

Interest in harness racing was the cause of the organizing of driving clubs. James Carter, James Gore, and Gardner Chapin were prime movers in organizing the Chicago Driving Club, with James Carter as its secretary. Wm. M. Wright, father of Warren Wright, owner of the now famous Calumet Farms at Lexington, Kentucky, was among those prominent Chicagoans who helped support the last race track devoted exclusively to harness racing at Libertyville, Illinois.

Wm. M. Wright bred only harness racers at Calumet Farms. When that great plant was taken over by Warren Wright, he "saw the handwriting on the wall" and converted Calumet Farms into a breeding ground for running horses exclusively. Of the many top notch horses bred there to date, the most notable is Whirlaway (named by Mrs. Warren Wright.) Little "Big Tail," as he is affectionately called by the racing public, is not only a profitable money winner, but will doubtless be long remembered in racing history as one of the greatest race horses of all time. That is a conservative statement to make when we realize the unusual handicaps under which Whirlaway has attained distinction. Few know what achievements that unusual horse might have attained had it not been for World War II. He was shipped to the Santa Anita track to compete for the Hundred Grand and a number of other

events scheduled at that track, but that race meeting was called off. With the coming of the war, Whirlaway lost a whole season's racing and was subjected to long train trips with little opportunity for competition while he was at the very peak of his racing career. Another fact that makes Whirlaway a stand-out is that he was able to accomplish what he did without suffering any injury until practically his last race before he was retired. Whirlaway's great record will keep future thoroughbreds busy shooting at it for years to come. Calumet Farms was developed by Warren Wright into a great institution—one that has added much to the racing game. It was natural that he should interest himself in the breeding of top-notch race horses, that ambition having been inherited from his father.

The "Sport of Kings" will remain on a high plane so long as it interests a substantial percentage of breeders and owners who exert their efforts primarily towards producing and racing well-bred and well-trained horses. With such, the betting ring is of secondary interest, even though their horses are always entered with the hope of winning.

To old-timers it is a pleasure to look back to the days of the old Washington Park race track which started in the early eighties. The first president of that famous organization was General Phil Sheridan. Later, Henry Wheeler, head of the South Side City Street Railway Company, was president. Mr. Wheeler was succeeded at his death by his son-in-law, Lawrence Young, who remained its president until Washington Park was closed. James Howard was always its secretary, and he was an able, strict executive. They all looked alike to Jim Howard. He was a small, thin man with a long beard, weighed about

one hundred and forty pounds and could swear in any language so expertly as to make a sailor blush. However, Jim Howard knew his job and he with the aid of the Pinkertons knew what was going on everywhere at that track. It made no difference to him how large or who they were—they had better deal straight or else; and very few took a chance on having Jim Howard catch them doing what they shouldn't.

Washington Park ran only twenty-five days of racing per year and such racing! The great American Derby was at that time America's outstanding racing event. The most famous thoroughbreds of the country were always located in the Washington Park stables for that annual twenty-five day meet. American Derby day was Chicago's great event of the year. The parade of beautiful horse-drawn vehicles down Michigan Avenue to the track, which then packed the infield at the track, was a sight to behold. That track always held the record for attendance. When the gamblers and crooked politicians crashed into the racing game, they soon brought its doom. In 1904 Washington Park closed its gates and Chicago lost a great institution and attraction.

Jim Howard loved horses and thoroughly hated automobiles. He issued orders that nobody would be allowed to enter Washington Park in an automobile and that order was obeyed. In that connection fate brought about a singular coincidence. While Jim Howard was crossing the street at the corner of LaSalle and Adams Streets, a reckless driver of a "tin Lizzie" struck him and killed him—the last way Jim would have chosen for his end.

From the day that Washington Park was started to the day its gates were closed, Chapin & Gore controlled all

catering privileges at that track, and they therefore had many dealings with Jim Howard. He always dealt forthrightly with the cards face up on the table; and expected the same kind of deal. He was a fine character and a true friend. His death and the manner in which it happened was a shock to all who knew him.

It surprised no one when racing was stopped in Chicago. It just couldn't be allowed to continue in the way that all the tracks except Washington Park were being conducted. Ed Corrigan was a bull-headed, fighting individual with whom few could get along peacefully. John Condon and his crowd were in the game strictly for what they could get out of it. The likes of them could never be satisfied with reasonable racing dates. Then, another track was built at Robey, Indiana, also conducted by that same type of men. Later, another track was built north of the Illinois state line. They conducted racing so late in the season that it was known as the winter track. They actually raced there when it snowed. That meant almost continuous, uninteresting and low caliber racing in Chicago. It fell to the lot of Mayor Carter H. Harrison, Jr., to put a stop to it.

In recent years a few public spirited, high class business men got together for the purpose of reviving the "Sport of Kings" in Chicago. They organized a non-profit corporation, financed it themselves, and built Arlington, one of the finest racing plants in America. This corporation conducted Arlington for quite a number of years in a most creditable manner. All officials in charge of its operation were men of experience and of unquestioned integrity, and they did a good job of it. Arlington recently passed into other hands. That its excellent reputation as

a first class race course will be maintained is the hope of all Chicago racing fans.

Another race track, Garfield Park, was close in and could be reached via West Madison Street cars. It was conducted by politicians and gamblers. Being within the Chicago city limits, the residents of that district were continually "up in arms" and were after the City Council to close that track. Their arguments were that it constituted a nuisance, that the tract of land should be subdivided, and the streets run through. However, those in control of Garfield Park seemed also to have sufficient control in the Council to keep that track open until 1891 when it was closed by Chicago police. Captain Brown, a "two gun" horse owner—and no fooling, he was tough!—climbed on his stable and told the officers to come and try to get him. They tried and he killed two of them before they shot and killed him. That was the last of Garfield Park race track. It was soon thereafter that Ed Corrigan built Hawthorne, and Condon's "Harlem" track was built soon after that, both outside of Chicago city limits.

Chapin & Gore was headquarters for the racing fraternity, and to a large extent, acted as banker to them. Horse owners and bookmakers would come in to their cashier and deposit in many cases large sums of money for which they received neatly engraved deposit certificates, which were honored like legal tender at race tracks in Chicago, Saratoga, New Orleans, and elsewhere. Bookmakers would come in each day after the races in Chicago and hand in their tin boxes containing their bankroll and proceeds of the day. They would be put into our vault. It was estimated that those boxes contained an average aggregate of half a million dollars. When Joe Ullman ran what was known

as the "foreign book" at Hawthorne, his cashier, James Brady, would come in each evening to check the money. That alone was frequently over three hundred thousand dollars. That foreign book was an immense operation, equal to twenty regular books. In that foreign book bets could be laid on horses running at every track in the country on that day. Results were announced that came by wire immediately after each race was run and the winning tickets were cashed. Our office was closed each day at six o'clock. The bookmakers took advantage of that by going into our office to sit down at one of the desks to check the money contained in their tin boxes, which they then locked and handed to one of us to be put into our vault. They called for their boxes the next day. One time while I was looking at heaps of bills stacked before James Brady, I asked him, "Jimmy, how much is there?"

He replied, "Two hundred and fifty thousand, almost."

I nearly fainted. I said to him, "You have quite some responsibility carrying such a large amount to and from the track. Does it always check out correctly?"

"I count it over carefully," he replied, "and if I find that it's short, it's short; but if it's over, it checks. That's always OK with my boss," and Jim winked at me.

Chapin & Gore's vault was just an ordinary one with a large safe inside of it. Many knew of all those huge sums of money stacked in that vault each evening. There never was a robbery or loss of any kind in all those many years. One often wonders how long it would be in these days before that vault would be blown open and robbed. Yet Chicago, in those early days, had the reputation of being a tough town. When that old building was to be torn down in 1904 to make way for the present structure, and Chapin

& Gore was moving into their new building on Adams Street, our cashier discovered in that old vault an unclaimed tin box, locked, with no name on it. When it was broken open, there was the owner's name and eight thousand dollars that had been left in that vault for over ten years. The owner, a bookmaker who had forgotten about it, was found in New Orleans; needless to say, his getting that money was a "windfall" for him.

During the nineties and into the first few years of the new century, the firm knew a majority of the leading owners, trainers, and bookmakers. There were many substantial men among those interested in horse racing. Pool rooms, where bets could be placed on races, came along about 1890 or a little before. Perhaps it was "Silver" Bill Riley who operated the first of such rooms. That developed into handbooking that spread over the city and did much harm to legitimate racing and bookmaking at the race tracks, because it was no longer necessary to go out to the race tracks to play the horses. Big Jim O'Leary became an important figure in handbooking and pool rooms. He was of the O'Leary family that owned the cow that was blamed for the Chicago fire. Those who knew him well found him to be a smart operator. In his youth, Jim didn't waste any time going to school, but he was just naturally good at figures and an extremely alert business man, and was reputed to be a millionaire at the time of his death.

One day I dropped into Kuntz-Remmler's restaurant for lunch. Jim O'Leary was sitting alone at a table and he called to me to join him. He complained that he had an appointment to have lunch with Billy Beverly and Leo Mayer and they were then twenty minutes late. We ordered

lunch and then Beverly and Mayer came in. Beverly apologized, saying he had been delayed by a dentist.

Mayer said, "Take care of your teeth by brushing them well night and morning."

Big Jim O'Leary asked, "What do you mean, brushing your teeth? I never brushed my teeth in my life." That incident occurred early in O'Leary's career. Jim, however, through various associations soon graduated from such primitive ways of life and living.

"Dutch" Rollo, then a prominent horse owner and trainer (1892), came in one day bringing with him a little runt of a kid about twelve years old. His face needed washing, his sweater was ragged, and he had patches on the seat of his worn-out pants, but that kid stood off to one side, smoking a large Perfecto cigar. I asked Rollo who the kid was, and was informed that the boy was an orphan and that he was using him as a stable boy and that he was a good one. He slept in the stable and all he wanted was food and big cigars. The kid was Tod Sloan, who later became the world's premier jockey. After his success in America, he went to England, rode for Prince Edward. His earnings were greater than any jockey up to his time and from the unkempt, ill-clad kid we saw, he developed into a "best dresser." When I was at the Hotel Cecil in London in 1900, Tod Sloan arrived there with his servants and demanded the best suite, for which he paid \$100 per day. The last time I saw him was in 1922 at the Hotel Alexandria in Los Angeles. He was broke.

The first "future" book, laying winter odds on entries in those two great races, Washington Park's "American Derby"; and Churchill Down's "Kentucky Derby" was made in Chicago by O'Neil and Eckert.

The famous *Racing Form*, a publication that made millions of dollars for its later publishers was started by a printing concern in Chicago, Bentley and Murray. In the late eighties that firm printed a cardboard sheet 12" x 18" which it distributed to its subscribers among saloons, cigar stores, and barber shops, giving only the baseball scores. They added the race results at the Chicago tracks, showing the first three horses as they finished each race. About 1894, Clint Reilly turned it into a limited form sheet. Later it was developed by new owners into the present *Racing Form*, and from a local proposition into a national publication of wide and very profitable circulation.

"Lucky" Baldwin was in Chicago during the 1894 Washington Park racing meet, and as he was a daily visitor at Chapin & Gore's, I became well acquainted with him. I noticed that other horsemen and bookmakers seemed to steer clear of him. One day I was conversing with Billy Beverly and John O'Neil, both prominent bookmakers at Washington Park when "Lucky" Baldwin came up and asked O'Neil to step to one side with him. They talked only a few minutes when O'Neil returned, leaving "Lucky" Baldwin standing alone, apparently looking downcast. Billy Beverly asked John what the "old bird" wanted. John replied that it was a "touch" and he didn't fall for it because he'd never pay it back.

When O'Neil and Beverly left, "Lucky" Baldwin came up to tell me his troubles. He told me that he had merely tried to borrow enough to buy some feed for his horses which were stabled at Washington Park. He went on to say that he was land poor; although he owned thousands of acres of fine land near Los Angeles, he had no ready cash. Well, I didn't lend it to him, but he must have got it some

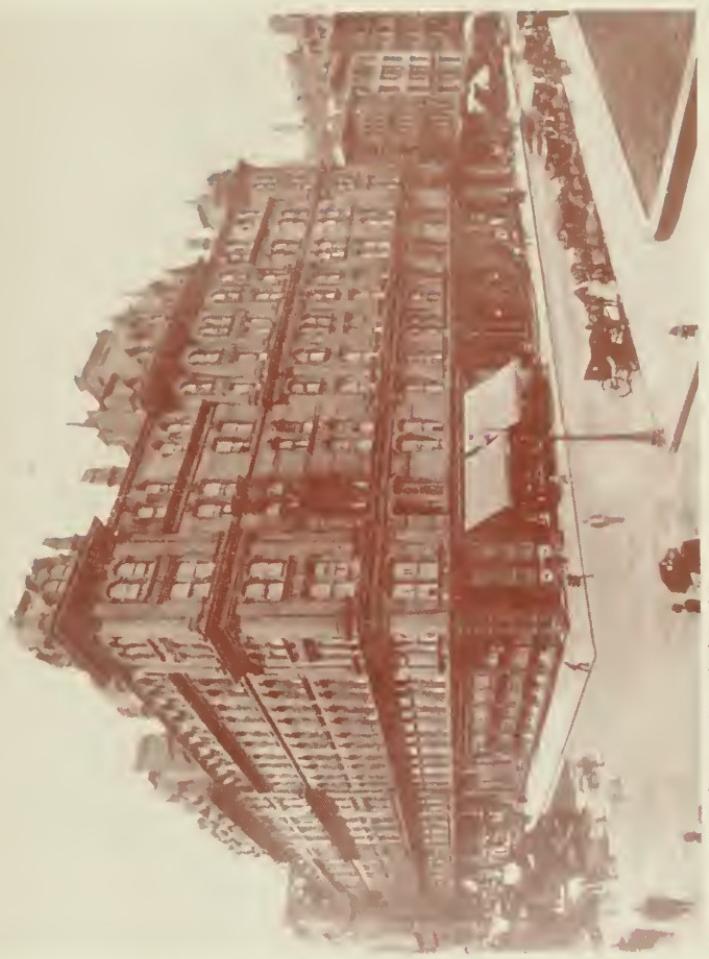
place, for within a week he won the great American Derby with his horse, Rey El Santa Anita, a "long shot."

That put "Lucky" Baldwin back on his feet. He went from Chicago to Los Angeles, and cashed in on some of his land holdings. He built a race track in Arcadia just about where the great Santa Anita race course is now situated. When "Lucky" died, he left a fabulously rich estate, way up in the many millions. The greatly enhanced value of the land was not due so much to his judgment, but came about by the tremendous growth of Los Angeles and Southern California. Baldwin paid very little for all that land that he left in his estate. In those early days there were large ranches obtained by government grants. I was told that "Lucky" Baldwin won one such big ranch in one night at game of poker—the story was told by the daughter of the man from whom he won it. A throw of the dice was also the deciding factor of "Lucky" Baldwin's obtaining title to that land on Market Street in San Francisco on which he built his famous Baldwin Hotel.

CHAPTER 9

OCTOBER 9 is a memorable date in Chicago's history because that was the third and final devastating day of that horrible calamity visited upon the city in 1871. The Chicago Fire was started on Saturday, October 7, 1871. A sort of "preview blaze" destroyed practically all the buildings within the area bounded by Adams, Clinton, Van Buren Streets, and the River. The property loss caused by that fire was estimated at \$400,000. The fire was extinguished, but only after a hard fight. Then on Sunday, October 8, the fire department was faced with fighting the worst conflagration in all history. On the northeast corner of DeKoven and Jefferson Streets was a one-story frame building occupied by the O'Leary family. In the rear was a cowshed where the fire started which was to lay Chicago low. The legend of the cow kicking over a kerosene lamp has never been proved and was declared to be untrue. It was a touchy subject with the late Jim O'Leary. We have never known him to refer to that incident and those who knew him well also avoided making any reference to it.

Up to and into the late eighties that terrible disaster was still considered to be recent enough to make it frequently the topic of conversation, especially by those who saw and suffered from the horrors of that conflagration. That is how many of us young fellows gathered some of the facts and details of the horrible hardships, enormous losses of life and property that Chicagoans of that day were forced to endure. The population of Chicago at the time



Courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

THE OLD GRAND PACIFIC HOTEL

Located on Jackson, Clark and La Salle Streets



FRANCIS
CURRIER

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REPRODUCTION FROM CURRIER AND IVES

of that fire was about 335,000 and about 100,000 of the city's inhabitants were rendered homeless. The number of lives lost was never definitely known. In addition to the great number of adults who perished, it was stated that more than two thousand children were missing. It is difficult for anyone to even imagine how terrible must have been those street scenes. The struggle of humanity must have been more fearful even than the horrors of the fire. The property loss was estimated at \$300,000,000. The wreck of Chicago was as complete as the wreck of Pompeii. More than 30,000 houses and buildings were burned.

It was lucky for Chicago that it contained the type of men who built that city. Those were the men who, faced with this crushing disaster, financial ruin, and bankruptcy, started with faith and undaunted courage to rebuild from ashes a city destined to become a great metropolis second only to New York City. They were the type of men who didn't believe that real accomplishments come easy. They had the "guts" to tackle problems that would seem to be impossible tasks to such as are now looking forward to having our promising politicians, do-gooders, and dreamers provide them with security from the cradle to the grave. The folks in those times accomplished so much because they didn't aim to be security parasites. They believed in doing things, seeking opportunity, and that by working and trading energy for it was the only logical and respectable way to obtain such security. That was the kind of spirit with which those men who rebuilt Chicago were imbued.

It was a stupendous task that faced the Chicago Relief and Aid Society. Nearly 75,000 people needed immediate aid. There was a shortage of food, clothing, and shelter. To add to the suffering of those people would be the cold

winter weather that was close at hand. The country responded by contributing liberally of badly needed supplies and financial aid with which to purchase such supplies. The larger contributors were:

Boston	\$400,000	Philadelphia .	\$260,000
Pittsburgh ...	300,000	Baltimore ...	200,000
Cincinnati ...	225,000	Indianapolis .	40,000
St. Louis	200,000	Detroit	30,000
Buffalo	100,000	Newark, N. J.	30,000
San Francisco. 108,000		A. T. Steward,	
Rochester	70,000	N. Y.	50,000

There were about forty smaller cities that also contributed \$10,000 or more each and some miscellaneous contributions. Chicago was grateful for such aid from outside, because it helped to save many lives and Chicago did not forget.

In April, 1906, the great "City by the Golden Gate," San Francisco, was visited by a somewhat similar catastrophe, and the Chicago City Council demanded quick action. It passed on a request to the mayor to appoint a Citizens' Relief Committee. Mayor Edward F. Dunne complied without delay by appointing a committee of nine. That Citizens' Relief Committee was composed of Fred A. Busse, Fred W. Upham, Frederick T. Haskell, William A. Bond, C. H. Hermann, John M. Smyth, A. J. Graham, John Z. Vogelsang, and Graham H. Taylor. The committee was summoned by telephone and met with Mayor Dunne within a few hours at the City Council chambers. An organization was formed that same afternoon. William A. Bond was made chairman and C. H. Hermann, secretary of the Citizens' Relief Committee. Plans for a city-wide campaign to obtain subscriptions for the purpose of extending aid to

San Francisco were perfected that same day. Because so many thousands of homeless people needed aid at once, our committee was careful not to lose a single hour in getting such aid to the stricken city over two thousand miles away.

It was decided to mail over forty thousand letters appealing for help as quickly as possible. The committee meeting was adjourned about four o'clock in the afternoon of that first day. Mr. William A. Bond, an esteemed, successful business man, civic minded, sincere, and aggressive enough to give his best to any task he would undertake, requested that I stay for a further talk. He said that those appeal letters ought to go out that night and that we ought to know some way of getting them printed and in the mail before we went to our respective homes. He asked me if I could think of anyone who could do that job for us that quickly. I gave it as my opinion that both the printing and mailing of such a quantity of letters after four o'clock in the afternoon looked impossible. Then I thought of a friend who owned the Chicago Addressing Company, a large institution that employed about forty stenographers. Mr. Bond insisted that I call him over the phone at once, and after explaining what was wanted of him, he replied that he would cooperate to his full capacity, but didn't believe such a big job could be done in so short a time. I requested that he wait for Mr. Bond and me, stating that we would be in his office within thirty minutes. Mr. Bond suggested that we each take a hand in writing an appeal letter we thought would be effective so that we could adopt one for copy. Within twenty minutes, by combining the best features of both, we were on our way to the Chicago Addressing Company with the copy of the appeal which would be mailed to

over forty thousand Chicagoans. The owner and manager of the Chicago Addressing Company turned over his entire force to the job of addressing the envelopes. We induced a small Clark Street print shop to stay open until those letters were printed. We stayed up nearly all night, but those forty thousand appealing letters, though a rather crude job of printing, were in the mail that night before we left for our homes which was after four o'clock in the morning. I marveled at the "we must" spirit of Mr. Bond.

The response to that appeal was wonderful. All those letters were personally opened by our committee at our meetings in the City Council chambers. Those thousands of letters contained contributions ranging from a few pennies to checks for considerable amounts. They came from wash-women, business and professional men, school children, men and women from all walks of life. Those letters expressed a unanimity of sincere sympathy for the suffering people of San Francisco. Contributions from the school children amounted to over \$15,000.

The Chicago Commercial Association (now the Chicago Association of Commerce) succeeded in raising nearly four hundred thousand dollars for that urgent relief cause. Some of the other agencies that collected considerable amounts were: Red Cross Association, "Chicago American" Fund, Mayor's Fund, Chicago Real Estate Board, Chicago Chinese, Retail Druggists, Salvation Army, California Fruit Growers, City of Hammond, Indiana, and several churches. The total amount of money raised by that campaign was about one million dollars. In addition, train-loads of supplies such as blankets, clothing, shoes, tents, were quickly forwarded to San Francisco. The first train-load of such needed supplies consisted of twenty-one loaded

freight cars shipped over the Burlington Road by way of Denver. It broke all freight speed records, averaging forty-two miles per hour from Chicago to Denver. More train-loads followed.

The response from Chicagoans to extend aid to the sufferers of San Francisco was most gratifying. The credit for the success of that drive belongs to all Chicago. There was hearty cooperation from all agencies—the City Council, the city administration, police department, fire department, all newspapers, and of course, the people. The mayor proclaimed Saturday, April 28, 1906, "San Francisco Day," making it a half-holiday to assist that drive by further emphasizing the seriousness of that horrible calamity and to impress everyone with the necessity for quick and ample aid to the suffering people of that stricken sister city.

At this writing, seventy-two years have passed since that Chicago conflagration; naturally there can be only a few if any left who witnessed that horror or endured its dangers and terrifying hardships. During the first fifteen or twenty years after the Chicago fire, there was still a considerable percentage of the city's population that went through that ordeal and many hair-raising incidents were being related by some of them. Here is one that may prove interesting because what seemed certain death to the individual involved, fortunately, ended in his landing safely, if a bit ingloriously.

One day in the late eighties I went into a small tailor shop to have my pants pressed. The tailor was alone and not busy so I was a welcome customer. He appeared to be about thirty-five years of age (that seemed old to me then), congenial, and quite talkative. While he was working at pressing my hand-me-down trousers, I ventured to inquire

how long he had been in Chicago. He informed me that he arrived in the city on Sunday morning, October 8, 1871, and proceeded to tell me about his tough break.

He went to board with a private family that lived in an old, two-story frame house, and was given a rear room with one window that opened on a narrow rear porch. He and the others in that household noticed the flames of the fire from the cow shed about 9:30 that evening, but weren't particularly exercised about it, but he said that there was a terrible wind blowing in the direction of their house. Chicago had had no rain for about six weeks and all those frame houses, fences, stables, outhouses, and sidewalks were dried out. Their house was directly in the path of that fire and so close to it that, before he knew it, the fire had reached them—it had already burned the outhouse directly in the rear. The wind blew the burning structure off its foundation and up against their house which was now aflame.

He got out on that rear porch and had only seconds to decide whether to burn to death or jump and break one or both legs. He realized that he would have to jump far enough to clear the flames that were already igniting the porch. He jumped clean over the flames, but didn't wind up that way, for he landed squarely in the middle of the "mooring" where the "Chic Sale" edifice had stood so long before the fire and wind had uprooted it. He allowed that he found himself stuck in way above his waist, and when he managed to crawl out of there he wasn't injured except for some minor burns.

I was deeply interested in his story of escape from what seemed to be certain death. Then I gave it as my opinion that he landed in the right spot which broke his fall and

no bones, and that he showed heroism for which he evidently was properly decorated. Then I made the fatal remark that he sure used his head when he decided to jump instead of to dive. His geniality had disappeared, he gave me a serious look, handed me my pants, and said, "That'll be thirty-five cents." He failed to bid me goodby as I walked out of his place and I have always suspected that I said too much and completely failed to show due respect to a man over twice my age. Later I felt guilty for not having expressed proper sympathy for his having been placed in such a hazardous position, and congratulations upon his miraculous escape.

CHAPTER 10

THREE WAS GREAT CAUSE for enthusiasm and optimism when Chicago was selected as the site for the great World's Fair, the "Columbian Exposition" of 1893. Burnham and Root were made the chief architects for that stupendous undertaking which had to be completed in two years. Leading architects declared it an impossible task, but Burnham and Root said it must be done. The way they went at it proved to Chicagoans and to the world that they meant to live up to the spirit of the city's slogan, "I Will." Those of us who wandered out to Jackson Park in the fall of 1891 to have a look and saw nothing but plowed-up ground and many deep mud holes to be filled, must have all felt that it looked discouraging. Then Mr. Root was taken ill and died, and Daniel Burnham was obliged to shoulder the entire responsibility alone.

It was the organizing ability, courage, resourcefulness, and indomitable will of Daniel Burnham that turned that wonderful dream into a reality. Chicago owes much to that great man—Daniel Burnham.

In addition to that great firm of Burnham and Root, Chicago boasted of a considerable number of "greats" among its pioneer architects—men who originated new types of construction which were adopted universally. We all remember such famous names as Jenney and Mundie, Sullivan, Hunt, Adler, Richardson, and Holabird, who were among the first to give a pain in the neck to those who looked up to count the stories of our high buildings.

Those of us who resided in Chicago since about the middle eighties saw such a transformation in construction as was never seen in any other city in the world.

Many remember when the ten-story Montauk Block was built on Monroe Street, between Clark and Dearborn Streets. We marveled at the "Home Insurance," "The Rookery," and even the Chicago Opera House building, but we hadn't seen anything yet. The Auditorium was a Sullivan job and a marvelous structure of that time. We young fellows climbed around a little on the inside when those massive walls were up in 1888. Caisson foundations down to rock bottom had not yet been adopted. Consequently, a number of great buildings like the Auditorium, Pullman Building, Masonic Temple (since torn down), Monadnock, and some others were placed on what was called "floating foundations." Steel construction was first conceived, tested, and applied by Chicago architects in Chicago.

When Daniel Burnham went to New York and gave them the Flatiron Building, they marveled at it. Chicago, through the ingenuity, vision, and courage of its great architects and builders, set the pace for "Father Knickerbocker," and showed Gotham and all other cities how it could be done.

Yes, there was much enthusiasm and optimism in Chicago over what the World's Fair of 1893 would do for the city. When the construction ball started rolling, many new and large hotels were built; the city spread southward and increased in population; many desirables and some undesirables came there to have a hand in the doings of that great international affair. John A. Roche's term as mayor had ended and DeWitt C. Cregier was elected in April,

1889. He let the bars down a little and the town was a bit more "open."

The Democrats selected Chicago as the site for their 1892 National Convention. A wooden wigwam, which seated over fifteen thousand, was especially built for that convention on Michigan Avenue at the foot of Madison Street, and would have been OK if it hadn't rained on the night of the nominations. I stood directly in front of the speakers' stand from early in the evening until after five o'clock the next morning. Bourke Cockran talked for hours for David Bennett Hill, trying to tire out the delegates to keep them from voting for Grover Cleveland. It rained through the roof on Cockran, but didn't seem to shut him up, so we decided that if he could stand it, we could. When Cockran's wind was all wasted, Grover Cleveland was nominated.

Two nights before the nominations, Tammany Hall's delegation—all for D. B. Hill—raised plenty of Hell. They were ensconced in the Palmer House. Then, quite a number of them came over to Chapin & Gore's. Colonel Jack Chinn was from Kentucky and he was against Hill. He made his choice known to the Tammany crowd and picked a quarrel with them. Those Tammany fellows were really as tough as Colonel Jack Chinn thought he was. They disregarded the Colonel's gun and knife, and, to put it mildly, they handled Jack Chinn rather roughly.

In anticipation of the World's Fair, there was naturally exciting activity in 1892. Many big new hotels were built, some were enlarged, and innumerable catering establishments were opened and others remodeled. Modern places of entertainment were promoted and later proved disappointing to those who were over-optimistic. "Coming

events cast their shadows before"—in other parts of the country there were already signs of economic troubles that were to culminate in the depression of 1893—probably the worst in the history of the country—to that date.

CHAPTER 11

FROM 1889 to 1893 I had already made the acquaintance of many men prominent in public life at that time. Carter H. Harrison, Sr., a close friend of James Gore and whom I saw frequently, then owned and published the Chicago *Times*. When he was first elected mayor in 1879, Mr. Gore presented him with a beautiful gold star containing a large diamond in the center of it. He wore that throughout his five terms as the city's chief executive. On his passing, it was handed down to his son, Carter H., Jr., who wore that star at every one of his five inaugurations and still owns and treasures it.

I came to know all types of politicians of that day—Bill Skakel, Michael Cassius McDonald, Carter H. Harrison, Sr., Washington Hesing, Fred Busse, Joe Mackin, John P. Altgeld, John Powers, Judge Edward F. Dunne, F. S. Peabody, Billy Lorimer, James Pease, A. S. Trude, Jake Kern, Billy Lyman, Joseph S. Martin, John F. O'Malley, "Hot Stove" James Quinn, and many others, representing a diversified field.

Before the 1892 presidential election, Joseph S. Martin came to me with a request. I had known him well for over three years. He had been a "butcher" on a passenger train way back in the late sixties, and then turned to gambling. He owned a gambling establishment on Madison Street, near State Street. He was a man of his word, a "square shooter," and had many friends in all walks of life, enjoying high respect from all who knew him. He was intelli-

gent, dependable, and loyal, even to those who did not live within the law. He had made considerable money in running one of the few absolutely square gambling houses. Being fairly wealthy, he gave up gambling and decided to enter politics.

"Charley," he said, "you're not a politician, but you meet and know a lot of people. I have all the money I'll need. I have received the nomination for office as a member of the State Board of Equalization. It will mean much to me to be elected. Do all you can to help me. On account of my past connections, I'll need help, but if I am elected, I'll do my full duty in that job."

The Democratic ticket—Grover Cleveland was elected president; John P. Altgeld, governor; and Joe Martin to the state board. Joe Martin filled that office honestly and soon became the closest friend and adviser to Governor Altgeld. When the governor died, Joe was sincerely shocked. He told me that it was Altgeld that changed his entire slant on life.

Joe Martin became a power in politics, and he and Bob Burke were responsible for Carter H. Harrison, Jr.'s, first election as mayor of Chicago. Mr. Harrison appointed Joe to his first cabinet as City Collector, which office he filled creditably.

Here's another story about Joe Martin that should prove interesting. On the west side there was a tough gang led by Eddie and Paddy Guerin. Inspector John D. Shea told me that he went over to arrest one of them and they ganged up on him and got him down. Shea was a powerful man, resourceful and fearless. He was on top of Eddie Guerin, the others were ready to put their boots into Shea, but Shea put his gun to Guerin's head and warned the rest

that he would blow Guerin's head off if any of them so much as touched him. They let Shea up unharmed.

Well, Eddie and Paddy were friends of Joe Martin. Eddie Guerin went to London and Paris. Eddie Guerin shot a man in the Paris railway station, was convicted, and sent to Devil's Island for life.

I was attending the Paris Exposition in 1900 and was surprised to see Joe Martin at the Grand Hotel. He told me that he had letters from Washington to President Loubet of France, and asked me to go with him to call on the President, which naturally, I was pleased to have the chance to do.

We drove over to the Palace, and were admitted. The President's secretary said that he was just going for his daily drive and that the President would be pleased to see us, but suggested that we return next day for the requested conference. Presently the President came in, met us with a bow and smile, and left for his drive.

The next day I could not go with Joe, as I was leaving for Reims, so Joe went alone. I did not ask him what his business was with the President of France, and he didn't tell me until several years later, when he informed me that he went to see the President to get permission to visit Eddie Guerin at Devil's Island. The President granted Joe that permission and he went to Devil's Island, arranged for the boat, and did some other fixing that made it possible for Eddie Guerin to be the first man to ever escape from Devil's Island. As an innocent bystander, I came close to playing a small part in that bit of French drama.

Joseph S. Martin was an honest public official. He worked alone for several years against odds and at his personal expense to have a monument erected to his friend and

idol, Grover Altgeld, in Lincoln Park because he believed in Altgeld's honesty and loyalty to his duty. Then Joe traveled to France at his own expense to help an old friend who was an underworld character. He was possessed of a strange philosophy, which no doubt was the result of his early environment. He disliked policemen. He often argued with me that it would be a better world without them. Yet his closest friend was William A. Pinkerton, the world's premier detective.

One day while I was visiting with Bill Pinkerton in his office, he gave a hearty laugh and told me how he had "put one over" on our mutual friend.

"Information came into our office that a wanted crook was in hiding near Chicago," he related. "We were interested in apprehending him, but could not locate his hiding place. I remembered that he was known to Joe Martin and that very likely he would call on Joe for a 'touch,' so I telephoned Joe that I'd like to have a talk with that fellow, and asked if he would be good enough to bring him to my office."

Unsuspectingly, Joe answered, "Yes, Bill, I know where he is, and if you wish to talk with him, I'll have him at your office this afternoon."

Bill Pinkerton continued, "Joe brought him in and we put the cuffs on him. I told Joe he was the best 'fly cop' in our office. Of course, Joe was furious, but I'll square that with him."

"Bill," I said, "I don't think Joe will ever forgive you for that act, and for Joe's sake, I'm sorry you pulled that one."

Joe Martin was terribly hurt, but eventually Bill squared himself with Joe. No man living except Bill Pinkerton

could have got away with the trick. I still don't know what Bill did to get Joe's forgiveness.

I never knew Eddie Guerin, but I knew his brother Paddy well, and will later relate a story about Paddy Guerin; also, more about William A. Pinkerton.

Joe Martin was noted for his loyalty to his friends, and he was just the opposite against anyone he didn't like. He did not like Johnny Dowling, the well-known gambler, so he shot it out with him one day on Dearborn Street. Joe was a staunch friend, a fearless man, and an unforgiving enemy. I was not surprised that Joe fell that day for the joke Bill Pinkerton put over on him because Bill was one of Joe's intimate friends. Joe was also a very close and long-time pal of Mike McDonald.

Michael Cassius McDonald's life dates back to Civil War days. He was of Chicago in those pioneer days when his type of man was prominent in the life of a western pioneer town and Mike McDonald was one of the leaders. He was a gambling-house keeper and a power in mercenary politics up to the early nineties. Then he gave up all of that sort of activity and went into legitimate pursuits. Much has been written about Mike McDonald, but seldom have writers touched on his private life. I knew Mike since 1890, and I found him a companionable, interesting man, a good friend, and a better man than his reputation indicated. I know where he took losses of enormous amounts of money because he helped alleged friends. In his home life he was a devoted husband, but again, he was a sucker, being given the worst kind of deal by both of his wives.

The first was Mary Noonan. For a time the McDonalds lived on an upper floor of Mike McDonald's gambling house, "The Store," located on the northwest corner of



WILLIAM A. PINKERTON AND ROBERT A. PINKERTON
World's Premier Detectives sojourning at Hot Springs, Arkansas



LYDIA THOMPSON

Burlesque "Queen" who attained notoriety by horsewhipping the Chicago Times Editor, Wilbur F. Storey, while playing at a Chicago Theatre with her "British Blondes" in "Black Crook"

Clark and Monroe Streets. Then they moved into a mansion on Ashland Avenue, but it wasn't long before Mrs. McDonald deserted Mike and eloped with a minstrel, Billy Arlington. She went back to Mike, and they appeared to have become reconciled. Mike had a private altar installed in his Ashland Avenue home where they worshipped. Mrs. McDonald again deserted Mike, and ran away with the Reverend Joseph Moysant. Mike McDonald renounced the Catholic faith and obtained a divorce.

A second time Mike proved himself to be a poor picker of wives. He was nearly sixty when he married twenty-four-year-old Dora Feldman Barclay, the ex-wife of Sam Barclay, a professional baseball player. For their home Mike purchased that mansion of Charles Head Smith on Drexel Boulevard and 45th Street. There they lived what seemed to be a happy married life.

Mike McDonald owned the property just north of the Grand Opera House on Clark Street. Having talked to him in regard to buying that property, he called me on the telephone one morning informing me that he had been laid up with a cold, but would stop at my office that morning relative to the deal. He came and requested our telephone operator to call his home for him. He took the call in my office, and I overheard him say, "Hello dear. Yes, I am feeling OK. No, my cold isn't bad; don't worry, dear. I'll be home about four o'clock. Goodby, darling." Mike turned to me and said that he had several matters to take care of that day, and that he would get together with me about that property matter in a couple of days. He left my office at eleven. At noon an "extra" was out. The headlines read: "Mrs. Mike McDonald Shot and Killed Webster Guerin." Evidently, she started for downtown within a few minutes

after Mike McDonald's talk with her over the telephone from my office. The man she killed was a commercial artist in his twenties, a young lad who had tossed her overboard whom she wanted back and killed him when he turned her down. That was a sensational story. It was hard for me to believe it after the conversation I had listened to between Mike McDonald and the murderer less than four hours before.

That broke Mike McDonald completely. He was taken to a hospital on the west side. Dr. Leonard St. John attended him. Bill Pinkerton, Joe Martin, and I visited him there several times. He was game and put on a good front, but that was too severe a blow even for Mike McDonald. One day Joe came into my office and informed me that Mike had made a new will and had made Bill Pinkerton, Charles Winship, and me his executors.

"Joe," I said, "you've got to help me out of this. I'd do anything I could for Mike McDonald, but this means a murder trial and I cannot afford to be mixed up with Mike McDonald's family. You must go to the hospital and convince him that he appoint someone else in my place."

A couple of days later Joe Martin came in with a smile on his face. He had induced Mike to replace me with another friend of his whose name was Schimmel. I was greatly relieved. Joe handled that delicate matter very diplomatically. Within thirty days, Michael Cassius McDonald passed away, and Chicago lost another pioneer character whose name was linked prominently, if somewhat discreditably, with the early life and history of the city. But it must be said that, while Mike McDonald conducted gambling and his political activities were often shady, he abhorred vice and the more repulsive forms of criminality.

CHAPTER 12

THE FIRST WARD has always been considered the richest in this country, containing, as it did and still does, many of Chicago's great business enterprises—its main railroad stations, immense skyscrapers, large hotels, principal theaters, leading newspapers, art institute, opera house, city and federal government buildings, great department stores, and the large banks.

As is usually the case in great metropolitan areas, it is only natural that it should attract some of the underworld, both male and female, especially in view of the fact that the better element, excepting those residing in clubs and hotels, established their homes away from such a busy business district. Certain thoroughfares, running along or close to railroad right of ways are the cause of those blighted sections that depreciate adjacent property values to such an extent that they are given over to "flop houses," and in many cases to houses of ill repute. That condition also brings in a too liberal percentage of alleged residents who believe in the "share the other fellow's wealth" idea; the kind who hold up their pants with a half suspender, with each end fastened with a nail instead of a button. They have no need for the services of a barber. They carry all of their real estate with them, mostly under their finger nails. They know where to get the largest glass of beer for a nickel and they dine at the same place. Why that busy "emporium" should have been named the "working man's exchange" is difficult to explain, because the major-

ity of its patrons were usually men of leisure except on election days.

It was largely that type of electorate that, in the 1892 election, deposited the "crying parcel" right on Chicago's front door step in the shape of a city father. It needed "changing," but for over forty years they purposely neglected to "change" it. That was the beginning of "Bathhouse" John Coughlin.

I knew the "Bath" when he was a rubber, or masseur, in a Turkish bath. Much has been written about him on the theory of making him an exciting and interesting character. The reporters did it for the fun of it, and they knew he loved it. As a matter of fact, he traveled in the "ruck" and was anything but a leader in the City Council. The real leaders were the "Grey Wolf" coterie, Johnny Powers, Ed Cullerton, Billy O'Brien, and several others.

Martin B. Madden and James R. Mann were important factors. Like the shrewd Arthur Dixon, those two outstanding aldermen usually kept themselves in the background, but they were influential in putting through legislation. Both were able men. Also, in Congress, Mann put over a now famous law that goes by his name. He intended it as a deterrent to White Slave business, but then the United States Supreme Court worked a meaning into it that he originally hadn't thought of, and for the publicity it gave him, he adopted it as his own. The Mann Act has since been subjected to much criticism, because it was made use of by blackmailers.

As an alderman, "The Bath" usually followed the advice given to him by that "able seaman," rotund Senator Billy Mason—"Let the big stuff alone and confine yourself to petty larceny pickings. There is enough of that—just as

much in the long run financially and less danger of getting into trouble." "The Bath's" big income came from his insurance business which he finally succeeded in building up into quite an enterprise. Also, getting permits for projection of bay windows over sidewalks, electric signs, and other sorts of ordinance violations for businessmen in his ward was very remunerative. He cut in somewhat on the "take" in the red light district and the "rake-off" on gambling and hand books. "The Bath" was a big, healthy Irishman who gloried in any kind of publicity, would do anything to stay in the limelight, and was "duck soup" for Newman, a LaSalle Street tailor, who specialized in creations for vaudeville actors. He kept "The Bath" well stocked. He dressed up in unique apparel that gave him publicity, and how "The Bath" ate that up! He furnished material for the newspaper boys who enjoyed poking fun at him. A *Tribune* reporter wrote poetry to hand to "The Bath" to use as his own.

I was attending a show at the Grand Opera House one evening. During intermission I met John Coughlin in front of the theatre. He called me over and handed me a piece of paper with a verse written on it in his own handwriting. He didn't know that I had been tipped off by Drury Underwood, a newspaper writer, that a pal of his was slipping that stuff to "The Bath."

I read the verse and told Coughlin, "That's great stuff! You're a genius. How do you do it?"

To which he replied, "It just came to me while I was waiting for the curtain to go up."

Mike Kenna was elected to the City Council in 1907, and "The Bath" and "Hinky Dink," as Mike was called, made quite a team. Mike Kenna furnished the brain and "The

Bath" was the front, but few ever took Coughlin seriously. Mike Kenna was smooth as an eel, sharp as a tack, and very loyal; a man of few words, but he always knew what he was talking about. There was no bunk about "Hinky Dink." If he gave you his word, you could bet on it. The last time I saw Mike Kenna was in 1920. Prohibition had put his place out of business and he was running a cigar store on Clark Street near Jackson Boulevard. He telephoned to me, asking if I could come to his office in that store. I told him I would be there. We had a visit and then he asked me to act as treasurer for the fall campaign. I told Mike that I would like to do it for him, but was leaving for California. I expressed my regrets as he did his.

Prior to that I had had another honor handed to me by the other half of that team. "The Bath" met me in the City Hall and called me to one side, and said, "Charley, you live on LaSalle Avenue near Locust Street. I want you to bring a little lady from her home on Chestnut Street near State to the Chicago Opera House on the opening night of *Dear Midnight of Love*, and to take her home after the show. Will you do it as a favor to me?" That little lady was May DeSousa. I knew her father, who was a detective on the force, and I had heard May sing at the "Arrapahoe" Irish picnic. I escorted the pretty seventeen-year-old girl to the theatre on that evening which was a momentous occasion in the life of "The Bath." The theatre was crowded and little May DeSousa played her part very well.

While "Hinky Dink" was the smart strategist of that team, he was a quiet man who took life and his job very seriously. Mike Kenna spoke sparingly. He was a deep thinker and could say a lot in very few words. When he did say anything it was always to the point, but "The Bath"

possessed an uneducated, but natural intelligence and an Irish wit that often helped him when debating to stop some of his college bred opponents on the floor of the City Council.

The above characteristics are well brought out by a story Mayor Harrison enjoyed telling and which he later included in his autobiography, *Stormy Years*. After his fourth election in 1903, when he realized that Graeme Stewart gave him the hardest political battle of his career, the two first ward aldermen visited his office to congratulate him. The Mayor asked, "With the Republicans thoroughly united and the Hopkins-Sullivan crowd solidly against me, why was it that I won?"

"Mr. Mayor," "The Bath" replied. "you won because of the public satisfaction with the well known honesty that has caricatured your every administration."

Shortly after Coughlin's *Dear Midnight of Love* song was rendered in the Chicago Opera House to a full house by May DeSousa, Mike Kenna had occasion to come to the Mayor's office. During that visit the Mayor referred to that song and some other of "The Bath's" poetry and jokingly asked "Hinky Dink" whether his colleague was crazy or just full of "dope." Kenna came back at him with,

"No, John isn't 'dotty' and he ain't full of 'dope.' To tell you the God's truth, Mr. Mayor, they ain't found a name for it yet."

This explains why the richest ward in the country was always represented in the City Council by aldermen of that caliber. No able man of good repute, be he a lawyer, banker, or business man would ever have had the slightest chance of being elected in that ward. Chicago in those early days was not yet entirely out of its frontier stage,

and a great percent of its floating population consisted of westerners—cattle men, miners, and men who roughed it. The city was not yet ripe to be cleaned up. Mayor Carter H. Harrison, Sr., realized that fact and made Chicago a mecca for the middle west. When his son was first elected mayor in 1897, he was forced, against his intentions, to overlook some of the existing conditions in that ward, because he needed the help of those two aldermen to defeat crooked ordinances continually being introduced in the City Council, at the instance of such bribers as Yerkes, passage of which would have been costly to Chicago.

CHAPTER 13

DANIEL BURNHAM and his great staff performed the unexpected miracle of turning that stupendous dream into a reality. On May 1, President Cleveland came to Chicago to dedicate the Columbian Exposition. There was much excitement in Chicago on that occasion. Carter H. Harrison, Sr., was our newly elected mayor. As our World's Fair mayor, he proved to be a great asset both to the World's Fair and to Chicago. No man could have done a better job than he did. He was equal to every situation that was to be met. For that dedication day he arranged "big doings," including a large and impressive parade led by carriages containing President Cleveland and some of his cabinet, and many other celebrities. In that parade were the First Regiment Army and all other state militia, including the colored troops. Of course, all city officials and aldermen rode in carriages. The Cook County Democrats were dressed for the occasion in Prince Alberts and top hats. We common people were out in large numbers, standing on the side lines.

The parade was coming down Monroe Street and would pass by Chapin & Gore's. I was standing in front of our office on the walk talking with Colonel Jack Chinn. Just as we heard a band playing, someone tapped me on the shoulder. I turned around and saw that it was Potter Palmer. He didn't address me by name (probably because he did not remember it), but he knew that I belonged with Chapin & Gore's. He asked, "Could we sit in the win-

dows above?" His request was complied with. So Potter Palmer, Colonel Jack Chinn, and I sat comfortably throughout the procession. We saw everything there was to see without any obstructions, but I have always remembered a remark made by Jack Chinn. When the carriages passed containing "The Bath" John Coughlin and the Democratic "bigwigs," they were followed on foot by the militia, the First Regiment soldiers, and then the colored. The Colonel looked at Potter Palmer to whom I had just introduced him, then he turned to me, and said, "There it is, Charley, there it is. Some people have all the money, some people have all the offices, and we poor white folks and 'niggers' must march." Mr. Palmer looked over and smiled. That was all I could do. Jack didn't realize that he had been rubbing shoulders with Potter Palmer, one of the richest men in Chicago.

The opening day of the Columbian Exposition was a big day. There were still some details to finish, but everyone was amazed at its grandeur. In artistic achievement, magnitude, and entertainment attractions, nothing like it has ever been seen in this world. We attended the Paris Exposition in 1900; the St. Louis Exposition in 1904; the San Francisco Exposition in 1915; and the second World's Fair in Chicago in 1933-4. Each had the benefit of scientific advancements, improved methods of transportation, increased population to appeal to, and even the plans and innovations originated by Chicago's first World's Fair to copy and guide them. None was nearly so great, so spectacular, or so interesting as the Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893.

One of the features just outside of the World's Fair grounds was William F. Cody's ("Buffalo Bill") Wild West

Show. It was a spectacular performance and was a big financial success. "Buffalo Bill" was a close personal friend of Jim Gore, and a frequent visitor at our office whenever he was in Chicago. He had presented Jim Gore with a valuable, large, old buffalo head mounted, and two unusually big elk heads. They were hung in a conspicuous place, with the buffalo head in the center between large portraits of "Buffalo Bill" and General Custer. One day Robert ("Pony Bob") Haslem—so named because he rode the pony express—called on me and said that Bill Cody wished to know if he could come to Chapin & Gore's that night after his show to have a look at that group of heads and the two paintings. They came, and we three stood there, "Buffalo Bill's" eyes glued for quite a time on those paintings. Then he took his hat off, and with his head majestically thrown back said nothing for quite a while. I thought I noticed a bit of moisture in the man's eyes. Then he remarked, "It's a great honor to have my picture alongside of General Custer's. I can't think of any I would rather see there than that of General Custer."

In the early nineties Chicago was often frequented by well known characters from the great wild and woolly West. The life story of the immortal "Buffalo Bill" is, of course, known to all. There were others, not so outstanding as General Custer's great scout.

We have in mind one whom we saw almost daily during the World's Fair—that fearless law enforcement officer, "Bat" Masterson. His daring exploits placed his name prominently into the history of those by-gone wild west days when bad men's cases had to be decided on the spot and "from the hip." "Bat" Masterson was a medium-size man, slow and soft spoken. As sheriff for many years in

the bad lands of our early West, he was by necessity quick on the draw.

Among those from the then pioneer west was a rather unusual character known as "Colonel" Ritter. He was a small man, but possessed of a quarrelsome nature. We saw him in Chicago frequently in the early Nineties, at which time he was nearly sixty years old. He was then tamed by age and by the changed conditions in the section from which he hailed. The "Colonel" was always attired in a well-worn Prince Albert, flowing black bow tie, and a dark slouch hat. He was reputed to have slain a number of men—all in the same manner. He always resorted to a knife. His quarrels were invariably with big men who outweighed him by fifty or sixty pounds. When his disputes arrived at the serious stage, his procedure was to clinch with his more powerful opponent. The two would fall to the floor with Ritter always beneath his antagonist. Then the "Colonel" would shriek at the top of his high pitched voice, "Take him off! Take him off! He is killing me!" When the big man was taken off he was dead, for the "Colonel" had already plunged his knife into his victim. Ritter was never known to have been convicted. He always claimed self defense.

In such a great undertaking as the Columbian Exposition it was only natural that some who overplayed their hand because of over-optimism should have been subjected to financial disappointment. On the other hand, many reaped great financial benefits.

The Chicago World's Fair of 1893 was in every sense an international exposition. Many foreign countries, the important and the remote, from every quarter of the globe were liberally represented there in its attendance and by

lavish and interesting exhibits. Spain at that period was still a great empire, and due to its rightful claim to the famous discoverer of the new world, Spain naturally was greatly interested in participating in the celebration of that all-important event. The Duke de Veragua and the Infanta Eulalie came to that World's Fair as the direct representatives of the ruler of Spain. The Duke, a descendant of Christopher Columbus, and the Infanta were tops among the royalty of their country. They were received as such and were accorded every honor due them. In this connection, old-timers will remember that the Infanta, on one important occasion became a bit "snooty." Her action in that instance was entirely out of order. She and the Duke were being royally entertained. Mrs. Potter Palmer was president of the Lady Managers of the Columbian World's Fair and in that important assignment she did an excellent job. Mrs. Palmer was noted for her beauty and charm and was Chicago's "Gold Coast" social leader. An important banquet was arranged for the Duke and the Infanta. It was in connection with that affair that the Infanta snubbed Mrs. Palmer by referring to her as being merely an inn-keeper's wife.

The attendance at the World's Columbian Exposition broke all previous World's Fair records. It attracted people from every walk of life. Chicago became the host to many foreign notables, but it was truly a World's Fair for the rich and the poor, as well as for the nobility. As is usually the case in connection with the guests at such great events as a World's Fair, some few also came to Chicago with one shirt and a two dollar bill, and it seemed as though they failed to change either. However, all were welcome and the World's Columbian Exposition was, from

the standpoint of attendance and in every way, a success unsurpassed before or since.

On the whole, the World's Fair was a great triumph, and Chicago's gain was an undreamed amount of everlasting glory. We young fellows attended many days and nearly every night. The "White City," as it was popularly called, ran for six months and we regretted to think that the closing days were approaching. That last day and night of the "White City" was an occasion never to be forgotten. Chicago's great Mayor Carter H. Harrison, Sr., after completing a very busy and eventful last day at the Fair, left for his home. No attempt was or could be made to control the pandemonium of the vast crowd who seemed to regret the end of their beloved "White City." We stayed to the last and did not learn of the great tragedy that had befallen the city earlier in the evening until we arrived downtown.

The large headlines of the extra papers reported that Chicago's gifted Mayor Carter H. Harrison, Sr., had been assassinated in the doorway of his Ashland Avenue home. Chicago was stricken with grief. The dastardly assassination of our mayor removed a great pioneer and an outstanding personality. He understood Chicago and what was best for it at the time, even if the reformers didn't always agree with him. He did much to help promote and build up the city he loved. The mayor was inevitably mentioned in the same breath with the great Columbian Exposition, and that the life of both should have been ended on the same day was truly a sad coincidence.

The depression of 1893, the worst in the country's history, demoralized business everywhere, but due to the 1893 World's Fair it by-passed Chicago until 1894. The flood of money that poured into the city's coffers by our

out-of-town visitors, served as a big stimulant to business. On the other hand, the World's Fair was the cause of spreading out Chicago and much over-building in many lines in preparations that were necessarily made in order to feed, house, and entertain those expected outside visitors. Naturally, the reaction was severe. It caused many failures and to add to our troubles, the city was subjected to the troublesome and costly Debs-Pullman railroad strike. Hopkins, as mayor, couldn't or didn't help much, and Altgeld, Illinois' socialistic governor, greatly impeded the possibility of a sane solution of that serious labor disturbance. Both sides were entitled to consideration. If those two executives hadn't played politics, and had the governor put aside his plainly biased leanings, the differences might have been adjusted and the strike settled, but that was not the case. Finally, President Cleveland was obliged to step in and resort to the army, and martial law was declared. The strike was ended by that federal action.

By then, the depression had hit Chicago with full force. Free soup was fed to the hungry on the principal corners of the downtown district and the saloons did a large free lunch business. It should be noted that the saloons played a philanthropic role during those hard times.

CHAPTER 14

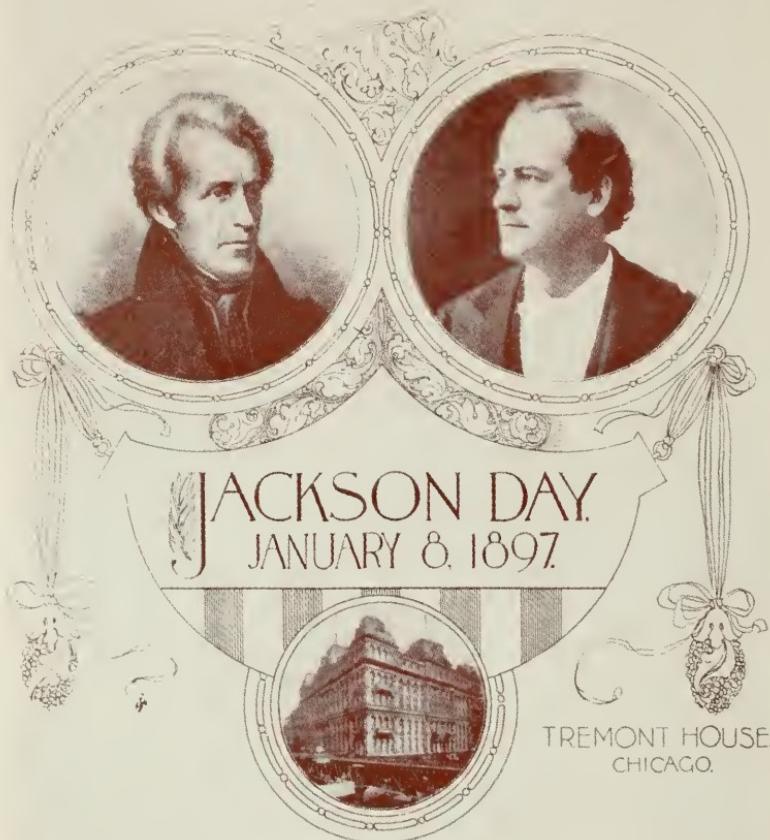
DURING THE WORLD'S FAIR year many amusement enterprises aside from the "White City" were undertaken to provide additional interests for the City's guests. *America* was a great theatrical production. It was staged in the Auditorium and ran all summer. "Buffalo Bill's" Wild West Show was the greatest performance of its kind ever attempted before or since. Washington Park put on a great race meeting, climaxed by the American Derby with an added purse of fifty thousand dollars. Up to that date, it was the largest purse ever offered for one race in America. Boundless was the horse that won that American Derby, at a good, long price.

One entertainer rose out of the Columbian Exposition to real success—Flo Ziegfeld. Dr. Florence Ziegfeld, one of the Chicago pioneers, was a famous music teacher who established the Chicago Musical College in a four-story building on Michigan Avenue. Dr. Ziegfeld was a highly respected gentleman with high ideals. His famous son, Flo, became identified with that institution in a business capacity, but young Flo never seemed to know the value of money. He bought whatever he desired, regardless of cost. He always demanded the best, even if paying for it embarrassed him.

With the coming of the great World's Columbian Exposition, Dr. Ziegfeld conceived the idea of establishing a huge music hall where food and refreshments would be served in conjunction with high class music to World's



MR. AND MRS. WILLIAM H. CRANE AND WALTER WILLIAMS
Photograph presented to the author in April 1924. On its reverse side
Mrs. Crane wrote: "Three old bodies, but your friends.
Ages: 79, 77, 74. Total 230 years"



MENU COVER FOR JACKSON DAY BANQUET

Showing Jackson and Bryan, also Tremont House. "The Commoner" autographed a menu for each of the four members of the reception committee

Fair visitors. Accordingly he leased the old First Regiment Armory on Michigan Avenue and 16th Street. The interior of that big building was completely rebuilt and artistically decorated, and ample kitchen, bar, and storeroom facilities were provided. About one month before the World's Fair opening date, a fire occurred in the nearly completed music hall and wrecked the building and Dr. Ziegfeld's project, but that didn't stop him. He quickly leased the huge "Battery D" building on Michigan Avenue at the foot of Monroe Street. By working day and night, he completely rebuilt the interior of "Battery D," luxuriously decorating it and providing all necessary facilities, including a large stage. The "Trocadero" was opened on time, but unfortunately, the World's Fair visitors failed to appreciate classical music, so Dr. Ziegfeld lost interest in it as it was surely doomed to be a failure. He then turned it over to his son, Flo, who proved to be a real showman. He replaced classical music with attractions which he built up in the P. T. Barnum manner. Sandow was one of them. Then he brought over the great Anna Held. One day I was walking by the corner of Washington and Clark Streets and saw a large crowd around a carriage. I saw in it the beautiful Anna Held holding a lion cub in her lap. It was a real publicity stunt. The "Trocadero" Music Hall soon became a big success financially. That was Flo's start as a showman. He married Anna Held and went to New York to rise to great heights in the theatrical world. Anna Held was a star attraction for many years before she died. Later on Flo married that fine lady and popular actress, Billie Burke. Evidently Flo was an ideal husband.

Flo Ziegfeld, as was stated before, had an utter disregard for expense. He always wanted the best regardless of cost

or where the money was to come from, and that is why his productions were so outstanding. Every detail was closely watched by him, and if he discovered even a slight defect in costumes or any stage effects, he did not hesitate to discard such props. His greatest accomplishments were attained in connection with his *Follies*. He knew how to select the exact personnel for his different productions, for he had an eye for talent, and was often able to build stars out of artists who had not reached stardom until they encountered his touch.

Recently his life and accomplishments were portrayed in an outstanding movie production that gave old-timers a thrill. His is a great name in the theatrical history of his day. He gave existing and coming producers something high at which to shoot. Because of his disregard for expense, Flo had his ups and downs financially.

This great figure of the theatre was truly a Chicago product, and he really tried to come back to his home town and exploit his talents from Chicago instead of from Broadway. In that attempt, I was the innocent bystander who took it on the chin and you will see how easy it is to take an "angel" for a ride.

On the northeast corner of Wabash Avenue and Peck Court once stood Mrs. Stewart's boarding house, which for years was the abode of the élite of the dramatic profession. James H. Stoddard, James E. Dodson, Alice Fisher, Marie Burroughs, Louis F. Masson, Ida Vernon, Joseph Franko, Caroline Hill, Herbert Kelsey, Maurice Barrymore, Georgia Drew Barrymore, and a host of others wrote their names in that register every time they came to Chicago. It was the common verdict of all these people that there never was such another comfortable actor's board-

ing house as Mrs. Stewart conducted. It was from there that Lydia Thompson and another member of her British Blondes Company, Pauline Markham, emerged from a carriage, armed with horsewhips, waylaid and severely horse-whipped Wilbur F. Storey, then recognized as one of the great, original, and most fearless of editors. Lydia Thompson's blondes wore tights, and Mr. Storey, through his then powerful Chicago *Times* attacked the British Blondes and their costumes as being immoral, but that was in a different age. Today Lydia Thompson's blondes might be so attired and take a stroll through the Loop district without creating any great furore.

It was on the site of Mrs. Stewart's theatrical boarding house that Brooks' Casino was built in 1904 to house the famous Brooks' Orchestra Concerts. The overhead was too big and the project failed. That large building was sold at auction and was bought by Frank Upman, a prominent hotel man, who had operated the Briggs House and later, in partnership with Charley Milligan, operated the Victoria Hotel. Coming to my office directly from that auction sale, Frank told me of the purchase he had made and asked my advice as to what he ought to do with the building. He stated that he had subscribed for some of the bonds issued by Brooks, that were then worthless, and that he had bought the building and leasehold at auction because the price was so low. His excuse for buying so large a building for which he could find no use gave me a good laugh, the last and only laugh that I was to have from Upman's purchase. I assumed that I could be of no help in that matter and suggested that he ask some theatre magnate for advice instead of a fellow like me who had no experience in any amusement enterprise. I suggested

further that he call on Will J. Davis, of the Illinois Theatre, who for many years had operated the Columbia Theatre, and was the dean of theatre men in Chicago. Whereupon, he asked me to get him on the telephone for him. Davis asked us to come over to his office immediately. When Davis learned of the Brooks Casino deal, he was greatly interested because he had had a long talk with Flo Ziegfeld, whose first two *Follies* had proved successful. Ziegfeld wanted to make the Ziegfeld *Follies* a Chicago production, and had requested Davis to obtain a theatre for him in Chicago. Davis then decided to take the architect, Ben Marshall, of Marshall and Fox, to Brooks' Casino that same day to ascertain the cost of reconstructing the interior, altering the stage to adequate proportions, decorating, and enlarging the seating capacity. If the project looked feasible, he would call Flo by telephone, giving him all details. If it interested him he would call us for another conference. It all proved very feasible, and Flo wanted a fourth interest in the theatre project, with the understanding that all plans must be sent to him for his OK, and that he would have sole charge of everything back of the curtain. He stated further that he wanted to produce the Ziegfeld *Follies of 1908* at that theatre, and therefore, we must let all contracts for reconstruction without delay. He planned to come to Chicago within thirty days and put up part of the money for his fourth interest. Davis wanted the same. Frank Upman agreed and offered me a fourth. With Flo Ziegfeld and Will Davis in it for one-half of the deal, it looked good to me and I accepted. Much telephoning from New York to Chicago took place between Ziegfeld and Davis. Contracts were let and the work progressed satisfactorily. Flo was delayed getting to Chicago with his

money as promised, but Davis assured us Ziegfeld would make good.

At that period Klaw and Erlanger were the whole thing in the theatrical business. They controlled many of the leading theatres and the booking for most of the others. Flo had suffered financial reverses, and needed help to produce his first Ziegfeld *Follies*: Klaw and Erlanger financed him. That fact was unknown to us, but when the Chicago papers published glowing accounts of our new project, the Garden Theatre, Klaw and Erlanger, who until then had not known of Flo Ziegfeld's plans, called him to their office. They informed him that another theatre in Chicago would mean competition to the ones they controlled there and advised him that, unless he got out of that deal, they would insist on his paying up what he owed them. Davis promptly received a telegram advising him of Klaw and Erlanger's threat and requesting that "Flo's ball be taken out." That not only left us with a headache, but a large theatre on our hands. Eventually, we took a loss of ninety percent.

I will not attempt to relate all of that sad story here except that Upman and I were left "holding the bag"—mostly I. Flo Ziegfeld was sincere about producing his *Follies* in Chicago. If it had not been for his financial troubles at that time, Chicago would have been the home of the famous Ziegfeld *Follies* instead of New York. The foregoing story may bring tears to the eyes of the reader, and it may not, but it should demonstrate to him or her how easily an "angel" is born.

At Flo Ziegfeld's 1893 "Trocadero" there was another attraction, Carmencita, a famed dancer. She fell in love with a young man employed there first as head waiter and

later as one of Flo's assistants. They were married and her husband became her business agent. For years she commanded a large salary that put her husband into big money. I knew him well, but although his name slips my mind, I recall that he was a rather small man, always dressed well, and carried a big roll of "dough."

When the Fitzsimmons-Corbett fight was to take place, Lou Houseman and Joe Ryan, sports writers on the *Inter-Ocean* chartered a special train to take Chicago fans to that fight. That project proved to be profitable for its promoters, but after the train pulled out, they discovered that the famous "gate-crasher," "One-Eyed" Connelly (the original) was aboard. Crashing gates was not his only specialty. Liquor on that train was served freely and betting on the fight was going on. Carmencita's husband had bet considerably and displayed his roll of money freely. Early the next morning he discovered that "roll" of over eight hundred dollars had been "lifted." He reported his loss, and of course, "One-Eyed" Connelly knew that he would be the one to be searched. It was rumored that he went out to the vestibule between that car and the diner and shoved money under the carpet covering that vestibule. Then he returned to the car feeling safe in case he was searched. The train came to a stop, and there was some switching which was unnoticed by the car occupants. The promoters were disturbed about the loss of that bankroll and subjected Connelly to a thorough search. The money was not found on him. When Connelly sneaked out to recover that money from under the carpet in the vestibule, to his great disappointment, he found that the diner had been switched off that train and the bankroll with it.

"One-Eyed" Connelly, aside from his national reputa-

tion as a gate crasher was just a "moocher." In the early nineties, we saw him one evening in the luxurious bar and gambling establishment run by Harry Varnell on Clark Street. Of course, Connelly wasn't welcome there. He was half "pickled" and started to argue with a man. Both were put out of the place. We went out to see the finish. The argument continued on the sidewalk. Connelly reached in and took out his glass eye. He turned to a bystander, and said, "Here, you hold me 'bloody eye' and I'll get him." The fight started and the other fellow landed first. Then Connelly brought up a "haymaker" from way down below. Had he connected, his opponent would have been out cold, but the other fellow ducked and Connelly "half piped" and off balance, landed in the gutter. Then a copper came along and ended the fight.

CHAPTER 15

ONE EVENING the actor, Tom Nawn, a popular comedian, invited eight of us to a Mallard duck dinner. Each was served with a whole duck and all the trimmings. Tom Hanton polished his duck off clean and said he could eat another, and if there were any left over, he'd come after it the next day. Tom Nawn said, "I suppose you think you could eat a Mallard a day for thirty days?" Hanton agreed that he would enjoy doing just that.

"Well," said Tom Nawn, "I'll bet you one hundred dollars, a dinner for this crowd and the loser pay all, that you can't eat an order of Mallard duck a day for thirty consecutive days." Hanton said he would take that bet. Schlogel's restaurant on Fifth Avenue (now Wells Street) was decided upon as the place where Tom Hanton was to eat an order of Mallard duck every evening for thirty days. Tom Nawn went with him to see that he did it. The result was that Tom Hanton not only ate the thirty orders of Mallard duck, but enjoyed each and every one of them. The next evening we were invited by Tom Nawn to the dinner he also lost. It was again at "Schlogel's." Nawn paid Hanton the hundred dollars and paid Schlogel's for the thirty duck dinners. The menu was passed around to all of us to ascertain what we would like to eat at that last dinner. Each gave his order to the head waiter. Mostly steaks were ordered, but Tom Hanton kept looking over the bill of fare and couldn't seem to make up his mind, and finally said, "Oh, Hell, bring me a Mallard duck!"

'Tom Nawn nearly fainted. He turned to me, and said, "Out of a hundred million people, I had to pick that guy to make such a bet with."

Early in the winter of 1897 I was in San Francisco. It was a wide open and hospitable town. There were many good pals there, including Bill Pinkerton, "Big" Bill Lange, Roy Carruthers, Harry Corbett (brother of the World's Champion), Bob Smith, trainer of famous race horses including Equipoise, the actors—Mathews and Bulger, Burt Dasher, manager of "The Milk White Flag" theatrical company, and many others. We lived at the Baldwin Hotel. Across the street was the popular Green Brothers restaurant. One afternoon I entered there for a drink. Mr. Green greeted me and inquired where we were dining that evening. Evidently he knew that Mathews and Bulger and Burt Dasher would be in our party. He stated he would treat us to a surprise bit of entertainment if we could arrange to dine at his place that evening.

He said, "A very talented young lady, clerking in a Market Street store, in the glove department, is anxious to enter the theatrical profession. I suggested that she come here this evening and I hope you can induce your fellows, including Mr. Dasher and Mathews and Bulger to dine here. I'll give you the large room downstairs with the piano in it, and if this lady makes a good impression on Mr. Dasher and Mathews and Bulger or either of them, maybe you'll be good enough to put in a word for her."

Whereupon I promptly informed Green that I couldn't do any good in that direction, but he insisted that she would be there and hoped that we would come anyway. We did, about ten of us, among whom were Bill Pinkerton, Burt Dasher, Mathews and Bulger, Harry Corbett, "Big"

Bill Lange, John Farley, Bob Smith, and myself. I intimated to Dasher and Mathews and Bulger why Green wanted us there that evening and that he expected me to put in a good word with them for that young lady to find a spot for her in one of their companies, providing, of course, that she was "there with the goods." All three informed me that there was no chance because they already had more "gals" than they really needed. After dinner, Green took us down to the large room and the young lady went to work. She turned out to be a "humdinger." She could sing Irish songs, Negro songs, and dance. She was really so good that Burt Dasher came to me and said, "Boy, she's too good! I'm going to put her in my 'Milk White Flag' Company." He did and that is how Miss Ethel Levey got her start on the stage. The "Milk White Flag" Company, which was a Hoyt production, closed in Chicago. Miss Levey, being out of a job, moved on to New York and then to London, England. She became a star and later the wife of the great George M. Cohan. If it had not been for that incident in Green Brothers' restaurant, Ethel Levey might have been delayed for quite some time in getting started in that profession, and probably would not have become Mrs. George M. Cohan, but a girl with her ability could hardly have been stopped short of gaining a successful stage career.

This story is related because of its importance in the life of a truly great showman, the late lamented George M. Cohan. His exceptional talents in all departments of his profession have produced outstanding results in the line of clean entertainment. He was an *All American* who contributed much to the stage and the public has lost a great star—one that will long be remembered.

CHAPTER 16

THE SPECIAL ELECTION to fill out the unexpired term of our martyr mayor, Carter H. Harrison, Sr., was won by John P. Hopkins. A new political era came to us with that election. Roger Sullivan was at that time Clerk of the Probate Court. After the Hopkins election, Roger became the dominating political figure in the Democratic Party of Illinois. John P. Hopkins filled out the unexpired term, but he did not try for reelection to that office, possibly because of some of the deals that were put over during his short tenure of office. However, Sullivan and Hopkins, by working closely with Tom Taggart, Norman Mack, Tammany's boss, Murphy, and several other potent leaders, continued as the "bigwigs" of the Democratic National Committee. Roger Sullivan, as the front, was a power that could control Democratic national conventions. I had occasion to feel that power adversely while vice-chairman of a non-partisan Citizens' Committee that Chicago sent to Washington for the purpose of inducing the Democratic National Committee, then convened there, to hold its 1912 national convention in Chicago. I will relate further details about our committee's experience in that effort later.

John P. Hopkins and a partner named Secord had conducted a mercantile business located in a suburb south of the city. After Hopkins' election as mayor, Secord took over a lease on an entire building that had been vacated by a stationery concern. It was located on Monroe Street, just east of Clark Street. There he opened a large establish-

ment in the way of a restaurant and bar. The upper floors were fitted up as large and small dining rooms. It was generally understood that Mayor Hopkins was a principal partner in that enterprise known as the Monroe Restaurant. It was conducted successfully and was a popular spot. On the upper floor was one suite of well furnished rooms which were used for conferences with political leaders and where Roger and the Mayor could comfortably relax with such companions as they would from time to time invite for dinner and a dollar limit poker game. We attended those evening parties frequently. Roger and John P. were a hospitable and companionable pair. One was always assured of a fine dinner with no limit on wines served, but when the poker game started, although it was always for small stakes, it was played for keeps—a case of “dog eat dog,” and I was usually the dog who was eaten. If a stray twenty-five cent check should fall on the floor, there would be a wrangle, as everyone would claim it as his own. The main fault with this writer as a poker player was always his over-optimism. The late Ed Partridge once made the statement that if the good Lord should ever see fit to grant him one wish and only one, he would ask for nothing better than that He send him seven Charley Hermanns with whom to play poker.

When that meddler with the long nose, top hat, and umbrella succeeded in scaring Congress into enacting that inimical, senseless, and un-American prohibition law, many popular places were forced to discontinue and that rendezvous, the Monroe Restaurant, also closed its doors.

With the advent of that “noble experiment,” Prohibition, the underworld fringe turned to bootlegging and racketeering and thereby crashed into big money. That unfortunate

fact raised havoc with the night life of Chicago. It was responsible for the degradation of a considerable percentage of the younger generation both male and female. Hot spots, speakeasies, and road houses sprang up where a dollar would induce the hat check girl to hand you back your hat. Easy money flowed freely. It dominated Chicago's night life and changed it almost completely from what it had been during the thirty years from 1890 to 1920 when conditions were normal. In those previous years the night life in Chicago had been both interesting and enjoyable. Most of the restaurant patrons usually knew how to order a meal and the proper wines to go with it. The better places catered to the better classes, where one could enjoy companionship and feel safe to go with family and guests without being subjected to encountering the crude "splash" and hurrah so prevalent during the prohibition era and its "hangover."

In those happy days interesting characters developed from all walks of Chicago life. To dig down a bit deeper, it will be interesting to mention two men who started from nowhere, but were later to become well known, influential, and distinctive characters. They knew more men-about-town, actors, ball players, politicians, and men-of-affairs than anyone within my ken. Coming from poor but good old Irish families, one started life in "Little Hell" with the Market Street crowd. He then began active life as brakeman on the Northwestern Railroad. He was later appointed as a deputy coroner, and when his chief went out of office, he naturally went out with him. Then he took over the Chicago agency for a St. Louis brewery and later became owner of that popular restaurant known as The Lamb's Cafe. That man was William "Smiley" Corbett.

The other man was Tom Hanton who had worked in a rolling mill, which job he left to take a half-interest in a Randolph Street saloon, just east of Clark Street. The firm name was Coffee and Hanton. It became a popular place and a successful venture, patronized by city and county officials, politicians, professional ball players, and many from the theatrical profession. Later Tom Hanton became its sole owner and conducted that business until forced out by prohibition.

“Smiley” Corbett and Tom Hanton were two distinctive characters and a most interesting team that worked well together. They were a couple of rough “Turks,” but very original and entertaining as companions in any company. Both could create laughs with their Irish songs which they sang so well that they succeeded in entrancing even professional stage folks. “Smiley” was sharp as a tack at repartee and Tom was always ready with his natural, wholesome Irish wit. Adding to that pair the aforementioned Matt Hogan, there were three good cards to draw to and we drew to them on many evenings. On such occasions we never even thought of looking at the clock. To mention only a few of the participants who often took part in those sessions were, Wilbur Studebaker, “Big Top” John Ringling, James J. Callahan, “Big” Bill Lange, Bill Pinkerton, Charley O’Connor, Albert Goodrich, and some others including men of the theatrical profession.

Wilton Lackye, Nat Goodwin, and Peter F. Daley were often in the party when they played Chicago. Goodwin, Lackye, and Daley could tell stories that were packed with laughs. James J. Callahan, one of the star pitchers on Anson’s “Colts” team, later a pitching star for the “White Sox,” and still later manager of Charley Comiskey’s team,

brought in a young fellow who was playing in a vaudeville sketch with his father, mother, and sister at the Masonic Temple Roof Garden. He was only twenty years old, but what a lad! He talked from the side of his mouth, ready with a quip to apply to any conversation and he just bubbled over with wit. As in the case of Goodwin, Lackye, and Daley, he found fertile soil to work on with those two naturally quick witted Irishmen, Corbett and Hanton. That lad was George M. Cohan, who became the leading figure of the American theater, a great genius as an author, producer, song writer, and an outstanding actor. Whenever George Cohan played Chicago, Tom Hanton's place was his favored spot. Those were interesting sessions but only a fond memory now. It saddens me to know that about all of those good fellows have passed on. At this writing "Big" Bill Lange, Charley O'Connor and this relator are the only three who have not yet "cashed in."

HERE WAS NO MONOPOLY in the newspaper business in the early nineties. With a population of about one-third of what it is now, Chicago could boast of three times as many daily newspapers, not counting Washington Hesing's German paper, the *Staats-Zeitung* and several other foreign language newspapers. There were only about two or three that were making the grade financially, two of which were the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Daily News*. The rest were just struggling along. About the oldest publication in the city was the *Chicago Journal*. Its office and plant were then located on Dearborn Street, just north of Monroe Street. Its chief was W. K. Sullivan, an able newspaper man. He retired to accept the appointment by President Cleveland to a minor diplomatic post in Bermuda. Later the *Journal* was moved to Washington Street, east of LaSalle Street and struggled along for quite some time, but finally "petered out" and passed into other hands of which I will give further details later.

Some of the most brilliant writers and artists were employed by the Chicago publications, but owing to fierce competition and then to the depression, those able writers worked for meager compensation. That condition existed until William Randolph Hearst broke into the Chicago field with his *Chicago American*. He paid unheard of salaries and before the other publishers woke up, he had induced many of the best writers and artists to join his

organization, but that did not help those boys until late in 1899 and 1900 when his paper came into being.

Newsboy Alley was between Washington and Madison Streets, from LaSalle to Wells Street. There Henry Koster conducted a saloon and lunchroom. It was in the back room of Koster's place that the "Whitechapel Club" was born. It happened at the time when "Jack the Ripper" committed those horrible murders in Whitechapel, a slum section of London, England. That coterie of geniuses whose only "crime" ever was to pull off jokes and clever stunts to produce laughs and make for good fellowship, conceived the idea of adopting the name "Whitechapel Club." While that unique organization lasted it made history. It is to be regretted that the activities of the "Whitechapel Club" were not written up and published in book form by one of its members. It would to this day make entertaining reading and would prove to be a best seller.

That club consisted of nearly ninety members, about one-half of which were outstanding writers, cartoonists, and news-reporters. The other half of the membership was made up of leading Chicagoans, among which were prominent judges, lawyers, architects and city officials. The club continued to congregate in Koster's back room for some time, then it moved into its own club-house which was located in the same locality. As the club's membership, for various reasons, grew smaller, the "Whitechapel Club" eventually "petered out" in 1895.

About that time William Mangler, an ex-alderman, opened up a classy restaurant and bar, which occupied three floors of the building located on LaSalle Street, on the opposite corner of Newsboy Alley. Then what was left of the former members of the "Whitechapel Club" made

Mangler's place their headquarters. This relator became a regular participant and many happy and long remembered sessions were enjoyed in the company of that coterie of brilliant minds.

The old "Whitechapel Club" was from time to time host to many famous men. Among those entertained were George Francis Train, Bill Nye, James Whitcomb Riley, Richard Harding Davis, Theodore Roosevelt, William T. Stead, and others including that famous hero of the prize ring, John L. Sullivan.

To name some "Whitechaperers" that come to mind at this late date will recall: George Ade, John Bonfield, Frederick "Griz" Adams, Charley Almy, Judge Lorin C. Collins, Ben Donnelley, Finley Peter Dunne, John Eastman, Henry Barrett Chamberlin, E. S. "Ted" Beck, Richard Henry Little, Richard Gunning, Herbert Hallett, Hugh Kehoe, Edward Lahiff, John T. McCutcheon, John Monteith, Bernard Mulaney, Charley Perkins, Wallace Rice, Jacob Richards, Charles Spaulding, Kinsley "Drury" Underwood, Wilbur Nesbit, John Corwin, Frank Finnegan, Billy McKay, Opie Read, Frank Morris, B. L. Taylor, Charley Seymour, Dr. Frank W. Reilly, "Biff" Hall, Leigh Reilly, Brand Whitlock, Sumner Curtis, Hugh Fullerton. Of those, many had accomplished much and their works and names will long be remembered.

It is pleasant to look back on those many interesting night sessions at Mangler's which often lasted into the "wee" small hours. Before adjourning, their thoughts often went out to their departed associates and usually that would call for their favorite song.

Led by John Monteith, the chorus would, with sanctimonious fervor, render the following lines:

*Then stand to your glasses steady!
We drink to our comrade's eyes.
A cup to the dead already—
Hurrah for the next that dies.*

Among others, there was one song, probably inspired by the 1893 World's Fair, the words of which took liberties with the discoverer of America. In it Christopher Columbus was started from the designated Spanish port and was landed on the island of San Salvador, but there was considerable uncertainty as to the direction in which he sailed upon leaving Spain. However, before the finish of the song, that question, with sarcastic humor directed at that great discoverer, was always satisfactorily decided by lusty voices of the chorus. Words of that song, as we remember them, were as follows:

In 1492 was when Columbus departed
From Palos on the coast of Spain—
That's from where he started.
To find a new route to the West—
A new route to the Indies.
Columbus had his whiskers on
And the wind it blew quite windy.
Did he sail to the north?

CHORUS—No! No! No!
Did he sail to the South?

CHORUS—No! No! No!
Did he sail to the East?

CHORUS—No! No! No!
Did he sail to the West?

CHORUS—Yes! Yes! Yes!
The horny-handed son-of-a-gun—
Christopho Columbo.

That song was delivered with much gusto, if not always in perfect harmony. It was all in fun and anyway Christopher Columbus' reputation as navigator and the World's most distinguished discoverer was by then so well established that the singing of that song did not in the least seem to impair his fame.

Most of those mentioned above have since passed away, but still among us at this writing (Fall 1943) are John McCutcheon, the great artist and the writer of some famous pieces; and George Ade, the exceptional author and playwright. Both were highly respected by all in their profession. Each contributed the most popular features to the papers on which they worked. McCutcheon and Ade were the stars on the *Chicago Record* which later became the *Record-Herald*. Way back in the early nineties they were already recognized as geniuses in their respective lines, and their accomplishments during the past half century have made them both internationally famous. Many years ago John McCutcheon became the ace cartoonist for the *Chicago Tribune*, where he still continues as the dean of them all.

George Ade was a modest young man. He confined his drinking to seltzer and milk, while we usually "cut into the grape," but he was our frequent companion. He was then writing *The Stories of the Streets and of the Town*. He was aware of the fact that we knew our way around, and by often being one of the party, he occasionally picked up material useful to him.

In those early days our crowd saw much of the night life of Chicago. We went often to Sam Barclay's "Rag Shop" (so named because ragtime music was first played there), even though it was a very low type of place. In a

large room in the rear of the bar was a continuous floor show which consisted of three really tough looking men. One was "Mississippi" Jim, whose specialty was a grotesque dance, and another was a clever fellow named Fogarty, a product of "Little Hell." "Mississippi" Jim was an ungainly six-footer with big hands and feet, with arms that were so long that his hands came below his knees. He did a "break neck" dance that was funny to look at largely because of his ungainliness. Fogarty with his missing front teeth was a funny looking specimen in general. He couldn't speak a sentence that wasn't full of slang—it just came natural to him and most of it was original. They were an unusual team. They received no pay for their performance except the change that the customers threw to them. George Ade went with us to that place frequently. I am sure that Fogarty furnished him with the basis of his articles entitled *Fables in Slang*, later published in book form. When George Ade wrote the play, *Sultan of Sulu*, he saw that Fogarty and his dancing partner were given a part to do a dance, which they did very well.

In 1890 Dr. Frank W. Reilly was city editor of Lawson's *Morning News*. While having lunch with him one day, we talked about Chicago river navigation. Dr. Reilly, by the way, was the man who suggested the drainage canal, and was therefore instrumental in preventing the pollution of the city's drinking water. I recalled riding to work on the cable car early one morning in 1890. When the grip car on which I was riding, facing west, emerged from the LaSalle Street tunnel, I noticed a large crowd at the Randolph Street bridge. I jumped off the grip car and ran down to the bridge to see what was happening. It had already happened. The boiler of the freighter "Niobe"

had exploded, wrecked part of that ship, and killed eleven or more negroes.

Dr. Reilly, when I related that incident, looked at me, and said, "Now, in that connection, I'll tell you a story about a mutual friend of ours. When I was city editor of the *Morning News*, a tall, innocent looking young man came to my desk and inquired if I was Dr. Reilly. I informed him that I was and asked what else he wanted. He told me his name was George Ade and that he had come up from a small town in Indiana hoping he might find employment as a cub reporter with my paper. He looked and talked so modestly that I didn't have the heart to turn him down cold. I told him we didn't have an opening for such a job just then, but suggested that he come in each day, have a seat, and if an opening occurred, I would let him know. George Ade came in for several days, early each morning, sat down in a chair and occupied his time reading a paper. That morning my telephone rang and a voice told me that something had happened at Randolph Street bridge and I'd better send someone over to get the story. I looked around and found all my reporters absent. George Ade was there alone. I called to him and ordered him to go to Randolph Street bridge and bring back to me particulars of what was doing there and be quick about it. He wasted no time and in about six or eight minutes my phone rang. I answered and it was George Ade speaking, informing me that something had happened that was too big for him to cover. By that time a regular reporter had come in and I chased him out on the job, with the result that our paper carried the news of that explosion promptly and correctly. When George Ade came back, I complimented him on being smart enough to realize the import-

ance of that story and not trying to cover it himself. I told him that because he had used such good judgment he was now hired and a part of our staff—at twelve dollars per week. Under similar circumstances ninety-nine out of a hundred would have attempted to cover that explosion themselves and our paper might have been scooped on a most important news story in connection with that catastrophe."

Due to George Ade's exceptional ability, his rise as a writer was a rapid one. When he was grinding out two columns every day on his *Stories of the Streets and of the Town* for such an unusually long period of time, other writers wondered how he could do it without running "dry." George Ade was a humorist, but not a spontaneous one. He was a good listener and a mental stenographer. His writings abounded in a natural humor based on human nature, not on over-exaggeration. Although his half a century of success as an outstanding writer of books and plays have made him a national character, he has always remained the same George Ade from Brook, Indiana, where he still resides among his farms.

Brook and Rensselaer were neighboring towns in Indiana. Each town supported a baseball team and there existed much friendly rivalry. The annual game for the championship was a gala event. Naturally, George was much interested in Brook having the winning team. It was in 1905 that Rensselaer won the championship from Brook by such a large margin that the Brook team completely "lost face." A few days later we were invited by George Ade to come to Brook to spend a week-end. We kidded him about his decrepit baseball team. He told us that Brook's losing that game was caused by Rensselaer importing a

number of semi-professional "ringers." I advised George that he'd better use his head and "fight fire with fire." One year later those two teams were to meet again in the final game at Brook. I received a telegram from George asking me what I could do to help his team. To that wire I replied that we would be there with some "heavy artillery." Lou Houseman, Hugh Keogh, and I came to Brook with six players from the Chicago National League Club, none of whom were recognized by the Rensselaer team or fans. George Ade's father, who was a retired small town banker and a fine old-fashioned American gentleman with a keen sense of humor, sat with me in the grandstand watching that game. In the sixth inning the score was about eighteen to nothing in favor of Brook and then I remarked to Mr. Ade that the Brook team appeared to have a good chance to win that game. Mr. Ade turned to me, gave me a wise look, and replied, "Well, I see quite a few fellows on the Brook team who don't appear on our poll list."

On January 15, 1943, I wrote to George Ade at his winter home in Miami Beach, recalling some old incidents and again congratulating him on that Brook baseball victory. I received a letter from him dated January 23, 1943, answering in part:

I am interested to have your friendly and amusing letter of the 15th and to be reminded of the time when you brought all of those ball players down to Brook, and with them, Lou Houseman and Hugh Keogh. I made myself very unpopular in Rensselaer by importing all of that talent, but we certainly had a big day.

Among the coterie of reporters mentioned, Finley Peter Dunne was an all-Chicago product, and became nationally famous as a philosopher. He is still being quoted, often in

Washington by Senators and Congressmen. He was working on the Chicago *Evening Journal* and was a most capable newspaper writer, but he was unnoticed until he "barged" out with his daily stories of the alleged conversations of Jim McGary and John J. McKenna. While those two Irishmen furnished Dunne with the basis of the stories which portrayed those two characters perfectly, the material and philosophy were Dunne's.

Jim McGary ran a saloon on Dearborn Street, just north of Madison Street. Dibblee and Maniere owned that property and would not rent to McGary unless Chapin & Gore signed with him on the lease, so McGary was really our tenant. Before McGary took the saloon, it was owned and operated by that influential Democratic politician, Joseph Mackin, who introduced free lunch, by giving away an oyster with each drink. He was called "Oyster Joe," and because he was a stylish dresser was also called "Chesterfield Joe." He was an important cog in Democratic politics of the first ward for quite some time before "Bathhouse" John and "Hinky Dink" came into power in that ward.

In the middle "Eighties" some county officials pulled off deals where bribery was charged. It involved a number of politicians. William J. McGarrigle was obliged to make a quick get-away to Canada. "Chesterfield Joe" happened to be mixed up in one such scandal and for some reason was obliged to "take the rap." Thereafter he was never again able to make a come-back.

Another such scandal that will be remembered by old timers, was uncovered when the commissioners awarded a contract for the painting of the county building. The job was to be done with a "secret fluid" that was supposed to preserve the bricks and stone in that building. The inven-

tor of that fluid was said to have been Harry S. Holland, then Mike McDonald's righthand man. Before it was discovered that the fluid was a fake, nearly one half of the amount due on that contract had been paid out, leaving a balance due of about \$65,000. Harry Holland told this writer as late as 1894, that he intended to sue the county to recover that \$65,000 with interest, but it was never paid and Harry Holland evidently decided to drop that "hot potato."

Joe Mackin's Dearborn Street saloon was somewhat of a political headquarters and continued so after McGary took over the place. Many prominent Irishmen congregated in McGary's back room. Inspector John D. Shea was an habitué. So was John J. McKenna, a quiet little "Turk," who was slow spoken. It is interesting to note that, through politics, that same John J. McKenna was appointed as a member of the Chicago School Board. One day I asked him how he was getting on in that important position and he complained to me that Margaret Haley was making life miserable for him. It was she who organized the teachers.

Jim McGary's Irish wit was unintentional. His opinions of politics or general conditions, as well as his replies to questions, were conscientiously given, and he was liberal in giving his opinions and seldom lacked for an answer. If his views or explanations seemed funny to the other party, McGary resented it, for he didn't want to be laughed at.

McGary had many friends. I often dropped in for a visit with him. One day George Anderson, a salesman for Sprague Warner and Company, came in with me. I ordered bourbon and George ordered a glass of seltzer and milk, and engaged McGary in conversation. While he was talking with us, a well-dressed, tall, middle-aged man came in

and stood at the other end of the bar to be waited upon. McGary excused himself and went to the customer who asked for some good whiskey. McGary placed a bottle of whiskey, a whiskey glass, and a glass of water before the customer and then came back to us to finish a remark he hadn't completed. The customer filled his glass with whiskey up to the rim. George Anderson called McGary's attention to the size of the drink the fellow poured. McGary took notice, walked to where the customer stood and said to him, "If I had known you would take such a drink, I'd have given you a mug."

The gentleman asked, "What's that you said?"

McGary replied, "I say, if I'd known you'd take such a fill of my whiskey, I'd have given you a mug."

The customer, who was really a gentleman, then lost his temper, and said, "You red-nosed Irish so and so, there is a half dollar on the bar. I didn't say how much whiskey I wanted! Take out what I owe you."

McGary was licked. He rang up fifteen cents and gave the man his change. As the man walked out still directing invectives at McGary, McGary was noticeably defeated. Of course, he had slipped a bit. What he should have done was to take pay out of the half dollar for the amount of two drinks, but he didn't, and he looked a bit ashamed at the abuse he had received, and then said, "Jasus, I'd have given the place had I only known what to have told him." This was certainly an exception, for Jim McGary always knew "what to have told him."

There was a men's grill to which Jim always went for his lunch between two and three o'clock in the afternoon, where he always sat alone in a small private dining room, and always ordered the same; a sirloin steak, baked potato,

and cup of coffee. The same waiter, a little middle-aged Irishman named Phil, always waited on him. I was at the bar one day when McGary came in. He greeted me and Phil hurried to get his order. Shortly after he was served, I heard McGary bellow, "Phil, Phil, Phil, damn you Phil, where are you?" He never took the trouble to push the bell button—he always called the waiter. Seeing Phil hurry to the room, from curiosity I also walked over to the door of the little room. I saw McGary shaking his right hand at Phil and exclaiming, "Phil, how do you expect me to eat this steak without a fork?"

Phil noticed that he had a fork in the hand he had waved at him, and said, "You have one in your hand."

McGary looked surprised at seeing the fork in the right hand, but quickly retorted, "So I have; bring me another one."

Neither Jim McGary nor his bartender, Casey, had ever made a mixed drink. McGary served only straight liquors, ale, porter, beer, ginger ale, and seltzer water; also, cigars, but no cigarettes. If any customer called for mixed drinks or cigarettes, McGary would threaten to chase him out with a bung starter.

On Dearborn Street directly across from McGary's place was a high class saloon run by Williams and Newman. They specialized in the mixed drinks, and were the originators of the famous "Cohassett" punch. They were both classy sort of fellows and catered to the best. Each was always dressed well and sported a good sized diamond stud in his shirt front and other jewelry to match. On a very warm July evening Harry O'Brien and I went into McGary's place for a cold glass of beer. While there, Tom Newman came in with three well-dressed friends and

walked up to the bar. McGary greeted them and asked what they would have. One of the foursome innocently remarked, "It's so hot, I believe I'll have a gin fizz." The other said he would have the same and the third Newman guest ordered a Manhattan cocktail.

McGary looked at them and then at Newman who seemed a bit nervous, and asked, "And you, you damned dude, what will you have?"

Newman replied, "Mr. McGary, I'll have some straight bourbon."

McGary made no reply. He put on the bar four whiskey glasses and four whiskey glasses filled with plain water for chasers. Then he placed a bottle of straight whiskey before the four of them and said, "There it is, damn you, drink it."

Many anecdotes could be related about Jim McGary, but the above will suffice to give a fair picture of the kind of material that the resourceful humorist and philosopher, Finley Peter Dunne, used as the basis for those stories that soon became the talk of the town. For a while, Dunne used McGary's name as the principal and McKenna's name as the foil. Although that publicity increased McGary's business, nevertheless he was incensed. He resented being quoted in that way publicly by Pete Dunne. One afternoon I was walking west on Washington Street near LaSalle Street and met Jim McGary coming east. I stopped to chat with him and inquired what he was doing so far away from his place. "Well," said he, "I've just had it out with the city editor of the *Chicago Journal*. I laid the law down to him in no uncertain way. I told him that Pete Dunne must stop writing such 'stuff' about me or I'll see what can be done about it, and he agreed to stop it."

I said, "You have made a big mistake. It pays to advertise, and you got a lot of that through Dunne's stories for nothing. If I were you, I certainly would not have stopped Dunne from giving me such boosting. Hasn't your business increased since Dunne's articles have been appearing?"

McGary replied, "It has that, but many come in to look at me like they do at the monkeys in Lincoln Park. Business or no business, I'll not be the laughing stock for Pete Dunne or his paper."

After that the stories continued to appear daily, but Finley Peter Dunne omitted the names of McGary and McKenna, and in their places used "Mr. Dooley" as the principal and "Mr. Hennessy" as the foil. That's how the now famous Mr. Dooley stories began.

After George Ade brought out his "Artie" stories in book form, I was talking with Dunne in Mangler's place where we often met, and asked him why he didn't do as George Ade had done with "Artie" and publish "Mr. Dooley" in book form. He laughed at me, and said, "Maybe they would sell here in Chicago to the Irish and some politicians, but I doubt that such a book would appeal to any others and especially away from Chicago." I tried to convince Pete, but he only laughed. Shortly after, he went to London and found that there he was considered America's foremost humorist. When he returned to America, the "Mr. Dooley" stories were published in book form and proved an outstanding financial success. Dunne left for New York, and the old crowd at Mangler's missed his bright and genial companionship, and Chicago lost that famous humorist and philosopher. New York acclaimed him.

About 1901 James Carter and I were in New York hav-

ing breakfast at the Holland House. At the next table with his back to us sat a man also having breakfast. During our breakfast, I mentioned to Mr. Carter a new play, *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Mr. Carter corrected my pronunciation of the title. The man at the next table finished his breakfast, arose, and pulled up a chair at our table. It was Finley Peter Dunne. We shook hands, and I said, "Pete, I didn't know you were sitting there."

He replied that he had seen us come in, but was too far along with his breakfast to join us, and also didn't want to interrupt our breakfast as he had to run along.

He started laughing, and I asked, "What's the meaning of the big laugh, Pete?"

He said, "I couldn't help but overhear your conversation and argument about the pronunciation of that new play."

I asked him to decide whether Mr. Carter or I was wrong. He said, "Charley, I don't wish to decide one way or the other, but if you can get one, it would be a good bet for you to make that your pronunciation was wrong." As we shook hands when he was leaving, I intimated to him that, for a fellow who declared that he didn't wish to decide an argument one way or another, he had surely decided this one emphatically. Incidentally, that was the last time that I saw Finley Peter Dunne.

Finley Peter Dunne had no equal in detecting humor in any situation. Kinsley "Drury" Underwood was a capable news writer and a very companionable fellow. But because he invested too freely in old John Barley Corn, he was frequently among the unemployed in his profession and usually insolvent financially. Then for quite a period of time he settled down and stayed on one job long enough to amass a surplus of three hundred dollars . . . during

the Spanish-American war when the government issued three per cent war bonds. On our advice he invested that sum in the purchase of these bonds. He asked me to accompany him on this important mission to the U. S. Treasury Department, which was located in the old Rand-McNally building on Adams Street. The bonds were handed to "Drury" in a rather large envelope which he proudly carried in his hand. On our way back we met Pete Dunne and stopped for a chat during which "Drury" remarked: "I'll bet you can't guess what I have in this envelope." Dunne admitted that he couldn't and inquired about its mysterious contents. "Drury" boastfully replied: "Three hundred dollars worth of U. S. War Bonds." Dunne greatly surprised said: "Ah! I take it that you have finally become tired of investing in peace bonds."

In New York he became a close friend of Mr. Whitney, a multi-millionaire. Mr. Whitney and his coterie of friends rated Finley Peter Dunne as "tops," and Dunne and Whitney were companions for over a quarter century. When Mr. Whitney died, his will revealed that he had remembered Finley Peter Dunne to the extent of a half million dollars.

A shining star among Chicago's greats from the coterie of newspaper writers mentioned above was Eugene Field. At that time he was writing the famous column for the *Daily News* under the title of *Sharps and Flats*. He specialized in sentimental pieces, but he could also write other kinds. Among his masterpieces was his immortal *Little Boy Blue*. Eugene Field was a most interesting and entertaining companion in any company. As has already been stated, in those times even geniuses like Eugene Field were underpaid, and it was sometimes difficult for some

who were not conservative to live within their meager incomes.

There was a restaurant and bar run by a German where newspaper men congregated, and Field was recognized as "tops" among the habitués of that place. It was a congenial crowd that constituted its main source of patronage. Eugene Field went as far as his means would permit, and then started running up a fair sized "tab." Not being able to meet that obligation, he felt obliged to transfer his patronage elsewhere. A number of his pals followed him, and the German's business suffered a loss. One day the owner of that place complained to one of Field's companions and said he hoped he could induce Eugene Field to forget what he owed and come back. Then that companion of Field made a suggestion to the owner, stating, "Tomorrow is Eugene Field's birthday. Why not give him a birthday dinner? Invite some of the boys, and inasmuch as you feel like forgetting what Field owes you, I'll call on you for a speech. That will give you the opportunity of congratulating him on his birthday, and as a token of your esteem for him, you can present to him as a birthday gift from you his 'tab' receipted as paid in full. It will not only clean the slate, but we'll all have the pleasure of seeing Field embarrassed."

The German fell for that idea and the dinner was arranged. Field was informed that he was to be honored with a birthday dinner, but was not told where it was to take place. He was taken in a hack and landed at that German's restaurant. This dinner was a jolly affair, and finally, the owner of the place was called upon to make a speech. In a few words he offered his congratulations and then, as his gift on that occasion, he presented Field

with a sealed envelope. When Field opened it and found his "tab" receipted as paid in full, he arose and made some remarks. "I would like to ask a question," he said. "I may be wrong, but I have always heard it said that when a man pays a large indebtedness of this kind, it is customary for the proprietor of the place to buy the drinks." Those remarks not only received the expected laugh, but the laugh was on the proprietor and so were the drinks.

Eugene Field was a close friend and admirer of the great actor, William H. Crane, and his wife, Ella. The Cranes spent their last years in Hollywood at the Hollywood Hotel, where we visited with them often. On one such visit Mrs. Crane, while reminiscing about Chicago, recalled their dear old friend, Eugene Field. In most sentimental terms she expressed her high regard for his friendship. It seemed as though there were tears in her eyes when she left the room to get us a copy of what Eugene Field had written about her in his column, "*Sharps and Flats*" in June, 1891. In remembrance of her and because of that great writer's well merited lines about that sweet, brilliant, and fine little woman, the article she referred to is reproduced here.

MRS. BILLY CRANE

A woman is a blessing, be she big or be she small,
Be she wee as any midget, or as any cypress tall;
And though I'm free to say I like all women folks the best,
I think I like the little women better than the rest . . .
And of all the little women I'm in love with I am fain
To sing the praises of the peerless Mrs. Billy Crane!

I met this charming lady . . . never mind how long ago . . .
In that prehistoric period I was reckoned quite a beau;

You'll never think it of me if you chanced to see me now
With my shrunken shanks and bleary eyes, and deeply furrowed
 brow;
But I was young and chipper when I joined that brisk campaign
At Utica to storm the heart of Mrs. Billy Crane.

We called her Ella in those days . . . as trim a little minx
As ever fascinated man with coquetties, methinks!
I saw her home from singing school a million times, I guess,
And purred around her domicile three winters, more or less,
And brought her lozenges and things . . . alas! 'twas all in
 vain . . .
She was predestined to become a Mrs. Billy Crane!

That Mr. Billy Crane is smart and handsome, I'll aver,
Yet, with all his brains and beauty he's not good enough for her;
Now, though I'm somewhat homely and in gumption quite a
 dolt,
The quality of goodness is my best and strongest holt;
And as goodness is the only human thing that doesn't wane,
I wonder she preferred to wed with Mr. Billy Crane.

Yet Heaven had blessed her all these years . . . she's just as
 blithe and gay
As when the belle of Utica, and she ha'n't grown old a day!
Her face is just as pretty and her eyes as bright as then . . .
Egad! Their gracious magic makes me feel a boy again;
And still I court (as still I were a callow York state swain),
With hecatombs of lozenges that Mrs. Billy Crane!

That she has heaps of faculty, her husband can't deny . . .
Whenever he don't toe the mark she knows the reason why;
She handles all the monies, and receipts, which, as a rule,
She carries round upon her arm in a famous reticule,
And Billy seldom gets a cent, unless he can explain
The wherefore and etceteras to Mrs. Billy Crane!

Yet, oh, ye gracious actors! with uppers on your feet;
And, oh, ye bankrupt critics! athirst for things to eat . . .
Did you ever leave her presence all unrequited when
In an hour of inspiration, you struck her for a ten?
No! Never yet an applicant there was who'd not obtain
A solace for his misery from Mrs. Billy Crane.

Dear little lady . . . Ella! (Let me call you that once more,
In memory of the happy days in Utica of yore),
If I could have the ordering of blessings here below,
I might keep some small share myself, but most of 'em should
go
To you . . . yes, riches, happiness and health should surely
reign
Upon the temporal estate of Mrs. Billy Crane!

She's coming to Chicago in a week or two, and then,
In honor of the grand event, I shall blossom out again!
In a brand new suit of checkered tweed and a low cut satin
vest,
I shall be the gaudiest spectacle in all the gorgeous west!
And with a splendid coach and four, I'll meet you at the
train . . .
So don't forget the reticule, dear Mrs. Billy Crane!

Dear Mrs. William H. Crane died shortly after the death
of her famous husband about fifteen years ago. Both will
long be remembered and sadly missed by those who had
the privilege and pleasure of knowing them personally,
and they will also be missed by the American theatre
patrons of the past generation.

Charley Seymour and Charley Almy were a couple of
joyful members of the "Whitechapel Club" who were top-
notch reporters, and for originality and imagination they
had few equals. Once Charley Seymour was at the Press

Club imbibing rather too freely when a call came to him from his night city editor ordering him to hurry to the Stock Yards in response to a fire alarm. Charley, unfortunately, was already "three sheets in the wind," and therefore, unequal to the occasion. As it happened, the fire was serious, and of much importance as a news story for the morning edition. Charley Seymour failed to cover it. In fact, he never left the club. When he recovered from his over indulgence, he was informed of the magnitude of that conflagration, and without being an eye witness, he sat down to write a story for his paper, the *Inter-Ocean*. Someone must have given him a few necessary pointers. That morning his paper carried a most interesting and vivid story of that fire written by Charley Seymour. It was so good that it was the next thing to a scoop.

Charley Almy's finish was sad. He came to my office one morning to bid me goodbye. He said the doctors suspected that he was consumptive, and had ordered him to go to Texas or New Mexico. He suggested that we go to the Wellington Hotel bar for a parting drink. On our way we met Ben ("Sport") Donnelley, who joined us. When informed by Charley Almy as to where he was going that day, "Sport" said, "That's a funny one! I have the same trouble and am leaving today for the very same place. That calls for another drink because we'll be leaving dear old Chicago together." It was reported later that life out there grew very monotonous for Charley. His health did not improve as rapidly as he expected. He became morose and on one rather cool night, undressed completely and went out and sat in the open long enough to contract pneumonia. In a short time he died.

The story of "Sport" Donnelley was an entirely different

one, and is interesting enough to relate here. He was a son of the Chicago pioneer who founded the Donnelley printing firm that has always published the Chicago City Directory. He was the outstanding football player on the Princeton team, an "All American." He was a noted rough and tumble fighter and usually weighed close to two hundred and thirty pounds. When William Hale Thompson organized the Chicago Athletic Association team, which was also made up of ex-college football greats, "Sport" Donnelley organized another team temporarily just to play one game with the C. A. A. "Sport's" team was supposed to be made up of all stars. A group of us made up a party which included Jack Terrill, Warren Wright, Arthur Clement, George Rew, Harry Lobdell, Herman Pomy, and a few others, and hired a tally-ho to take us to that great game. It was intimated that it was going to be a rough affair and it was. "Sport" Donnelley knocked out several opponents.

After that game, he started failing in health and losing weight. When he had lost sixty pounds, the doctors declared he had consumption and he was sent west. He got no better, but he had made the acquaintance there of an old-fashioned, retired western doctor who questioned him. The doctor requested that "Sport" allow him to make an examination, stating, "I don't believe you are a consumptive." After the examination, he informed "Sport" that he had three broken ribs which had resulted from that rough football game. He said those ribs were pressing on certain nerves and should be removed, and offered to do the job right there if he had the necessary instruments—what tools he had were too crude. But "Sport" Donnelley said, "Go ahead with such tools as you have. I'll stand for it." It must have been a painful ordeal, but the operation was a

complete success. "Sport" regained his health and weight, came back to Chicago, and lived over twenty-five more years.

Much could be written of the newspaper boys of those old days. "Biff" Hall was "quick on the trigger." He finally left the newspaper field to become a judge of the court at the Harrison Street police station, where he passed sentences mostly on drunks and disorderly characters. One day he invited me to sit with him during a court session. An old Civil War veteran was brought before him on a charge of drunkenness. "What have you to say for yourself?" the judge asked.

The "old bird" hesitated and then allowed that it all happened because he called on an old comrade.

"Biff" said, "You called on an old comrade. I guess you must also have done considerable calling on Comrades Chapin and Gore. Case dismissed."

The police brought another drunken bum before him. The judge asked, "What's your name?"

The prisoner replied, "Wilson."

"That's all. Call the next case."

Harrison Street station, including the court room, was a very smelly place with no ventilation. That finally impaired "Biff" Hall's health, and was the cause of his untimely death.

Burt L. Taylor originated the "*Line O'Type*" column in the *Tribune*. The B. L. T. on the bottom of that column will always be remembered. At his death, Richard Henry Little took over the column. It is still a feature of the *Tribune*.

Edward S. ("Ted") Beck was a son-in-law of Dr. Frank W. Reilly. He went over to the *Tribune* and was managing editor of that great paper for many years. He occu-

pied that position until recently when he passed away. Nearly all of that coterie have passed on, including the sports writers of those days, Hugh E. Keogh, who originated that column *The Wake* in the *Tribune*. It is still featured in that paper, but his signature, "Hek," is missing. Until recently it was written by that popular sports writer, Harvey Woodruff, who also passed on, as did Ed Smith, Lou Houseman, George Siler and Ring Lardner.

CHAPTER 18

CHICAGO WAS DESTINED to play the most important part in the political campaign of 1896. The disastrous depression was still upon the country in full force, causing a tremendous number of failures in all business, which resulted in much unemployment. As is usually the case in times of depression, there was unrest among the people which caused them to listen attentively to theorists who expertly expounded their alleged "cure alls." The political campaign in 1896 proved to be a great "joy ride" for "crack-pots." There was "Coin" Harvey, Henry George, "Sockless" Jerry Simpson, "Pitchfork" Tillman, "Bloody Bridles" Waite, then Governor of Colorado, and many others, but the big prize went to William Jennings Bryan and the "Free Silver" advocates.

The 1896 Democratic national convention was held in Chicago, far out on the south side of the city in the old Coliseum. Our socialistic Governor, John P. Altgeld, was conceded to be an important factor among those in control of that convention. It was like attending a picnic to watch the proceedings. I attended every session, except that last afternoon when Bryan was nominated. He came to the convention as a contesting delegate, and after a battle finally was seated. He stopped at the old Windsor-Clifton Hotel on the corner of Monroe Street and Wabash Avenue, a run-down hostelry where the price of rooms was from seventy-five cents to as high as two dollars each. The manager and the hotel were on their last legs. I knew Cum-

mings, the manager, quite well, and on the afternoon that Bryan was nominated after making his now famous "Cross-of-Gold" speech, I happened to be in his office to speak to him regarding his indebtedness to us. He was a rustic type of man, and was sitting with his feet on his desk, which was in disorder and upon which was a pouch of tobacco and an old clay pipe. He told me that the convention was not helping him as much as he had hoped for, and complained that one of the delegates who was stopping with him was William Jennings Bryan who occupied a small, cheap room. He said that when he came there he told Cummings that he couldn't afford a more costly room because his bankroll consisted of only ten dollars. Just then the telephone rang. Cummings answered and turned to me with a smile, and said, "What do you think of that? Bryan just called to inform me that he has been nominated to run for president, and under those conditions, will require larger quarters, and asked me to arrange a suite for him. He expects to be here in thirty minutes, so if you want to visit with me that long, I'll shift his suitcase, and when he arrives I'll introduce you to the nominee who may be our next president.

Of course, I waited, and Cummings introduced me to Bryan. He was all smiles and thanked Cummings for moving him to a suite of three rooms. Mr. Bryan was led to the lobby where they were to climb the one flight of stairs to the nominee's new quarters; but when we reached the lobby, a crowd of over forty had already collected, curious to get a glimpse at the Democratic nominee. Mr. Bryan walked up a few steps on the stairs, then stopped to smile and bow to the crowd. He pulled a red bandanna handkerchief from his pocket and held it constantly in his hand. He made a few remarks and then followed Cummings to

the second floor. He was a graduate of Illinois University, where at that time the boys didn't wear such togs nor use bandanna handkerchiefs. Of course, after leaving those university associations, Bryan had gone back to Nebraska for several years, but nevertheless, after seeing him, his togs and his bandanna handkerchief, I was left with the impression that much of all that was done for effect.

That I guessed right was proved to me later by Colonel Henry Barrett Chamberlin, then managing editor of the *Record-Herald*. Chamberlin and I were at lunch one day at Vogelsang's restaurant, when he informed me that he had once been managing editor of an Omaha newspaper and that Bryan was working for him as an editorial writer. Chamberlin said that "Cross-of-Gold" speech that took that convention by storm was "old stuff" with Bryan. He had been rehearsing it for a long time and to his own knowledge had delivered it a number of times at county fairs. One day after he made that speech Chamberlin asked him how it went and was told that Bryan considered it a great speech, but what it needed was the proper setting.

The result of that campaign is well known to all. It split the Democratic party and William McKinley was elected by a large majority. Soon after that election, the "crack-pots" dwindled away and a prosperous era followed.

The next time I met Bryan, who had become an important national figure, was when that well known politician and former gambler, Michael Cassius McDonald, invited Wilbur Studebaker, Matt Hogan, and me to serve with him on the reception committee to receive William Jennings Bryan, the guest of honor and the principal speaker at that Jackson Day banquet. It was a big event staged by Illinois Democrats at the Tremont House in 1897.

It was at that banquet that a fine speech was delivered by a newcomer into the Chicago political arena. He was a young man, not very well known, except that he was the son of Carter H. Harrison, who as mayor of Chicago for five terms, clearly demonstrated that he knew the city's needs better than any other man. As mayor and as a pioneer Chicagoan, he did much towards making this the great metropolis of the west. His name was a big asset to his son, Carter H. Harrison, Jr.

The campaign for the nomination for mayor at the time of that Jackson Day banquet was at hand. There were several candidates, the most prominent of whom was A. S. Trude. Carter H. Harrison, Jr., was being prevailed upon to enter that field, but he was a modest and conservative man. He came out openly for Judge John Barton Payne as his candidate and would have preferred to accept a cabinet appointment from the Judge. He withstood all pressure brought upon him, especially by Bobby Burke and Joe Martin, that he become a candidate himself. Finally, an uncalled-for act on the part of the judge forced young Harrison to allow his name to be placed before that convention. He was nominated and elected mayor for his first term in the spring of 1897, and was reelected for the following three terms. Then he was forced to retire in 1905 on account of a serious illness that afflicted his son, Carter H. Harrison, III. He was advised by the doctors that his son's chances for recovery largely depended upon a change of climate. Thereupon Mr. and Mrs. Harrison took their son to California where, after a protracted illness, the boy completely recovered.

During Mr. Harrison's stay in California, ex-alderman George Swift was elected for a two-year term as mayor.

CHAPTER 19

SOME INCIDENTS that may prove to be interesting in connection with the activities of two Chicago publishers who possessed distinctive traits of their own and who, because of their aggressive personalities exerted a considerable influence politically and otherwise for quite a number of years. One was Andrew Lawrence, then Chief of the Hearst papers in Chicago and the other was John Eastman, who became the sole owner and publisher of one of Chicago's oldest newspapers the *Evening Journal*.

John Eastman was one of the former "Whitechapel" Club members who had spent many evenings with us at Mangler's restaurant on LaSalle Street. At that time he was business manager for a Chicago newspaper and evidently a capable and resourceful executive. One day late in 1899 or early in 1900, John Eastman called on me to show me a telegram that he had just received from William Randolph Hearst's San Francisco office, informing him that he had been appointed business manager for Hearst's *American*, that was to be established in Chicago without unnecessary delay. The telegram mentioned four buildings that had been suggested to them to house that new publication, and the selection of one of that four was left entirely up to John Eastman. John told me that he didn't want to make a mistake in making that decision, and asked me to go with him to look over those sites and help him in selecting the most desirable one. I went with John, and on my advice, he wired that he considered the Madison Street

building the one to take. Shortly thereafter, Andrew Lawrence and Tom Williams came to Chicago to conclude all arrangements. The *Chicago American* was housed in the building on Madison Street.

John Eastman was business manager and the *Chicago American* was on the streets in plenty of time to play a prominent part in William Jennings Bryan's second campaign for the nomination and election to the presidency in 1900.

Tom Williams did not stay in Chicago long, but Andrew Lawrence became the publisher, mouthpiece, and big boss of the *Chicago American* for the next sixteen or eighteen years. Lawrence had a square jaw and when he took a dislike to anyone, in or out of politics, he'd go after him with "both barrels." It so happened that, although I seldom agreed with him on his radical policies, I became his close friend and confidant. He discussed many important matters with me, and frequently I succeeded in inducing that headstrong publisher to change his mind. In those times the Hearst papers were known as "yellow sheets," and rightly so. They had in their organization, through paying exorbitant salaries, the best talent in the way of writers and artists. There was no ceiling on the abuse heaped upon William McKinley, Mark Hanna, and other prominent men. They placed all of their chips on the election of William Jennings Bryan, a loser. It has been many years since the Hearst papers could be classed as "yellow sheets." Their policy has undergone a big change, and to the credit of Mr. Hearst and his organization it is generally admitted that for the past twenty years or more his papers have been editorially and otherwise very sound.

On election day Andy Lawrence called me by telephone,

informing me that Tom Williams and some others in his office understood that the betting was two to one against Bryan, and he asked me if I could place a bet for them of about three thousand dollars at those odds. I told Andy that if he and Tom insisted on throwing away their money, I would cover any bet they wished to make at those odds. That afternoon Andy sent over to me sixteen hundred dollars to bet on Bryan. I took that bet and on the next evening I was with Tom Williams and Andy Lawrence in a place on Monroe Street having a drink and listening to the election returns which by eleven o'clock were overwhelmingly in favor of McKinley. I then asked Williams and Lawrence if they were willing to concede that I had won that bet. They both said yes and just then a Chicago *American* bandwagon drove by covered with painted streamers proclaiming a "landslide" for Bryan. The band was playing. I looked at Tom Williams with a smile and asked, "Tom, you have just conceded that McKinley is elected and there goes your bandwagon announcing a 'landslide' for Bryan. I'm not a newspaper man, but I would like you to tell me how the Chicago *American* will explain this 'landslide' stuff in your tomorrow's issue."

Tom looked at me and said, "Let's have another drink, Charley. Just remember one thing, and that is that it will be easier for us to 'kick' for the next four years than it would have been to apologize."

John Eastman lost his position as business manager. Evidently he just could not get along with Andy Lawrence. John had no money, and being without a job, decided to go to West Baden for a rest. There he saw a man in a wheel chair being pushed around and no one paying much attention to him. Upon being informed that the invalid was

Mr. Plant of Florida railroad fame, John played up to him. John Eastman was interesting company and Mr. Plant took a "shine" to him. One day he asked John what his business was, and John told him that he had been a newspaper executive for years, but was a gentleman of leisure then. He informed Mr. Plant that he was hoping to acquire the failing *Chicago Journal*, said it was the oldest newspaper in Chicago, and he knew he could make it a successful publication if only he could raise the money to buy it. He said Levi Mayer, the eminent Chicago lawyer, had offered to help him to some extent, but he would need four hundred thousand dollars to close that deal which, in his opinion, was "peanuts" compared to what that newspaper property was worth. After going into the matter more fully for a few days, Mr. Plant offered to furnish John with the necessary capital. That is how John Eastman came to own the then defunct *Chicago Journal*. I am repeating this story just as John told it to me while we were celebrating his success in landing that "angel" over a few pints of champagne.

John Eastman then went to work with a determination to build up the *Chicago Evening Journal* into a successful publication. He was a very resourceful newspaper man, but to gain what he was after, he seldom allowed proper ethics to stand in his way. He resorted to devious methods in forcing the large advertisers to greatly increase their purchases of advertising space. He made that venture a noted success financially. His backers were paid up in full and when John Eastman passed away, he was quite a wealthy man.

Fred Busse had been for many years a prominent figure in Republican party politics. He was a wealthy coal dealer,

highly respected by all who knew him because he was a square dealer, a loyal friend, and a capable executive. In 1907 he was elected mayor for the city's first four-year term. His election was a popular victory, but the *Chicago American* was against him with all their might. After he had been in office for a few months, information reached Mayor Busse that the *Chicago American* would print a story on the following day which would cast a reflection on a member of his family. That day Mayor Busse called me over the telephone to tell me about the story that was to appear in print the next afternoon and said, "Charley, in the first place, that story is a lie. The printing of it will cause embarrassment to a lady that cannot entirely be offset by disproving it. Do you think you can induce Andy Lawrence to stop it? If he doesn't, I know what I will do about it and it will be just too bad for him. I would rather not see it go that far." I then told the mayor that I would go the limit to help him in the matter, but reminded him of the fact that the *Chicago American* was fighting him, and that Mr. Lawrence fought fearlessly and was hard to stop. I then inquired as to where I could reach the mayor later by phone and told him it might be that afternoon or evening. The mayor stated he was leaving the city hall for his coal office and would stay there all afternoon and into the night until he heard from me one way or the other. I promised to go immediately to find Andy Lawrence.

I then called up Lawrence's office and was told that he was not there and would not return until the next day. I then went direct to his office to ascertain where Andy was and was told that he was presiding that afternoon at a large meeting of the Independence League. The League, it will be remembered, was organized for the purpose of advanc-

ing the presidential ambitions of William Randolph Hearst. That meeting was being held in the assembly room of the building on the southeast corner of Madison Street and Fifth Avenue. I hurried over there, found the large room filled, and saw Andy Lawrence wielding the gavel. Among other notables on that platform was County Judge John E. Owens. I sent word to Lawrence that I must see him at once. He turned the gavel over to Judge Owens and came to me. "Andy, get your hat and come next door to Vogelsang's restaurant. This is most important."

"Charley, you're crazy! Can't you see that I am presiding at this important meeting?"

I looked at him sternly, and answered, "Yes, but you are only an amateur. Judge Owens will carry on that meeting and do a better job of it. I'll buy a pint of champagne while you listen to what I came to tell you."

Before Andy knew it, we were on our way to Vogelsang's, him swearing at me and accusing me of having entirely too much gall. When we were inside of that restaurant, I selected a table next to the telephone booth and ordered a pint of wine. We drank that and when he asked me what was on my mind, I said, "Another pint," which I promptly ordered and I saw to it that he got more than his share of both pints. After ordering the third pint, I opened up on him and told him that the mayor knew of that story and that I came hoping to convince him not to print it. Andy then said that I was asking too much as that would be a sensational story that meant much to his paper.

He then countered by asking me, "Charley, if some good concern gave your firm an order for several carloads of your merchandise and I came over and asked you not to take the order, wouldn't you just tell me to go to Hell?"

To which I replied, again sternly, "Andy, you have very few friends who really like you, and if you lost my friendship, maybe you wouldn't miss much. I'll answer your question by informing you that the story is based on a lie. I know you have been fighting the mayor, but I would not believe you would do him such an injustice. If you print that story, you can go to Hell!"

Andy Lawrence looked at me rather surprised, and said, "Damn you, anyway! I'll order that story stopped."

Then, I said, "That's fine of you, Andy. Wait just one minute. I'll call the mayor over the phone and you tell that to him."

Before he could reply, I had the mayor on the phone. I pushed Andy into the booth and heard him say, "How are you, Mr. Mayor? I have just been talking with Charley Hermann, and told him that I would not permit that story to be printed, but I want you to understand that will not change our paper's opinion of you. We will continue to 'slap you on the wrist' every time we have a chance to do it." That act on the part of Andy Lawrence showed that he would go quite a ways for anyone he really liked. He performed one other and much more important act for me, details of which will be told later.

CHAPTER 20

MAJOR BUSSE was a rugged individual who could think quick and talk straight. He was a product of Chicago and during his four years as mayor he gave the city a successful administration. He was loyal to his political associates, but while in office he considered the interests of the city as paramount and his personal interests as secondary. When he took over the great responsibilities as mayor of Chicago, he was a wealthy business man, but because of those responsibilities he neglected his own business. The result was that when he retired from office, he was a poor man financially.

When he selected his cabinet he was careful to pick good men and his cabinet was of a high calibre. Mayor Busse did much toward bringing about improvements for his city. When Daniel Burnham worked out his great dream whereby he wished to re-mold Chicago, he needed the help of Mayor Busse. After listening to Daniel Burnham, the mayor was quick to realize the importance of Burnham's plan to the city, and he went for it one hundred percent. He won the support of aldermen and the City Council empowered the mayor to appoint a commission to study Burnham's plan and report back as to what parts of it should be adopted. He appointed a business man of high standing as chairman of that committee, namely, Charles Wacker, who from the day he was appointed to the day of his passing away made Daniel Burnham's great project, through the Chicago Plan Commission, his life work. Mayor

Busse brought about many other improvements. It also fell to his lot to finish the building of the new City Hall. During its construction, the city was forced to take over a building for temporary quarters. Accordingly, the building on the south side of Randolph Street, just west of Fifth Avenue, housed many of the city's departments, including the mayor's offices. Adjacent to the temporary City Hall was an old building, the upper floors of which were occupied by the Metropolitan Hotel, an old landmark. On the first floor were several stores, one of L shape with frontage on Fifth Avenue and frontage also on Randolph Street. That property had been owned for a great many years by that Chicago pioneer, John Borden. I bought it from him in 1907.

As a politician, Fred Busse was always popular with men from all walks of life, and during his long and active political career he naturally met some with a rather shady past. If Fred Busse was convinced that such a man was attempting to "go straight" he was always ready to extend to him a helping hand. One such case caused Mayor Busse considerable embarrassment and would have turned into a sensational scandal had I not intercepted promptly.

Barney Bertche had been an underworld character—a bad man with a gun. Barney had made a sincere attempt to "go straight." He idolized Fred Busse who gave him encouragement and helped him. When Fred Busse's campaign was on for the nomination and election as mayor, Barney Bertche, in spite of his past, had a wide acquaintance and quite some prestige with a certain element. He worked day and night in the interests of his idol. When Fred Busse was elected as the city's chief executive, Barney Bertche was a happy man. He was advised that the mayor appreciated his efforts in that campaign, and Barney

grew considerably in importance in the estimation of his friends.

One day, about three months after the election, I was called over the phone by the mayor's secretary, my friend "Barney" Mulaney, who asked me to hold the wire as the mayor wanted to speak to me. All that the mayor said to me was, "Charley, will you come over to this office within an hour?" That I agreed to do and started for there without delay. When I reached the outer office the mayor was there, and motioned for me to come into his private office. After shaking my hand the mayor said, "Charley, you have a vacant L store in your building next door and I would like you to rent it for five years to Barney Bertche."

I nearly lost my speech on account of that request, and then I said, "Fred, you can't be in earnest about that. I don't want to have him for a tenant, and you, as mayor, can't afford to have a saloon license issued to Barney Bertche on his past record. If you follow the law, the police cannot OK his application for such a license."

To which the mayor replied, "You have the wrong slant on this proposition. Barney Bertche is living down his past, and has been going straight. I'd like to help him, but I can't give him any appointment in the way of a job with the city. I can arrange it so a license will be issued to him, and that will give him a chance to make some money. You needn't worry about your rent. Barney assures me that he will have a prominent brewing company sign with him on the lease."

To which I replied, "Mayor, I wasn't worrying about the rent. I am worrying about what it will mean to you. I still don't advise your doing that, but if you insist that I should rent those two stores to Barney, I'll follow your orders."

The mayor thanked me, and the next day Barney Bertche came into my office. I leased those stores to him and the brewing company. Here should be mentioned the fact that the mayor had employed as his bodyguard, Paddy Guerin, the brother of Eddie Guerin, both of whom have been mentioned in this narrative. Paddy Guerin was a fearless man in any company and was well qualified for that job. He hadn't committed a wrong act in many years. He was a friend of Barney Bertche, and wouldn't doublecross him or anyone.

The place was well fitted out with fixtures by the brewing company and proved to be a successful venture for several months. Had Bertche confined his entire interests to conducting that business, he would have made good money. The mayor had warned him that he must in no way whatsoever have anything to do with gambling, and that he must conduct the place in a strictly legitimate way. Bertche gave the mayor his promise to do that. Soon Barney saw an opportunity to get into bigger money and started selling protection to some outlying gambling places, the owners of which he led to believe that he had a pull with the mayor. It wasn't long before word of it reached the mayor, and he sent for Bertche and questioned him. Bertche denied everything, but the mayor had the "goods" on him. He gave Bertche a terrible lambasting, and he himself threw and kicked Barney out of his office.

Then Bertche was an outcast. He brooded over it, and finally concluded that it must have been Paddy Guerin who tipped off the mayor, and he decided to kill Paddy Guerin. He went to the mayor's outer office where Paddy was, and directly accused him of doublecrossing him, and made a move for his big gun which was always strapped

inside his vest from the shoulder. Paddy Guerin was cool and said, "Just a minute, you rat. I did not do what you accuse me of doing. Two fellows like you and I should be proud and appreciative of what Mayor Busse has done for us. To have a shooting occur here in his office would be the act of a petty larceny ingrate. I'll meet you tomorrow morning wherever you say, and if you still think what you have said to me, I'll shoot it out with you." That cool argument by Paddy Guerin stopped Barney, and he left the office. I was telephoned about this occurrence in the mayor's office, and I hurried right over to get Paddy Guerin's version of the affair. It was told to me by Paddy just as it is written here. I had known Paddy Guerin for nearly twenty years, and had never known him to lie. Then, as landlord, I went to call on Barney Bertche and told him that I wanted to talk with him privately. He took me into his basement storeroom. I told him that I had just come from the mayor's office, that the mayor was not there, but that Paddy Guerin had informed me of what had taken place. Barney opened his vest and said, "I'm going there with 'Betsy'" (meaning the gun), "and take that louse's measure."

I then started giving him advice. First of all, I told him that he was laboring under a delusion, that I had known Paddy Guerin for twenty years, and that he would be the last man to squeal. I said, "Barney, you have too much to lose by committing such a brash act, and if later you should discover that Paddy is innocent in this matter, you'd feel rotten. The mayor has been a good friend of yours. He would not have broken with you unless he had the 'goods' on you, and that must have been brought to him by one of his 'coppers.' This thing may blow over. Don't men-

tion it to anyone. Just keep on attending to running this place. I'm sure you are too smart a fellow, and you have known Paddy Guerin too long and too well to even suspect him."

Barney quieted down, and said, "Paddy thinks I stand too well with the 'boss,' and he's jealous."

"Barney," I said, "get that out of your head. Let's go upstairs and have a drink." I believe I stopped any shooting that day in the office of the city's chief executive. Not long afterwards, Paddy Guerin and Barney Bertche met in Ballard's basement restaurant on the northwest corner of Wabash Avenue and Adams Street. Before anyone could interfere, they started shooting at each other, but neither was fatally hurt.

A short time after that two policemen were shot in Barney Bertche's saloon. That put him out of business. Not long thereafter, Barney Bertche shot it out with Dan Monahan and two other detectives on Randolph Street just east of Clark Street. One detective was killed, the other two were badly wounded, and Barney Bertche was also badly wounded, but finally recovered and lived for several years.

As for Barney Bertche's help during that campaign, he probably did more harm than good. The mayor's only thought was that another bad boy was trying to "go straight," and he wanted to help make a man of him, but he was fooled. He helped many who didn't disappoint him. When it came to selecting men for his cabinet or making appointments for city jobs, he was careful to pick the best men available. He was a good judge of men, and made very few mistakes. About the time that he took office, there were signs that some agitation was going on in the fire depart-

ment for the double platoon system. It was plain that its adoption would have a tendency to hamper that department's discipline and considerably increase the cost of its operation. To cope with that troublesome situation, the mayor required as fire marshal a man of outstanding ability. He must be forceful and fearless. There were two such men in that department, Charles Seyferlick and James Horan. Mayor Busse appointed James Horan, because he figured him to be the more aggressive. Seyferlick was made Assistant Fire Marshal. He was entitled to be made Fire Marshal because he was next in line, ahead of James Horan who was then a Battalion Chief, stationed at the Dearborn Street fire house, but Seyferlick gracefully stepped aside so James Horan, his friend, got the appointment.

There was another good fireman, big Tom O'Connor, a Battalion Chief, stationed at the Michigan Avenue and Fourteenth Street fire house. He ranked next, but events were to come about whereby Seyferlick and O'Connor were to receive the consideration to which their experience and executive ability entitled them. Mayor Busse's elevation of James Horan was a most wise and popular decision. James Horan proved to be a great Chief of the Fire Department. He was every inch a fearless fire fighter. When danger confronted them, Jim Horan didn't send his men into such a situation—he led them into it.

Chief Jim Horan was not only the personal friend, but the idol of a coterie of men who were known as the Fire Fans Association. A few of them were: Albert Goodrich, George Gilman, E. L. Brand, William Mohr, Frank Hogan, Tom Hanton, James Kirkley, Fred Sykes, Frank Deacon, J. R. D. Stevenson, Charles H. Hermann, Finley Barrell,

Harry Farnam, J. Emmet Carney, Frank Swenie, Alderman Francis Taylor, J. J. Swenie, John P. Harding, Robert Many, Howard Sweepe, W. J. Carney, D. J. Cahill, James Thorne, Frank Doherty, and Bill Corbett. Quite a few of these "Firebugs" were real fire fans. Some had fire alarms installed in their bedrooms, and they would answer fire calls at all hours of the night, but most of us were satisfied to read reports of such fires in the next morning's newspapers. The Fire Marshal issued special silver stars to the "Firebugs" which would permit them through the lines of ordinary citizens. These stars were considered as treasured possessions by the "Firebugs." The "Firebugs" were not an entirely useless lot. I remember one big fire on Wabash Avenue, close to Albert Goodrich's home on Michigan Avenue. It was on a cold winter night, and Al Goodrich opened his home to all the firemen and served them food, coffee, and drink. That was a welcome and useful treat to those tired, frozen firemen.

One evening early in January, 1911, W. J. Carney, the lumberman, and I met Fire Marshal Jim Horan on his way home. We invited him to join us in a drink at Jack Henry's place on Adams Street. In discussing fires, it was a strange coincidence that the chief should bring up the subject of the great danger that was always uppermost in his mind—the terrible hazard confronting his department at the Union Stock Yards. He informed us that he had purposely taken a house on Ashland Avenue as his home, so he would be close to the Stock Yards in case of an alarm from there. Jim shook hands with us as he left.

The next morning Mr. Carney came to my office early and said, "My God! Charley, have you heard what has happened?" I replied that I had heard nothing, and in-

quired what he had heard. There were tears in his eyes when he informed me that a big fire had broken out at the Stock Yards, and that Fire Marshal Jim Horan and a number of his brave men had lost their lives. They were crushed by the falling of a big brick wall. For a time I was speechless, and then my eyes filled up with tears. Jim Horan had been one of our closest friends for over fifteen years. That fatal accident was a heart-breaking ordeal for Mayor Busse and all of Chicago.

CHAPTER 21

IT IS NOT GENERALLY known who it was that first created interest in and promoted golf in Chicago, but J. Marshal Weir, I believe, contributed more than a small share.

Ireland had a substantial exhibit at the 1893 World's Fair, consisting largely of Irish linens. That exhibit was in charge of Ireland's able representative, J. Marshal Weir, a most cultured and dignified gentleman. I am not sure whether or not he had a title, but he looked the part. When the World's Fair closed, he intimated to me that he liked Chicago so well that he was not going back to Ireland. He said he was negotiating for some agency that would permit him to make Chicago his home. He secured the agency for both a Scotch and an Irish whiskey. Up to that time very little of either had been consumed in America. Naturally, a Scotch game like golf would be of help in promoting such merchandise, so he started talking golf. Soon sufficient interest was worked up to induce a number of Chicagoans to build the Belmont Golf Course, and shortly after that a course was built at Wheaton, Illinois, and a little later the Chicago Golf Club was organized. Later on, the members of the famous Washington Park race track turned the in-field into a nine-hole course.

Of course, that was after racing had been discontinued at that track, and the organization was carried on for a few years solely as a social club. When the directors finally concluded that horse racing at that track could never again be revived, they decided to dismantle the clubhouse and

other structures, and to sub-divide the land for residential purposes. It may be of interest to relate here that the passing of the Washington Park Club was the cause of bringing about the organization of the South Shore Country Club. How that club was born is probably not known to many of its present members, but this relator was at the "bornin'," and the man solely responsible for organizing and making possible the building of the South Shore Country Club was Lawrence Heyworth. He alone obtained an option on the land where the club is located. Then he called a meeting in my office to which were also invited Lawrence A. Young, then president of the Washington Park Club; William Phelps; and Harry H. Honore. Heyworth advised us of his having procured that option and that, in his opinion, it would be an excellent site to establish a social and golf club to replace the Washington Park Club which was slated to discontinue, stating further that if we agreed with him and would take a hand in that project, he would turn over his option to such an organization. He said that, in his opinion, one hundred and twenty-five members could make the South Shore Country Club a reality. All he asked was that we five underwrite an equal amount of those memberships each. We all agreed that his selection of that site was a good one and we joined him in the underwriting. Then Lawrence Heyworth requested that, to facilitate the building of the golf course, Lawrence Young donate the Washington Park putting greens, to which Young agreed. The balance of the work necessary to complete that undertaking was mostly attended to by the father of the South Shore Country Club, Lawrence Heyworth.

J. Marshall Weir came to my office frequently, and tried

to induce me to take up golf. I told him one day, "You don't mean that game they play where they hit a little ball and then go after it on horseback? I'm a working man, and not silly enough to waste my time playing that game." With such a remark I must have disgusted him, because he stopped trying to interest me in the game. More than likely he concluded that I lacked sufficient intelligence to play golf. Eventually, I arrived at the same conclusion.

One day George Ade appeared in Mangler's place with his bag of mysterious looking implements. Upon my asking him what he intended to do with that kit of "burglar tools," he answered, "I'm going to try to play golf. I played at it once before, and take it from me, Charley, there's more to that game than you think."

After examining his tools, I said, "George, coming from an Indiana farm, you should be good at plowing up the ground."

The popularity of golf grew rapidly and more golf courses were built. Soon we were obliged to listen to bankers, railroad presidents, and men of importance in business affairs, while they stuck out their chests and told about how they had broken a hundred and had counted every stroke. No wonder the rest of us started to prick up our ears. In the late nineties, the Edgewater Golf Club was organized. An interesting nine-hole course was built on the northwest corner of Evanston (now Broadway) and Devon Avenues. About twelve of our crowd joined almost in a body in the spring of 1903. Herbert E. Bell and I are the only two left, the others have passed on.

Herb Bell is a man of large affairs—the principal owner of the Bell and Zoller Coal Company, the great Cardox Company, the sky-scraping Bell Building, and other inter-

ests including a large farm at Barrington, Illinois. All of that won't stop me from admitting that he possesses a good sense of humor, and that he can carry a joke further than anyone I know. I was convinced of that fact by what he pulled on me in a golf game at Edgewater Golf Club. Herb played a steady game, scoring from eighty-seven to ninety regularly. At that time, if I played carefully, I might succeed in bringing in a score of one hundred and ten or so. He was crafty in making up a game—all that he ever wanted was a fair advantage. This day, he gave me nine strokes for a "Glory Dimple" golf ball per hole. As it happened, I played way over my head, and he went "haywire," so I brought him in nine down. He congratulated me, and said he would place the nine balls in my locker. Two days later we played another game on the same basis. I found a box of balls in my locker, each ball neatly wrapped. I put three into my pocket and went to the first tee. I unwrapped one ball to tee up, and found it was black with age, and all cut up. The other two were of the same "vintage," as were the remaining six balls in my locker. That gave us all a good laugh. He had Turpee, the professional, select the worst nine practice balls, wrap them to look like new, and place them in my locker. That was a real good joke and still is because Herb to this day owes me nine balls, and now he says that debt is outlawed.

When we joined Edgewater Golf Club, Charles ("Chick") Evans was about twelve years old, and by far the best caddy at the club. We all tried to get him as our caddy, and often matched a coin to see who would. Turpee was a great professional, and it was he who developed "Chick" Evans and made of him America's leading amateur golfer. When he was about sixteen years of age, it

was our crowd that took up a collection to make it possible for "Chick" to compete in his first western golf tournament. "Chick" kept on climbing from there on until he reached top honors in the amateur ranks. "Chick" was the Bobby Jones of his day. The members of the club were all proud of "Chick's" success.

I never felt that I could spare the time to take a lesson, but finally Turpee induced me to do it. He gave me a lesson, and I still remember his remark when that lesson was finished. He said, "Mr. Hermann, you Americans are great business men. You seem to be able to accomplish most things you undertake, but you all forget that this little golf ball doesn't give a damn for you, and it's got you licked." The best I could do was to get my handicap down to twelve, but I had fewer worries about the game, and derived as much enjoyment from it as did the scratch men to whom one bad shot was costly and worried them more than it did the "dub" player.

I belonged to four golf clubs in Chicago—Exmoor, Bob O'Link, South Shore Country Club, and Edgewater; and two in northern Wisconsin—Plum Lake Golf Club and Eagle Waters Golf Club. I became a "nut" on that game. Many of us neglected business for golf, but we didn't regret that, as golf did a lot of good for us "tired" business men. We pulled off at least one private tournament among our crowd per week. Some of the regulars in that crowd were Harry Lobdell, Warren Wright, Ed Pardridge, Frederick Bartlett, William Simpson, A. B. Schuttler, Gale Thompson, R. J. Collins, James Gorman, John Lenfesty, Percy Thompson, Bill Collins, John Irwin, Richmond Dean, Herbert E. Bell, Arthur Clement, Allen Clement, Tony Hoof, Dennis Kelly, John Coulter, Walter Schuttler, J.

Howard Johnson, Harry Curran, Ed McGuiness, Thomas Dennehy, Frank Pagin, Michael Agnew, Jim Barnard, Charley Knickerbocker, Oliver Hogue, Frank Bradley, Eugene Pike, Walter Bledsoe, W. M. Walker, George Thorne, "Snake" Ames, Jack Sellers, Wm. Chiniquy, and a score of others. At each of these weekly tournaments, we had five or more foursomes. The players were properly handicapped. I would auction off the individual players, and the proceeds of the auction would constitute the "pot" to be played for, which was usually split four ways. That is where the system of auctioning golf players in tournaments originated. It has since been common practice in many of the important tournaments in all parts of the country.

Another golf joke put over on me has been told often and has brought many laughs at my expense. The late James Gorman, President of the Rock Island Railroad, and the late R. J. Collins, President of Fulton Market and several other corporations, a bank director, and until his demise, President of Chicago's Civil Service Commission, were both pals of mine since the early nineties. Jim Gorman, up to 1893, imbibed liquor quite freely. In that year he took the Keeley Cure and thereafter never again took a drink. Dick Collins never tasted liquor in all his life, but seemed to pal around with those of his friends who did. Consequently, he was often in my company and I usually met Jim Gorman at the club, at a dinner party, or at his office. However, up to this date, I didn't remember meeting Gorman and Collins together.

In the summer of 1910, after playing golf in a foursome with Jim Gorman at Exmoor, he asked me to play with him and Dennis Kelly on the following Sunday, and re-

quested that I bring the fourth man to make up the foursome. The next day I was with Dick Collins at the Chicago Athletic Club, and I told him that he was slated for a game of golf at Exmoor on Sunday, and he agreed to play. I did not tell him, and he did not ask, who else was to be in the foursome. Jim Gorman and I got on that train at the main station, and when we arrived at the Evanston station, the train stopped and I told Jim Gorman that our fourth man was getting on there. When Dick got to us, I introduced him to Jim Gorman. Both shook hands, neither one seemed surprised, but Dick asked me again what the gentleman's name was. I whispered that his name was Jim Gorman, and that he was Vice President of the Rock Island Railroad. Without a smile, the two then entered into conversation like strangers for my benefit. When we arrived at Exmoor, we changed to our golf clothes, went to the grill, and had our lunch, and then went to the first tee.

Dick said, "Mr. Norman, you take the honor." Without a change of expression, Jim teed up his ball and drove off.

I took Dick to one side, and told him, "You have the name wrong. It's Gorman, not Norman." Dick apologized and said he was sorry.

On the third putting green, Dick said, "I think you're away, Mr. Floorman." Without so much as moving an eyelash, Jim went to make his putt. I gave Dick a dirty look.

On the fifth tee, Dick said, "You are up, Mr. Foreman."

"Thank you," said Jim, and he teed up his ball and drove.

By then I was fit to be tied, so I took Dick to one side and told him, "Dick this gentleman is Vice President of the Rock Island Railroad. You are not only embarrassing

him, but me too. I told you what his name is." Dick apologized, but kept miscalling Jim's name up to the eighteenth hole. I was so disturbed that I played ten strokes over my average.

When we arrived on the eighteenth putting green, I wasn't on speaking terms with Dick, but Dick said, "Is my ball in your way, Mr. Doorman?"

Then I "blew up" again. I took Dick to one side and told him how I wished he had missed that train. I told him the name was "Gorman," and spelled it out for him, but expressed my doubts that even then he could get it through his Irish fat head. To that he mildly replied, "Charley, what did you say he does on the Illinois Central?"

I threw my clubs to the caddy and made for the club-house and a shower bath. I heard much laughter in the locker room. Richmond Dean came to my locker laughing hysterically, and said to me, "Charley, I understand you introduced Jim to Dick. You damn fool, they were born next door to each other, and were often wheeled in the same baby buggy." Then I woke up and confronted them. Those two dear pals approached me with a sweet smile, put their arms around my shoulders, and asked my forgiveness. Of course, I forgave them, but not until I reminded both that they had caused me much suffering and had made me an "all day sucker." In carrying out that joke, a couple of Barrymores couldn't have acted it as well as Jim and Dick did. I also did a good job of acting the part of the "goat."

While on the subject of golf, Dick Collins had a hand in another laugh put over on me. Exmoor was an outstanding golf club. The course was an interesting one and



JOHN IRWIN—A Unique Golfer



MAYOR CARTER H. HARRISON
Throwing the first ball at opening of White Sox baseball season at Comiskey Park

was always kept in perfect condition. All of the club's departments were ably managed, and the membership committees were "choosy," which always assured a high type of membership. It was a fine family club at which many enjoyable social events were staged. Among our crowd the idea was proposed that, in addition to Exmoor, we ought to promote another golf club that would be exclusively a club for men. About a couple of miles south of Exmoor was the Bob O'Link Golf Club which was not in sound financial condition. We decided to take that property over providing that those in charge, Clark Poole and Ike Elston, could change the club's by-laws so as to make it a club exclusively for men. The job of putting over that deal was placed entirely in my hands. It was consummated, but certain of the old members fought the proposition of excluding their families. I left for California to spend the winter months, leaving the troublesome detail to be attended to by Clark Poole, Ike Elston, Dick Collins, John Coulter, and A. D. Plamondon. I was assured that it would be taken care of. When I returned, the boys arranged a golf party for me. Forty of our fellows, including Elston and Poole, were invited. It was arranged to be a private golf tournament, handicaps were attended to, and while we were seated at a long banquet table having our lunch, I was to auction off the foursomes.

Collins' chauffeur called for Plamondon, Coulter, Dick, and me at the C. A. A., and drove us to Bob O'Link. They noticed that I was mostly interested in ascertaining whether the matter of excluding the ladies had been attended to, and they assured me everything was OK. While auctioning the players, during which ordeal I may have used some rather forceful language, and when about

half of the foursomes were sold, someone whispered to me, "Cheese it, look over there!"

I looked, and saw a tall man with his back to me sitting at a side table having lunch with a beautiful young "flapper." She was stylishly dressed and quite chic. She was looking at me with a sort of I-heard-what-you-said smile. I was dumbfounded and sat down. I said to Clark Poole, "You were to attend to the matter of excluding women from this club. I'll go no further until you request that couple to leave."

Clark answered, "I'm sorry, Charley. I'll attend to it."

He went over to them, and there ensued a rather heated argument. The man assumed a belligerent attitude. Finally the pretty "flapper" arose and explained in a lady-like manner, "Had I suspected that ladies were not welcome here, I most certainly would have refused to come to this club." Then she tore off her hat and the wig with it, and in a masculine voice said, "What the hell kind of a dump is this club anyway?" Everyone laughed but me. I was still mad. Then they told me that they had engaged a female impersonator who was playing in a Chicago theatre, and had paid him fifty dollars just to have a laugh on me.

When we took over Bob O'Link and reorganized that golf club, the majority of that club's members who didn't agree to making it a men's club exclusively, naturally resigned. Then we "hand-picked" over seventy-five new applicants for membership. This move was not made by our crowd because we were woman haters—not at all. Our aim was to get a membership of good fellows who could afford to belong to two clubs—one a family club, and the other devoted strictly to the game of golf. It proved to be a success from the start. The course was

entirely rebuilt into a championship course, a real test for good players. Commencing with the first season, we decided to inaugurate an annual invitation tournament. The details of that tournament were to be worked out by a committee of three, of which I was made chairman. We had to think up a name for that event, and hoped to arrive at something original as a trademark for that important annual affair. I was playing in a foursome, and asked the other three for advice along that line. None seemed to rise to the occasion. What they suggested did not appeal to me. Finally, one of them lost patience, and said, "It seems to me like you are raising a hell of a lot of hullabaloo about a simple thing like a name."

I looked at him, and said, "Boy, you've got something there. We'll name that tournament 'Hullabaloo'." Hullabaloo is still the outstanding invitation golf tournament in Chicago. In fact, it has acquired a national reputation, and Bob O'Link is still one of the top-notch golf clubs of the country.

Another incident worth relating is about a foursome made up of Tony Hoof, A. B. Schuttler, Johnny Coulter, and George Ade. Schuttler with a handicap of four took Ade, with a handicap of fourteen as a partner against Coulter with a handicap of seven, and Hoof with a handicap of sixteen. Schuttler and Ade started their opponents two points up on each nine holes. They played for five dollars on each nine and five dollars on the game.

Hoof was six feet, two inches tall, and weighed over two hundred and seventy-five pounds. Coulter was about five feet tall, and weighed about one hundred and eighteen pounds. As those two walked down the fairway, they resembled a picture of a giant and a midget. Hoof was

plainly off his game, and had trouble keeping his ball in the fairway. Coulter stood Hoof's bad playing as long as he could, but when Hoof sliced one into a ditch, Johnny lost his patience, and informed Tony rather meekly that he felt like kicking him in the pants. George Ade overheard that remark, and encouraged Johnny to do it, saying "I'll help you by holding you up high enough to enable you to reach the desired point of contact."

Congenial Tony Hoof was a large man with an appropriate appetite for good food. About thirty years ago George Ade, who had added an interesting nine hole golf course to his estate at Brook, Indiana, invited 19 of his Chicago pals to "Hazelden" for a preview of and to play over his new golf course. After the first eighteen holes of play an excellent luncheon was provided for the golfers in George's spacious living room, where each guest was to serve himself from an abundant assortment, with such items of food that appealed to him most and there was no limit on quantity. It seemed that numerous items appealed to Tony and he partook of them quite freely. Upon our return to Chicago we wrote to George Ade congratulating him on his interesting golf course and expressed our thanks for his hospitality. We stated that the food he had served to us was excellent, but knowing as we did that Tony was to participate at that luncheon, we each should have fortified ourselves by bringing with us a ham sandwich. That letter brought from him a typical George Ade reply. Among other remarks he stated: "I note your reference to Tony's generous partaking of that food. It is my opinion that he didn't eat any more than the rest of you fellows—that is—all together."

On that joyous occasion another unusual incident oc-

curred. In those days golf was still somewhat in its infancy and small town folks were not familiar with that game. George Ade was hard put to dig up twenty caddies for the play on that day, but twenty of his townsmen gladly volunteered to help George solve that problem. They were all good fellows and nineteen of them seemed to enjoy the doings and they did a good job of caddying, while the twentieth one succeeded in spilling the beans plenty. He was evidently a green farm hand, about seventeen years old. A tall, lanky and matter-of-fact lad who had never heard of golf nor seen a bag of golf clubs. It was evident that he considered it a fool thing for grown men to indulge in.

Our foursome consisted of James Rankin, Frank Teeple, A. B. Schuttler, and this relator. Unfortunately that gawky lad was assigned to caddie for Schuttler. A. B. was fond of perpetrating jokes and he was possessed of an unusual sense of humor, except when playing golf. He was a four handicap man and he took his golf game very seriously.

When that lad came to take Schuttler's bag, we noticed that he was armed with a rifle which he promptly shoved into the golf bag. During the first five holes of play the poor lad did everything that a caddy shouldn't do. A. B. was terribly disturbed and remarked: "Where in hell did George dig up that rube to caddie for me?" On the sixth putting green A. B. had a four-foot putt to sink in order to half that hole. He carefully examined the slightly bumpy lay of the turf. It was a tricky putt to make and he spent considerable time in surveying all the angles. Then he took his stance, slowly making the back stroke with his putter and just as he was about to hit the ball

there was a loud gunshot. It scared us all and turning to the back edge of the putting green we saw A. B.'s caddy with his back to us, holding a smoking gun. Without turning around towards us we heard him quietly remark: "Yep! I got him!" He had shot a rabbit. That shot was not "heard around the world" but it sure turned a four-foot putt into a fair drive, for A. B.'s ball swiftly by-passed the cup and landed in the fairway. While we were convulsed in laughter, A. B. was white with rage and furious. From there on he carried his own bag, but for that day his golf game was shot.

The lad couldn't understand why all that fuss about shooting a rabbit. He said that he brought his gun with him because he was told that all he had to do was carry a bag and therefore figured that he might as well pick off a rabbit or two if any came within gunshot.

While we are on the subject of golf, it might prove helpful to such devotees of that great game who have failed to break a hundred to reproduce here a new stance. The inventor seems to have a monopoly on that stance, even though he failed to have it copyrighted. He will not feel disturbed when he sees it illustrated here, because we happen to know that he is really proud of the distinction that it is his "brain child," and that he has no competition while adopting it in connection with his play. It has been used before, but only by golfers who may be stooping low while looking for four-leaf clovers. It is only fair to state here that by use of that stance, John Irwin has succeeded in bringing in fairly low scores. Although he has passed the three-quarter century mark in age, he is still respected as being a tough competitor at golf and a very good money player.

CHAPTER 22

ELECTRIC LIGHTING and electric power is an old story now, but it should be of interest that Chapin & Gore built the first electric plant in Chicago about 1880. Soon thereafter, Willoughby-Hill Company built an electric plant to service their large clothing establishment which occupied the entire building on the southeast corner of Clark and Madison Streets, now the site of the Morrison Hotel. In those days arc lights were principally used. Chapin & Gore supplied light, power, and steam heat to quite a number of customers in the entire block bounded by Madison, State, Monroe, and Dearborn Streets. That did not necessitate the crossing of a street, but was just a matter of boring a hole under the surface of each alley and driving an iron pipe through and "fishing" the service wires through that pipe to reach any of those desiring electric service or steam heat. There was no law against crossing an alley. Consequently, aside from supplying the necessary service for their own establishment, Chapin & Gore sold such service to other concerns in that block for many years without interruption.

The Chicago Edison Company was established later, with their headquarters in a small building situated next to the Home Insurance Building on Adams Street. In either 1890 or 1891 a young man who had been employed, I believe, as private secretary to Thomas Edison, came to Chicago to develop the business of the Chicago Edison Company. The company grew rapidly because of the great

demand for electric light and power. The "ethics" of that corporation's executive were not always according to "Hoyle," and by devious means or otherwise, he registered a great success, if success is to be measured by money. The Chicago Edison Company (later the Commonwealth-Edison Company), grew into a great and wealthy corporation, and Samuel Insull became a power financially and politically in Chicago. To make its monopoly complete, the Commonwealth-Edison Company started a campaign to chase all independent plants out of business. If they could be bought at their price, OK. If not, they resorted to other means. In the late nineties they caused an ordinance to be passed by the City Council making it obligatory for all independent plants to obtain a franchise from the City Council if they needed to cross an alley or street. We were then forced to attempt to obtain such franchise by a vote of the City Council. We soon found out the so-called "Gray Wolves" were being paid to see that no such ordinance would get by. It didn't mean much to us one way or another, so we decided to try our hand at licking that situation.

William Hale Thompson had just been elected an alderman. We asked "Big Bill" to introduce that ordinance for us and he did. We contacted some of the other aldermen, advising them that ours was a small proposition, and that we were only interested in using such pipes as were already in those alleys. It was to be a ten-year franchise. At the first council meeting, they couldn't kill that ordinance, so it was held over to the next meeting. Henry Jampolis looked after Insull's political interests in the City Council. He kept in touch with the "Gray Wolves" during that first session, and somehow seemed unsure of

the result, so he came over to me, and suggested, "Charley, when this session is over, you and I will go out and have a drink. I want to talk this whole matter over with you, and give you some advice that will save both of us a lot of time."

I said, "That's fine; let's go and have that drink."

He immediately advised me that I was wasting my time trying to get that franchise. I kept buying drinks for him to keep him talking. He could take a lot, and I saw to it that he took them all, but when he wasn't looking, mine went into the cuspidor. Soon he was "three sheets in the wind."

Then I started, "Henry, I know you are a pal of mine, and you wouldn't give me a 'bum steer.' What makes you think that we can't get that ordinance through the Council?"

He looked at me for a while and then said, "Charley, eight of those aldermen are on Insull's payroll."

That was a hell of a confession, but it was what I wanted to know. I gave that "dope" to my aldermen friends. It scared off the "Gray Wolves," and our ordinance was passed in spite of the fight Alderman Cullerton made against it. Chapin & Gore got their franchise which, in itself, was an unimportant matter, except that it was a defeat of the gang, so inadvertently "uncovered," in the admission made to me by Insull's political agent, Henry Jampolis. That gives a fair picture of what a mayor, intent upon the guarding of the city's interests was up against in dealing with such an element within the membership of the City Council at that time.

The reason for relating this story is to show how high-handed and devious a course Samuel Insull employed in

arriving at the heights that he reached. Eventually, he considered himself a sort of "dictator." It was that which caused his undoing. When the crash came, the affairs of Insull and his corporations were placed in the hands of a competent committee representing creditors and stockholders. That "square shooting," able, hardworking, and successful business man, Charles A. McCullough, was a member of that committee. Insull tried some of his "high horse" stuff on him, but Charley McCullough hauled him down and put him where he belonged. That was a new experience for the erstwhile "Czar." It was stated that Insull remarked later that he wished he'd had someone talk to him in McCullough's straightforward way in past years. It would have prevented him from making the mistakes that brought on his troubles.

CHAPTER 23

WITH THE COMPLETE recovery of their son, the Carter H. Harrisons returned to Chicago. The ex-mayor entered into civic affairs, and naturally, into the politics of his party. It is not the object here to review Mr. Harrison's many notable accomplishments as Chicago's chief executive during his first four terms as mayor, nor during his last term of four years to which he was later elected. He has ably and very conservatively covered all of his activities during his entire official career in his book entitled *Stormy Years*, published by The Bobbs-Merrill Company, New York. In that book there are three items that he dealt with, but for some reason failed to give the inside details which are of importance and will prove interesting enough to warrant an explanation of each. Before going into that, I prefer first to outline a picture of that famous Chicagoan's personality, so well known and esteemed by his close friends.

Carter H. Harrison was scrupulously honest in his every act. He had the courage of his convictions. He weighed all matters put up to him carefully, and when convinced any proposition was wrong, he could say "No" firmly, whether it be to friend or foe. He never fooled anyone and was always cautious so as not to be fooled himself. Diplomacy played no part in his decisions. His "No" meant "No," which often hurt him politically, but that did not deter him. Consequently, he was considered a "cold" proposition, especially by the ordinary run of politicians who

came to him with requests that he knew were detrimental to the city's welfare. Such politicians didn't understand him because they couldn't induce him to play politics at the expense of the city. That is why some such left him for the enemy's camp.

Carter H. Harrison confined his personal associations to a small group of his old cronies—men who understood him and whom he understood. He was assured they were his pals and not looking for favors because of his official position. He felt relaxed in their company and those of us who made up that group knew him as a warm-hearted human being, with an unusual sense of humor. He thoroughly enjoyed a joke, and loved to put one over on any one of his pals. Without doubt, his closest friend was Oscar F. Mayer. When Mr. Harrison was first elected in 1897, a few of us were with Oscar in Mangler's place having a drink. In a joking way Oscar remarked, "You fellows had better look up to me because my good friend, Carter H., has been elected mayor and I stand high with him."

I excused myself, saying I would be right back. I went into the telephone booth unnoticed, called up the mayor's secretary, and told him what Oscar had said. I requested that he explain to the mayor that I would bet Oscar a bottle of champagne that the mayor didn't know him, and that I wanted to know if the mayor would back me up if I should bring Oscar right over to his office.

The secretary came back quickly, and said, "Mr. Harrison said for you to make that bet."

I wasn't quite sure but what the mayor might double cross me, but when I returned to the bar where Oscar was, I asked if I had understood him correctly—that he was Harrison's close friend. Oscar admitted that he was.

"Well," said I, "Oscar, I'll bet you a quart of champagne that the mayor doesn't know you. We'll go over to the mayor's office while these boys wait here, and if the mayor knows you, I'll buy a quart."

Oscar said, "Come on. You boys wait here."

When Oscar and I arrived at the mayor's office, the secretary led us in and the mayor shook hands with me. Then I introduced Oscar, and the mayor said, "Haven't I met you somewhere before, Mr. Mayer?"

Oscar's face turned white, then red. He knew he was being "jobbed." The mayor stood pat and then asked to be excused as he was quite busy. We made Oscar buy that quart, but he said we were just a lot of crooks, and that he would get even with the mayor. Carter Harrison and the rest of us had many a laugh over that incident, but Oscar Mayer couldn't quite really appreciate that as a joke. Mayor Harrison was just the opposite of a "cold" proposition. He was a congenial companion who enjoyed the company of his friends. In spite of his many troubles and heavy responsibilities, during those twelve "stormy years" he would come to lunch each day in a happy frame of mind. During his last four years as Mayor it was three days each week at Vogelsang's restaurant, and the other three at Emil Demme's Bismarck. At each place there was reserved a large round table in a corner for our coterie of "side kicks." Those lunch hours were happy occasions, with plenty of "rapid fire" back and forth. Jokes were perpetrated, and the mayor put over more than his share. Further on, I will tell a few where he made me the "goat."

In 1911 Carter H. Harrison finally decided to enter the campaign for the nomination of mayor, which he and his friends realized would be the hardest fight of his political

career. It really looked like a hopeless task, considering his opposition and the split in his own party. Some of his former supporters were lukewarm, and many had deserted into the camp of the Democratic wing that he had been fighting during all of his former terms as mayor. We won't go into all of the details of that memorable campaign. Again we refer to his book, *Stormy Years*, which deals with those details completely, with the exception of giving a full explanation of the three interesting items that were referred to in this narrative. After going into some necessary preliminary arrangements, I will then give an explanation of the inside story of those three incidents which played such an important and probably decisive part in Mr. Harrison's nomination and election, and one of which might have changed the history not only of America, but of the world. I still wish he had taken my advice.

Carter H. Harrison's first act in connection with his entering that campaign was to appoint his personal and finance committee. He appointed James F. Bowers as its chairman. The other members of that committee were Oscar F. Mayer, Charles A. Plamondon, Edward Tilden, Thomas Carey, C. J. Vopicka, John E. Traeger, Michael P. Byrne, John W. Eckhart, David Pfaelzer, Peter Reinberg, James S. Agar, and Charles H. Hermann. Mr. Harrison was really the boss of that committee. He carefully scrutinized its every act, and it is well that he did, because it was a tough job to raise the campaign fund. We were offered sizable contributions with no "strings" attached, and a few of the members were for accepting several of those. Mr. Harrison said "No," and they were returned with thanks. He wouldn't permit a single contribution to be accepted that wouldn't stand the light of

day. We held day and night meetings in a large private room in Vogelsang's basement. The real political Harrison headquarters was in the old Briggs House. That's where they lined up the ward organizations. Our committee worried only about the "high spots" and the campaign fund. One of the important "high spots" was that nearly all of the important newspapers were against Harrison. How to win over some support from the press just wasn't in the cards. I did some thinking, and discovered that foxy John Eastman had not yet come out with his *Chicago Journal* for any candidate. Knowing John's appetite for champagne, I called him up and invited him to have dinner with me at the Chicago Automobile Club. He accepted and I said nothing to him until about the fourth pint was served. Then I stated my proposition, "John, you're not smart enough to make the right decision, so I've decided to help you. I know you don't care a damn about any of the mayoralty candidates, or you would have been supporting one of them by now. The papers are all against Harrison. It will give you distinction to be with him, and I think he'll win. Why not come along? I'm for him 'hook, line, and sinker.' "

He said he didn't like Harrison, but to make a long story short, after three or four more pints of champagne and a lot more argument—John loved an argument—when I left him that night he had agreed to support Harrison. It was great news that I reported to Carter H. Harrison and the committee.

Because Harrison failed to go along with the Independence League which was promoting William Randolph Hearst for the nomination to the presidency, the two Hearst papers were bitter towards Harrison. It looked

like an impossibility to win them over, but not to me. I got to thinking about Andy Lawrence and about the best way to approach him on such a tender subject. He had always damned Harrison up and down to me, and said he didn't like him personally. I finally figured out a way to bring those two face to face. So I requested Mr. Harrison to meet me at Vogelsang's. He said he was "tied up" and couldn't come over that afternoon.

"Well," said I, "you just 'untie' yourself and be at Vogelsang's this noon without fail." He finally agreed to be there. I had John Vogelsang go with us into a back private room. I ordered a bottle of wine, and said, "Don't pull this cork until I return with another fellow." I called up Andy Lawrence and informed him that I had a "sucker" friend at Vogelsang's buying champagne for me, and asked him to come and meet him and help "polish off" a bottle. Lawrence came, I met him at the front door, led him back to the room, pushed him in, and said, "I want to introduce you two 'bucks.' Each of you has an exceptional thirst for champagne and you should be pals."

Harrison smiled and Andy seemed to want to back out of the room, but I was in his way and pushed him into a chair. We had some wine and we stayed there for nearly two hours. Harrison acted wonderfully. We started kidding one another and soon both Harrison and Andy were kidding me. When they left, Andy's arm was on Harrison's shoulder and in that way the two great Hearst newspapers came out strongly for Harrison. Both were independent men with square jaws, and I'm sure that, if I hadn't "jobbed" them as I did, they would never have gotten together. As it turned out, it was fortunate both for Harrison and the Hearst papers. Harrison was elected by a



CHICAGO'S NATIONAL LEAGUE CLUB, 1880
Left to right—TOP ROW: "Silver" Flint, Anson, Williamson; CENTER ROW: Quest, Goldsmith, Kelly;
BOTTOM ROW: Beals, Dalrymple, Corcoran, Gore, Burns



The Red Stockings



POTTER

SWEASY

MARSH

New York J. L. PETERS J. L. PETERS & CO St. Louis
599 Broadway 212 North 5th Street

CINCINNATI BASEBALL CLUB, 1869

The Wright Brothers, reputed fathers of baseball, and their teammates.
Clockwise: Sweasy, Harry Wright, Allison, Waterman, McVey,
Leonard, Brainard, George Wright, Gould

scant margin and the Hearst papers were on a winner.

There was a "kick back" on me in connection with John Eastman, and to some extent, with Lawrence. Both of those publishers were forceful, aggressive men, and not at all modest in their demands. John Eastman came to me and asked that I see the mayor about his paper being given the advertising by the city in connection with its tax-lien sales. Knowing Harrison as I did, I sensed trouble brewing. I agreed to take that matter up with the mayor and report his answer to John Eastman. He informed me that he was entitled to that favor and that I'd better succeed in getting it for him. When I advised the mayor of Eastman's request, I was told in no uncertain words that such advertising was always given to the lowest bidder and that the *Chicago Journal* would get it if their bid was as low as the lowest bidder. On an equal basis, the mayor agreed to favor John Eastman's *Chicago Journal*. When I told that to John, he hit the ceiling, and said, "That's just about the kind of treatment I'd expect from Harrison." Shortly thereafter John Eastman severed relations with the mayor as was to be expected.

Two or three days after the election the mayor was greatly disturbed, and showed me a list of appointments requested by Andy Lawrence and said, "See what you got me into. I positively cannot meet any such demands." It was a very long list and plainly unreasonable.

I said, "Mayor, you can concede some of those appointments. You'll have to meet Andy's request the best you can." So the mayor went through the long list. He scratched out over half of them. Mr. Harrison appointed Charley Fitzmorris, a Hearst man, as Secretary to the Mayor. It didn't entirely satisfy Lawrence, but after I

kidded him about his "modesty," he finally became reconciled, and he "stayed put." The Hearst papers continued their whole-hearted support of Harrison throughout his four-year term as mayor and thereafter. Andrew Lawrence and Harrison are still on friendly terms. Charley Fitzmorris, at that time, was young in years but long on "gray matter," a very able and loyal man. Mr. Harrison has frequently expressed his appreciation of Charley Fitzmorris' loyalty and exceptional ability and diplomacy in the discharge of his duties as the mayor's secretary.

This explains the inside details of two of the three items previously referred to, namely, the obtaining of newspaper support for Harrison's nomination and election. John Eastman, through his *Chicago Journal*, certainly supplied some of the needed support in that campaign, but Harrison himself intimated in his book, *Stormy Years*, some doubt as to whether he could have been nominated and elected without the Hearst papers coming out so strongly for him. That victory was a great tribute to Carter H. Harrison, because not only was he faced with his Republican opponent, the professor from Chicago University, but was also being ferociously fought by two strong factions in his own party—the Edward F. Dunne crowd and the Sullivan-Hopkins-Brennan faction. All three resorted to every known trick in their efforts to defeat him. Harrison personally supervised his campaign and won by making a strictly clean fight, sticking to the truth, and standing squarely on the record of his previous four terms as Chicago's chief executive. He had much to overcome, but he managed his campaign intelligently. It was a typical Harrison victory that must be credited to him.

The "Fire Fans Association," in spite of my being a

member of it, was a crowd of influential good fellows. They were all deeply interested in seeing Charles Seyferlick appointed as Chicago's Fire Marshal, and placed the responsibility of obtaining that appointment on me. When Harrison won the nomination, I approached him on that subject, informing him that Mayor Busse had appointed Battalion Chief James Horan as his Fire Marshal. It was a wise and popular appointment, but was made over the head of Charles Seyferlick, who gracefully stepped aside to see his friend, Horan, get that job, although Seyferlick, through rank and seniority, was himself entitled to be appointed. Harrison listened, but then changed the subject. I talked with him about it on a couple of other occasions, but in each instance he listened without showing much interest, and again changed the subject. During the campaign for the election I knew Harrison's former Fire Chief Campion was a daily visitor at the Briggs House headquarters, and that he had made a substantial contribution to the Harrison campaign fund. The day after the election I was at Harrison's personal office in the old *Chronicle* Building. After talking about some other matters, I once more mentioned Charles Seyferlick. Again he listened and then again changed the subject without giving me the slightest bit of encouragement. As I was leaving, I told him that he held the world's championship on changing the subject. He took that as a compliment, but that afternoon his brother, Preston, took me to one side, and said, "Charley, don't worry any more about Charles Seyferlick."

The evening of his inauguration, in reporting his cabinet appointments to the City Council, Mayor Harrison said, "In the matter of appointing a Fire Marshal, if I were to

follow my personal wish, I would appoint my former Fire Chief Campion, but to that important post I am appointing the present Acting Chief, Charles Seyferlick." Before the end of Harrison's term of office Charles Seyferlick died. I again approached the mayor about Seyferlick's successor and recommended Big Tom O'Connor for that post. O'Connor was next in line, and the mayor appointed him. Mayor Harrison would not have made either of those appointments without each having merited it, and it was his method to never say what he intended doing until he did it.

Mayor Harrison was an exceptional judge of men. He was concerned only with the guarding of the city's interests. He demanded truthfulness, honesty, and ability. His appointments to responsible positions reflected that clearly. He would have no truck with the other kind, and that is why he fell out so quickly with that wing of his party controlled by the Sullivan-Hopkins-Brennan crowd. He fought them from the start, regardless of consequences. Having defeated them and the Edward F. Dunne faction in the 1911 election, Carter H. Harrison was the dominant factor of his party in Illinois and a prominent figure nationally. He had refused the nomination for the Vice Presidency in the 1904 national convention. He could have been a potential candidate for President in 1912, except for the fact that he had agreed to back the candidacy of Champ Clark who was also the choice of the Hearst newspapers. Carter H. Harrison would have been the controlling factor of the Illinois delegation had it not been for the roughest kind of crooked tactics employed by his opponents who were in the minority. In spite of that and the "all out" fight put up by the Sullivan-Hopkins-Brennan

element, Champ Clark won in the Illinois preferential primary race. The vote was 218,483 for Champ Clark and 75,527 for Wilson. The victory was credited to Harrison and the Hearst press and its influence. Champ Clark should have been and would have been nominated at the national convention had it been held in Chicago instead of Baltimore.

Chicago was "double crossed" by the Sullivan crowd at the national committee meeting which convened in Washington early in January, 1912. A citizens' non-political committee was appointed, mostly through the efforts of the Chicago Association of Commerce, for the purpose of inducing both the Republican and Democratic national committees to select Chicago as their 1912 national convention city. The men comprising that committee were:

Fred W. Upham, <i>Chairman</i>	
Charles H. Hermann, <i>Vice Chairman</i>	
Charles H. Wacker	Charles F. Gunther
Charles J. Vopicka	William C. Vierbuchen
James F. Bowers	John W. Eckhart
John C. Roth	Michael Zimmer
Dennis F. Kelly	John Z. Vogelsang
James Hamilton Lewis	Cyrus H. McCormick
John A. Richert	William L. O'Connell

Fred W. Upham was Republican State Committeeman from Illinois and was also the Treasurer for the National Republican Committee. It was he who was principally responsible for obtaining the 1912 Republican Convention for Chicago. The Democratic National Committee was to meet in Washington on January 7, 1912. Roger Sullivan had promised to give us his support in landing the Democratic National Convention for Chicago, but Fred Upham

suggested that I'd better see Roger Sullivan alone and get further information from him. I did that, and Roger Sullivan promised that he would "move heaven and earth" to help us. Furthermore, he suggested that when our committee arrived in Washington, we were to make our headquarters in his suite of rooms at the Hotel Shoreham. Our first job, of course, was to raise the money necessary to pay all expenses of both conventions. That was attended to, as we had raised \$150,000. When our committee arrived in Washington, we were given plenty of advice and instructions from Roger Sullivan. He introduced us to all the "powers that be," and we held our meetings in Roger Sullivan's suite. He told us what committeemen we must contact. It was arranged that Fred Upham was to make the opening address to the National Committee, and J. Hamilton Lewis was to make the main speech. The third and last argument was to be made by Roger Sullivan, which he readily agreed to do. I became suspicious of Sullivan's sincerity because I realized that his influence in that Committee was greater than that of any other man, and yet he insisted on having each of our fellows contact the committeemen when one word from him would have accomplished what he asked us to try to do; so I made it my business to invite four committeemen who I knew were Sullivan men to dinner at the Hotel Raleigh. We had a nice dinner, plenty of wine, and much joking back and forth. They seemed to have spent an enjoyable five or six hours and were feeling "high" when we were about to leave. Up to that moment I never even mentioned Chicago or the Convention. The committeeman from Texas, and I became real "chummy." As we were leaving the Hotel Raleigh, I said to him, "I hope we'll have the pleasure

of having this party over again when you fellows come to Chicago in June for the Convention."

He looked at me for a moment, and then said, "If I could be convinced that Chicago is on the square about wanting the Convention, I'd vote my head off for Chicago."

That was all I wanted to know. Here was Roger Sullivan's close pal, one of the seven men who controlled the doings of the whole National Committee corroborating just what I had suspected.

The big National Committee meeting was to take place in the banquet room of the Hotel Shoreham the next day, January 8, 1912. The room was filled. On the platform were many distinguished Democrats. Fred W. Upham, as a national figure in the Republican party, was somewhat on the spot. When he advanced to the platform, Chairman Mack caused a laugh with "Gentlemen of the Democratic National Committee, I take special pleasure in presenting to you the Hon. Fred W. Upham, Treasurer of the Republican National Committee." Fred Upham blushed, and briefly said what Chicago would do, stating that it would pay all convention expenses and be liberal about it. When he had finished his talk, Committeeman Woods of California proposed that Mr. Upham be made an honorary member of the Democratic National Committee. There was applause, but when Fred Upham came back to where we were standing, he and I went into a huddle quickly with all of our committee, and decided that something was brewing against us. Of course, I had reported to the committee previously my suspicions and what I had learned the night before. It was agreed that we must offer more money. We quickly signed up among us to guarantee forty thousand dollars more.

In the meanwhile J. Hamilton Lewis was making his long and very flowery speech for Chicago. Just then Roger Sullivan came up and put his arm around my shoulder. I said coldly, "Roger, you are to make the third and last appeal as you agreed, and we depend upon you to make it strong."

He smiled, and said, "I'm not going to make that speech. You're going to make it yourself."

George Brennan was close by, and I could see a sly grin on his face. Of course, all of our committee were mad, but none as mad as I. I said, "Roger, if that's the way you feel about it, we'll have to do the best we can."

J. Hamilton Lewis was still talking, and he omitted nothing in extolling Chicago as the natural choice convention city. When he finished, there was plenty of applause. I didn't expect to be called upon to make Sullivan's talk, but I was forced to it, and I marched up to the platform, feeling much like I was approaching the gallows, but I was mad clear through. When Chairman Mack introduced me, I said, "Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen: Some folks have been circulating a story that Chicago isn't in earnest about wanting this convention. Now, let me prove to you that we do want it, and that we couldn't be more earnest about wanting it than we are. Mr. Upham has promised that all reasonable and necessary expenses of your convention will be paid, and Chicago will be liberal about it. To that I add—and I hold in my hand a guarantee signed by people whose reliability Mr. Roger Sullivan will attest—the pledge that we will also hand over to your committee forty thousand dollars as a contribution to the Democratic campaign fund and no questions asked."

The Washington *Times* of January 9, 1912, stated:

It was a fetching coup, and as Mr. Hermann bowed himself from the platform, he got more applause from the really practical politicians than had greeted the noblest tropes that Mr. Lewis had exhibited.

Our committee made the best fight possible in view of the fact that we had to be "double crossed" because the Sullivan crowd just couldn't take a chance of bringing that convention to Chicago on account of their fear of the prestige of Harrison and the Hearst influence. Roger Sullivan, of course, voted for Chicago, but he knew his vote meant nothing. The convention went to Baltimore, and the so-called Great Commoner, William Jennings Bryan, did some of his "double crossing" which was the cause of cheating Champ Clark out of the nomination and "slipping" it to Woodrow Wilson. To do that dirty work, Bryan was obliged to play along with the Sullivan-Hopkins-Brennan boys whom he had called "train robbers" in his speech before the 1904 National Democratic Convention. That proves that my first impression of Bryan when I met him in 1896 in the Windsor-Clifton Hotel was correct.

The 1912 Democratic National Committee was completely controlled by seven men—Murphy of Tammany Hall, Norman E. Mack, Roger Sullivan, Urey Woodson, Thomas Taggart, Kennedy of Montana, and the committeeman from Texas whom they nicknamed "Vice President." Those seven men could not only take the convention to any city they wished, but they absolutely controlled the nomination of a president in the 1912 convention.

That brings us up to another story involving Carter H. Harrison. It constitutes the third item that is not given in full detail in Mr. Harrison's book. It should be added here that, of the seven men above mentioned, Roger Sulli-

van, at that time, was the most influential. He was ostensibly the leader in Chicago and all Illinois of the Sullivan-Hopkins-Brennan wing of the Democratic party. They knew all the tricks, and their policy was to do anything to win. Roger Sullivan was made the leader of that element, but John P. Hopkins was a relentless politician and George Brennan was really the power behind the throne. Brennan stayed in the background, but it was he who did the real scheming. Those of us who knew Roger Sullivan well knew that he was a good mixer and a companionable man. He, being the "front" for his wing of the Democratic party, naturally was blamed for all the dirty work, and he was by no means blameless.

Shortly after the return of our "conventionless" committee from Washington, it was rumored that Sullivan would run for the nomination of United States Senator from Illinois. In discussing Sullivan's proposed candidacy with two other of Harrison's closest pals and hundred percent supporters, Oscar F. Mayer and Charles A. Plamondon, they said, "Like yourself, Charley, we are not politicians. We have been friendly with Sullivan and with his followers. If he is nominated, we'll stay out of that fight and feel inclined to vote for him. Sullivan knows we have always been 'all out' for Harrison, and he has never allowed that fact to interfere with his friendship for us. If he should be elected, which is doubtful, he'll probably represent the state as well as some of those other politicians."

A few days later, I received a telephone request to come to Sullivan's office in the Gas Building just across the street from my office. When I arrived, he put his arm around my shoulder and said, "Charley, come into my

private office. I want to talk with you." He gave orders to his secretary that he was "out to callers or telephone calls." I shook hands with him, sat down, and said nothing. He looked at me apologetically, and said, "Forget about Washington. That just couldn't be helped. I felt worse about that than you did."

To which I replied, "Then you must have felt bad, Roger. You made 'goats' out of a lot of good fellows even if you didn't give a damn for Fred Upham and me."

We had been good friends, and up to that time, he had never committed an unfriendly act towards me. He then said, "Charley, listen to what I have to say. Harrison and I have operated from different angles. His opinion of me is correct. In politics I have done many wrong things against him, and I respect him for the stand he has always taken. I have arrived at a stage in life where I feel inclined to change my views. Harrison is clean in every respect. The people are with him, and to be truthful, he holds the upper hand. We've had lots of hard battles, and he defeated us many times. Now, I can forget a fight, and I wish you could get him to do the same. I have all I want of the world's goods, and at my age, I'd like to finish out my career as United States Senator.

"I know that I can't be elected if he is against me, and I also know that, on past performances, he can't come out for me. Now, I'll give you an inside view of the coming presidential campaign. Our fellows have been for Harmon of Ohio, but they associated him with the railroads and he is out of the running. Hearst is out for Champ Clark." (Up to this time I didn't know Harrison had agreed to give his support for the nomination to Champ Clark.) "I cannot induce my fellows to go for anything that Hearst

is for. William Jennings Bryan is impossible as far as we are concerned, and that leaves only Wilson, that college professor. We don't believe that he will make a good president. I'll now tell you confidentially that no candidate can be nominated without our support. Even though he has always fought us, Carter H. Harrison appeals to us most. He has a fine record and the proper background. I want you to go to him with this proposition today. I won't ask him to come out for me or turn a hand to help me get that nomination. I'll get that without his aid. All I ask is that he stay out of the fight, and if I should be nominated, he still need not turn a hand to help in my election. If he is asked about my candidacy all he need say is five words—'I'm with the Democratic nominee.' If you can get him to forget our fights and get him to do that, that is all that I ask of him. I don't expect him to endorse my candidacy nor make a single speech. All I ask is that he agree not to fight me. If he will agree to that, I authorize you to assure him that the Illinois delegation will be for Carter H. Harrison for the nomination for President, and I'm sure he knows what that means. Harrison will be the Democratic nominee for the presidency."

I answered, "Roger, you know Harrison never deviates from the straight course. You are asking me to do something that looks like an impossible job. I'd like to see you get what you are after, and I'm sure some other close Harrison friends feel as I do. I'll make it my business to see Harrison today, and will do my best for you, but I can't promise that I will succeed."

He said with a smile, "Charley, I'll not leave this office until I hear from you. I have thought this over carefully, and decided on you as the best fellow to do this for me.

I'll appreciate your doing it whether you succeed or not."

I left Sullivan's office, went directly to mine, and called up Charley Fitzmorris, the mayor's secretary. I told him that I was going to lunch with the mayor, but wanted a half hour talk with him at the mayor's office before lunch. Charley informed me to hurry over, that the mayor was holding his conference with the reporters, and if I got over in fifteen minutes, he'd let me into the mayor's private office while the reporters were still there. I arrived in ten minutes and Charley led me in.

I sat on the side, and when the reporters left, the mayor looked at me and said jokingly, "Well, what are you after now?"

I didn't even smile, but pulled up a chair close to him, and said, "Mr. Mayor, I came over to talk with you about a matter I hope you will seriously consider. Some of your other close friends are also interested in your reaction to what I'm about to say to you." Then I told him that Roger Sullivan had called me to his office, and I repeated to him word for word what I have written above.

Harrison listened attentively, and when I had finished, he said, "Now you listen to me. In 1899 I was running for re-nomination, and Billy Loeffler came to me and said that Roger Sullivan was in control of three west side wards, the fourteenth and the two adjoining wards, and to win that nomination we would have to have those wards. He said we could get them if I would agree to permit his man to be nominated at the forthcoming Peoria convention for a judgeship, as he realized that I controlled that nomination. I told Billy Loeffler that I wouldn't do anything of the kind, because if I did, Sullivan wouldn't keep his word. Sullivan is not my kind, and I am not his kind. I positively

refused Loeffler's request, but he kept working on me for the next few days, and he brought in some of my other fellows to back him up in what he had proposed. Finally I weakened by saying to them, 'I'm telling you that Sullivan won't keep his word. Now, if you fellows insist on it, I'll do what you say, but it's on your heads.'

"During my campaign for re-nomination, I checked up and found those three wards were going against me, so I called in Billy Loeffler, and asked him to see Sullivan about keeping his word. Billy went to see Sullivan and when he returned he said that Sullivan informed him that he was doing his best, but regretted that he couldn't control his fellows. I said, 'Let's you and me go back to Sullivan's office.' I got my hat and we went there. When I arrived with Billy Loeffler, Sullivan came up to me and offered to shake hands. I did not extend my hand, but said, 'I came here to see you, Mr. Sullivan, just to ask you whether or not you gave Billy Loeffler your word that you would deliver your three wards to me if I gave your man that nomination for judge.' Sullivan said that he did tell Loeffler he'd deliver those wards to me and that he was doing all he could to make good on it, but couldn't control his men. I then turned to Billy Loeffler, asked him to repeat what I had told him at the time he got that promise. Loeffler did not answer, so I did it for him, and informed Sullivan that he had fooled only Billy Loeffler, as I had assured Loeffler that Sullivan would not keep his word. I said, 'That's all, Mr. Sullivan,' and walked out.

"Now Charley, I am well aware of the fact that, having the Illinois delegation with me in the forthcoming convention is an assurance of my being nominated as the Democratic candidate for the presidency. I now want you to go

back to Roger Sullivan and tell him that. Tell him furthermore that, if that nomination were to be accompanied by a certificate of election, and Sullivan was to hand it to me on a gold platter, I would still refuse it as quickly as I now refuse this proposition."

That kept Carter H. Harrison from becoming president of the United States instead of Woodrow Wilson, and kept Roger Sullivan from being elected to the United States Senate. Had Carter H. Harrison accepted Sullivan's proposition, no one can tell what a change it would have meant in the history of, not only the United States of America, but of the world. I am sure that Sullivan and his fellows would have kept their word in that instance, not only for reasons Sullivan stated, but because it would have helped the Sullivan crowd considerably to get Harrison out of Chicago and Illinois by helping to send him to the White House. Sullivan was a very disappointed man.

CHAPTER 24

AS WAS STATED BEFORE, Carter H. Harrison met with his close friends each day at lunch, alternately three days at Vogelsang's and three days at the Bismarck. Among the regulars were Oscar F. Mayer, Charles A. Plamondon, Preston Harrison, his brother, County Judge John E. Owens, and I. When we ate at Vogelsang's, John Vogelsang always sat in, and at the Bismarck, Emil Demme was of the party. Later when he was elected to his last term of four years as mayor, that coterie was sometimes called the mayor's "kitchen cabinet." Among the others who often sat in were Ed Ellicott, Maclay Hoyne, Michael Byrne, Thomas Carey, Ed Tilden, Murray Keller, James Agar, Peter Reinberg, Andrew Lawrence, Charles J. Vopicka, John Neumeister, William H. Sexton, and William Wells, the artist. The mayor enjoyed being with his friends. The "kitchen cabinet" didn't carry much weight as such. It was just a jolly bunch. The mayor loved to kid us, and he enjoyed taking a lot of kidding in return.

After his election he asked me to go with him to call on Mayor Busse to conclude arrangements as to the date when he would take over, and for getting his share of tickets of admission to the council chamber for the inauguration. The city offices had been moved several months before from the temporary quarters on Randolph Street to the new City Hall.

On April 11, 1911, the *Chicago Journal* reported that visit as follows:

HARRISON SEES BUSSE

SPURNS BIG NEW CHAIR

Carter H. Harrison, mayor elect, visited the new City Hall today for the first time. He called on Mayor Busse, inspected the new executive offices and bathroom, and after inspecting the Council Chamber, sat for the first time in the big mayor's chair of Old English Oak, procured at the cost of several hundred dollars, to be the seat of authority for the middlewestern metropolis.

"Not for me," he remarked, getting up with a wry face and sitting with a sigh of satisfaction in the old mayor's chair which had been saved from the wreck of the old City Hall and stood alongside. "This old chair is good enough," he commented comfortably, thus making known his decision to sit during his fifth term in the identical chair which he occupied for four terms.

Mr. Harrison called on Mayor Busse at noon. He was accompanied by F. D. Connery, City Clerk, and Charles H. Hermann, a friend. They went into the mayor's private office. Mr. Busse greeted his successor with a smile.

"Welcome to your new quarters," said Mr. Busse. "You see, your picture is already here," pointing to a big frame on the wall where are the portraits of all the men who have served as Chicago's mayor. Mr. Harrison noticed that there were only three empty spaces in the big frame to be filled. "It won't be long before we have too many mayors for that frame," he remarked.

"Oh, don't worry," said Mayor Busse, "that frame will last a long time with a man in office who can be elected five terms."

Mr. Busse showed Mr. Harrison through the mayor's suite, including the bathroom in which Mr. Harrison was much interested. "I acquired the bath habit several years ago and am pretty well provided for at home," Mr. Harrison commented.

After a half hour's talk, the party went down to the Council Chamber. Mr. Busse and Mr. Harrison had a good natured scuffle upon entering the lobby, each insisting that the other take precedence. "You are mayor, you go ahead," Mr. Harrison

insisted and pushed his predecessor in first. They discussed briefly arrangements for the inauguration the following Monday and Mr. Harrison departed.

A few days after he took office he was at lunch with Oscar Mayer, Charley Plamondon, Preston Harrison, Murray Keller, and me. Oscar suggested that he must now appoint a "night mayor." Quick as a flash, the mayor said, "The first man of you who orders a bottle of Vintage Pommery I'll appoint 'night mayor'." Charley Plamondon beat us to it. He ordered the bottle, and was appointed then and there. That appointment was about as important as a fifth wheel on a wagon, but Oscar expected to be appointed. Charley Plamondon beating Oscar to it gave the mayor and the rest of us a good laugh.

One day while at lunch in Vogelsang's, there were present Preston Harrison, John Vogelsang, John Neumeister, Judge Owens, myself, and of course, the mayor. Preston and John Neumeister had some time before undergone appendectomies, and the two were each claiming to have been subjected to the largest scar. Finally, John Neumeister bet Preston a bottle of champagne that his cut was the larger. I had been operated on in February, 1901, for the same trouble, but at that time the surgeons knew less about such operations and made larger incisions than in later years. Feeling certain that I could win that bet, I offered to enter that contest. The mayor whispered to Judge Owens, and remarked, "Now, as I understand it, the one of you three who has the smallest scar will buy a bottle. Are you all willing to have Judge Owens and me be the judges, and agree that our decision is final?"

We all agreed because we felt safe to leave it to the mayor of the city and the county judge, even if one of the

contestants was the brother of the mayor. Being in a private corner of the restaurant, the mayor of the city requested that we show our scars. My scar was wider than either of the other two. I started giving John and Preston the laugh. Then, the mayor and the judge both decided that I had lost the bet. I was amazed and made a few remarks about crooked mayors and judges, but as I had agreed to abide by their decision, I was obliged to buy a quart of champagne.

Later, the mayor explained that crooked decision to me in confidence, "Charley, you know Preston never buys a drink, and you also know that John would attempt to get out of buying that bottle if he lost. We wanted a glass of wine and the surest way to get it, the judge and I decided, was to make you the loser."

"That's fine," said I, "but I wouldn't ever again trust you or the judge with a red hot stove." The mayor got a big kick out of putting it over on me. It was worth a quart of champagne to see and hear him laugh.

Early in July, 1913, the mayor left for his summer home in northern Michigan on a fishing trip. I wrote to him advising him that I had arranged a fish dinner at my home in Glencoe. I mentioned the names of those who would be present, and that we expected he would furnish the fish. I didn't deem it necessary to include his name in that list, but that unintentional oversight won for me a caustic reply. The castigation didn't stop there, for on July 9, 1913, the *Chicago Record-Herald* printed the following article:

**MAYOR ASKED FOR FISH
LEFT OFF GUEST LIST
BY THE SAUNTERER**

A feast of fish, a motor drive along the north shore, and a stag party at Glencoe, after careful preparation and eager anticipa-

tion, came near being cancelled in untimely and unseemly fashion last night because the chief guest insisted that he had not been invited and wouldn't come. For important reasons, the festivities could not proceed without him. Charles H. Hermann, of Glencoe, was giving the party and Mayor Harrison, who has been on a fishing trip, was to furnish the fish. On July 8th Mr. Hermann wrote to the mayor to remind him, "not to come back without fish as almost a dozen will be waiting expectantly to be fed by you on next Tuesday at my house. Those invited are as follows: Hon. Peter Reinberg, Preston Harrison, Maclay Hoyne, Judge Owens, E. E. Ellicott, Emil Demme, John Vogelsang, A. C. Wackenreuter, Oscar F. Mayer, and Charles A. Flamondon."

His Honor, the Mayor, read the communication over several times, looking for his own name among the invited guests and failed to find it. Thereupon he wrote in crooked, indignant lines across the corner of the note what he thought of a man who asked him to supply the fish when his name was not among those expected to be present. He also expressed his hopes as to what might happen to the eleven, including the host, who had failed to write his name. He hoped they would all drink out of a poisoned well or something equally dire.

One C. H. Hermann was duly alarmed, as well as contrite and humble. He dropped all business and other interests and divided his time between the "Complete Letter Writer," a book of etiquette, and the mayor's office. In the course of time his diligence was rewarded. His Honor agreed to overlook the slight that never was intended, and with his fish joined the Glencoe-bound motor party.

Incidentally, Mr. Hermann has learned how to deal with a guest of honor.

That story was wrong in one important respect—the mayor came fishless, but he had some good alibis.

The mayor was a great baseball fan. He attended those games whenever he found that he could conscientiously

spare the time away from his official duties to do so. His "side kicks" at those events were usually Oscar F. Mayer, Charles A. Plamondon, Judge Owens, and myself. Frequently, some one or two of those mentioned could not attend, and occasionally he and I went alone. The mayor was always on hand at the opening game of the season when, as is the custom, the mayor is asked to throw the first ball. Then the newspaper photographers would rush over to his box to get pictures for their morning editions, and of course, the others in his box necessarily were always in the picture. On one such occasion the mayor and I were alone in the box. The next morning the picture appeared in the newspapers. At lunch that day, the mayor remarked, "I see, Charley, that you had your picture in the papers again. I wish sometime you would be considerate enough not to edge out in front of me so that I too might get into the picture."

To that I replied, "Mr. Mayor, you have the wrong slant in the matter. It's me that the public wants to see." Then I was obliged to listen to plenty of good natured heckling from everyone around the luncheon table. It is best that I make no attempt here to repeat all that was said that afternoon.

The sole object in recalling these apparently simple incidents is to cast a sidelight on the ex-mayor. Since 1933 Mr. Harrison has been Collector of Internal Revenue at Chicago. While in his office in the Federal Building shortly after his seventy-sixth birthday, the Hon. Carter H. Harrison seemed much delighted to inform me that he had just received a telegram conveying to him happy birthday greetings from the famous little motion picture star, Shirley Temple.

"Los Angeles, Calif. April 23, 1936 PM 5 28
Honorable Carter H. Harrison
Parkway Hotel.

Dear Mr. Harrison-

I am so glad you are having a birthday too and I hope you have a big cake like mine and blow out all the candles and get your wish, and I hope you have many more happy birthdays too.

Shirley Temple."

In answer to the greeting, Mr. Harrison answered:

April 24, 1936

"My dear Miss Shirley:

Now that you are seven years old I think a gentleman ought to call you "Miss" when he addresses you.

That was an awfully nice telegram you sent me and I am more than ever satisfied I selected as my birthday the day on which St. George and the Dragon, William Shakespeare and Miss Shirley Temple were born. That was one time I was smart!

The telegram was really coming to me for I go to every movie in which you are featured. I wish St. George and the Dragon, William Shakespeare and I could have been in Hollywood yesterday to help you blow out the candles, but you will need us more when you have had as many birthdays as your admiring Fan.

Sincerely,
Carter H. Harrison

Recently after his eighty-third birthday, I wrote to him, and jokingly referred to his apparent popularity in Hollywood. He quickly replied:

May 20th 1943

Dear Charlie:

Here's the story of attached telegrams: The day before my 76th birthday some newspaper boys were in the office asking what I would do on the great day. My answer was: "I'll just celebrate it--It is a great day that ushered into the world St. George and the Dragon, William Shakespeare, Shirley Temple & C. H. H.!"

One of the boys ducked out. I have a hunch for a "hot" to the movie outfit Shirley worked for, got a "bill" for his trouble and the enclosed correspondence followed. The next day the

messages were carried to all of its newspaper members by the Associated Press. Advertising pays! Poor little Shirley, however, never knew what had happened!

Sincerely,
Carter H. Harrison

CHAPTER 25

IT'S A BIT DIFFICULT for an old fan to resist recalling a few baseball incidents that might prove of interest. It so happens that I was not a rabid, but an enthusiastic follower of that great American pastime. From 1890 and for many years thereafter, I enjoyed a close personal acquaintance with many of the outstanding stars of that game, including Captain Adrian Anson, one of the great ball players and ball club managers. For many years he managed the famous Chicago Colts. During the nineties he frequently invited me to sit with him and his players on their bench while watching a game. There were no Babe Ruth salaries paid in those days. The players were paid about ten percent of what ball players of their ability received in later years, but they gave all they had in every game. Individualism was secondary, team play came first. Captain Anson was a hard taskmaster. He played the first "sack," and how! His batting average was always close to the top. He was past middle age when he retired, after establishing a long term as manager of the same club and as a ball player.

Captain Anson developed great ball teams, and many of his players became outstanding stars. Clark Griffith, known as "The Fox," was one of his great pitchers. Clark Griffith and "Big" Bill Lange were two important cogs in Captain Anson's great baseball machine. Recently Bill Leiser, sports writer on the San Francisco *Chronicle*, wrote a story about one of Lange's sensational plays. Shortly after that great catch was made, Hugh Fullerton recounted it to us,

and "Big" Bill himself advised us how he was lucky enough to get out from under that hundred dollar fine.

Baseball fans may be interested to read Bill Leiser's account of that record catch, so we reproduce his story.

THE BEST DAY IN BASEBALL, as Bill Lange remembers it, was requested by friends on the Chicago *Daily News*.

You may not know Big Bill of Millbrae, or "Little Eva," as he was called, though he has been one of us hereabouts for more than 40 years. As a player he was 6 feet 2, weighed 230 pounds and ran like Ty Cobb. Always a leading hitter and the best base runner of the period when he played with Chicago, 1893 to 1899.

At the peak of his baseball career he dropped out of the game, went into business, or he would have piled up records for another 10 years. He'd be in Baseball's Hall of Fame, too. Almost all who know of his accomplishments agree he belongs in the Hall of Fame, though there's some rule about not nominating any player whose work was completed before 1900.

Anyway, Bill says it was a mistake that gave him his best day in baseball, a mistake by his manager, Cap Anson.

The Team was coming down from Boston, going through New York to play Washington. The men reached New York at 8 a.m., and Bill asked Anson what time they'd pull out. Anson answered, "10:30 a.m."

Bill says he went to breakfast with a young actress who was his friend, returned to the station at 10:20 to find the train gone. Anson had been wrong. The train left at 10 a.m.

So the large Mr. Lange paid his own way to Washington. He was late, though they were starting the game at that time at 4 p.m. Bill got himself a horse cab, changed to his uniform on the way to the park, and arrived at about the third inning.

A very mad Cap Anson fined him \$100 right then. He went to the field.

Chicago went into the ninth inning leading, 3 to 2. But Washington put men on first and second with one out, and it got serious.

Clark Griffith was pitching.

Al Selbach, a very hard, if not too high average hitter, caught hold of one. "Over the fence, sure," it was tagged.

Bill Lange didn't have time to take a second look at the ball. He ducked his head and hightailed it for the point where he thought it might go. Upward and sidewise he leaped in ending the desperate sprint, stretching both paws high, and, says Bill, "the ball stuck in my glove as my body knocked a board off the fence."

Lange got the ball back to second in time to double the guy who thought it was a home run ball, sure.

Cap Anson and Clark Griffith were talking when Bill got back in and the manager said, "Well, Lange, I guess you were taking care of yourself after all. The fine's off."

"That," says Bill, "was easily my biggest day. You know \$100 then was like \$1000 now; very, very tough."

In describing the play in *Liberty*, May 12, 1928, Hugh Fullerton states it was the catch to end all catches, far ahead of the many famous ones, such as the noted foul catch by Hugh Jennings, Willie Keeler's catch after running along the top of the slanting fence at Baltimore, and Tris Speaker's catch over the barrier cutting off a home run to save a game at old Red Sox Park. Fullerton saw Lange's "\$100 catch," and relates that to any who did see it it's in a class all by itself.

Asked if he could remember the exact date of the game, Bill said, "No, but I bet Clark Griffith would. He was as happy about it as I was." Perhaps Washington's present owner will remember. Fullerton described the Bill Lange of the late nineties not only great, but good natured, grinning, jovial, friendly, popular, and the "most famous man in baseball."

"Big" Bill Lange, nicknamed "Little Eva," played on Anson's team from the start of 1893 until the end of 1899. "Big" Bill stole over one hundred bases per year, and his fielding and batting averages are still unequalled for consistency. He was, without question, the greatest center-fielder of all time. Unfortunately, he quit the game at the

close of the 1899 season. For reasons unknown, "Baseball's Hall of Fame" for ball players was limited to those who were in the game commencing in 1900. That rule is all that kept "Big" Bill Lange from having his plaque hung in "Baseball's Hall of Fame." Lange was the only star ever to retire at his peak.

Many of his old-time fans, some star players of those days, and such great baseball magnates as Connie Mack and Clark Griffith, have endeavored to have the "powers that be" make an exception in "Big" Bill Lange's case so that his plaque would be hanging among the other baseball greats where it truly belongs. The following is a letter from a noted man, Dudley Field Malone, which well described that great ball player. I am also quoting letters received from Commissioner Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, and from "The Fox," Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington baseball club, the Senators.

San Francisco, Cal.
March 12, 1940

Mr. Sid Mercer, *Sports Editor*
New York Journal, New York City
Dear Sid:

You will probably be surprised to hear from me after this long time but I am now living in San Francisco. However, I want to write to you about Big Bill Lange, the famous outfielder of Pop Anson's Chicago Club.

I was a younger man and a daily Giant rooter through most of the years that Bill Lange played ball. In those days, of course, my natural heroes were George Van Alten and Silent Mike Tiernan, who played in the outfield for the Giants, but the sportsmanship and the great playing of Bill Lange made him a hero even to every Giant rooter. Bill could cover more ground and more gracefully whether he had to race to the back

fence or tear in for a Texas Leaguer or cover the other outfielders than any baseball player I ever saw. I always called him "Twinkle Toes" because, though he was and is about six feet four, his feet always seemed to be in the correct rhythmical movement of a ballet dancer. As a matter of fact, even today Bill Lange is readily noticed on any dance floor as the best man dancer among the crowd, but in addition to this he was a magnificent batsman, as his record will show. He could hit them out or hit them short and even in those days before so many rules, he was always willing to sacrifice his batting average for his team. He could run the bases and get there without spiking anybody, even in those good old rough days, and if he did hurt anybody by accident, he was the sorriest man on the field. He was the great strength of Pop Anson's great team. He was always a manly, laughing sportsmanlike example to the young and old who loved baseball. Even on days when the Giant rooters would throw bottles and other missiles at the Chicago players in heated days of high rivalry, Big Bill Lange could and would always walk across the trailing Giant rooters. I, as one of the still living, old-time lovers of American baseball, think of Big Bill as easily one of the greatest players the game ever had and one who in those early and tough days taught sportsmanship and manners both to the players of his and other teams and to the young and older rooters of the game. My dear Sid, by what he gave to the game as a fielder, batter, inspiration, and gentleman, I think Bill Lange should be recorded in the Baseball Hall of Fame and I wonder if you can urge his recognition, or at least file my opinion with those who choose the immortals.

Please give my affectionate remembrance to your wife and daughter.

Always affectionately yours,

DUDLEY FIELD MALONE

May 7, 1940

My dear Judge:

As busy as you are, I feel that you will be interested in the

matter I am writing to you about because like myself you date back to the old days in baseball.

At the time when the Hall of Fame for baseball stars was suggested, old time fans felt sure that Bill Lange would be included, but were informed that only ball players since 1900 would be selected. "Big Bill" left the game in 1899.

Recently Clark Griffith talked over the radio on the "We, the People" hour and gave it as his opinion that the three greatest ball players he ever knew were "Big Bill" Lange, Ty Cobb and Walter Johnson. I wrote Clark a letter and received a reply, copy of which I enclose herewith.

A friend of mine just forwarded to me from San Francisco copy of letter written by Dudley Field Malone to Sid Mercer, and this friend has included in his letter some clippings showing that there is quite a feeling that "Big Bill" ought to be in the Hall of Fame. I am enclosing the same herewith because I am sure you will be interested in reading them.

If the occasion arises where you can see your way clear to put in a word for "Big Bill" that will help him get that recognition, I hope that you will be good enough to do it.

I am back here and living at the Athletic Club. I expect to be here until about the middle of June, and I hope I will have the pleasure of seeing you before I leave.

With kind regards, I remain

Yours always, (Charles H. Hermann)

Judge Kenesaw M. Landis
333 N. Michigan Avenue

BASEBALL
333 NORTH MICHIGAN AVENUE
CHICAGO, MAY 28, 1940

Mr. Charles H. Hermann
63 E. Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois

Dear Mr. Hermann:

I found your letter at home this morning. Apparently it arrived at the office on time, but for some reason, escaped my

personal attention, and, in some way, got transferred from the office here to the house, where it kept on hiding from me.

They have been on my back about Bill Lange and getting him foot room in the Hall of Fame, etc. All this on the theory that I have had something to do with keeping him out. God knows I have had nothing to do with putting anybody in, and it just dawned on me this morning that I don't even know how they get in. However, I will look into this thing and turn the documents you sent to me over to whoever it is that is entitled to bear the odium of this thing.

LUCK.

Very truly yours,

K. M. Landis

WASHINGTON AMERICAN LEAGUE
BASEBALL CLUB

Offices: 7th St. and Florida Ave. N.W.

Washington, D. C.

May 2, 1940

Mr. Charles Hermann
63 East Adams Street, Chicago, Illinois

Dear Friend Charlie:

I was very much delighted to receive word from you. Sorry I don't get an opportunity to come to Chicago and say hello, but I very seldom make the trips with the Club any more.

Yes, our old friend Bill Lange was certainly a wonderful ball player and he should be included in the Hall of Fame. I have hopes of seeing him in there some of these days, and I am doing a lot of boosting.

Trusting this finds you well, and with lots of good wishes,
I am

Yours most sincerely,

CG:wm

Clark Griffith

Many well known sports writers, including the late Harvey Woodruff, of the *Chicago Tribune*, have in their

respective columns ardently voiced their disappointment that "Big" Bill Lange's name was not included with those selected for "Baseball's Hall of Fame." Waldo P. Breeden, of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, recently wrote an article in his column, quoting that eminent sports authority, Grantland Rice, who in his New York *Sun* column, *The Sportlight*, referred to that flagrant omission. Then, Breeden wrote the following letter to Grantland Rice, who published Breeden's remarks in his column. In addition to Grantland Rice's statement about "Big" Bill Lange, it will be noted that he also included that outstanding pitching star of Chicago's National League Club, Clark Griffith. Clark is now and has for many years been the owner of the Senators. He and Connie Mack are the two "Grand Old Men" of baseball.

OLD-TIME GREATS

Dear Grant:

I was interested in your spiel about Clark Griffith and Connie Mack. On my desk is a nice picture of Clark taken at the time of his seventieth birthday celebration. That is the type of news the public, young and old, like to read.

About Clark—he had an outcurve that didn't drop and he kept it right in around the nameplate. If the outcurve drops the batter can get it from an angle by striking down with it as it breaks; the Clark curve stayed up and went over the bat. Clark was a powerful and timely hitter. Backing him up were the gamest bunch of fine players then to be found: Anson Pfeffer, Williamson, Burns, Lange, Jimmy Ryan (with the blond mustache), Jack Dalrymple, Wilmot, Dibbie Flinn and Pitchers Adonis Terry, Thornton, Billie Hutchison and a swell catcher named Malachi Kittridge.

On the team was a blond giant, half a head taller than Cobb, champion base-stealer, power hitter, who could go further for

a fly than Cobb ever thought of trying to go and whose arm would make Cobb's look like a softball player's. I am referring to Mr. William Lange, who didn't beat out infield hits to swell his average or have the no-time-at-bat on a base on balls that Cobb had.

Mr. Christy Mathewson learned his stuff from some of the old pitchers who had everything—or they didn't even get a chance to pitch—no shine ball, knuckle ball, slider or downer, but everything.

Yours very truly

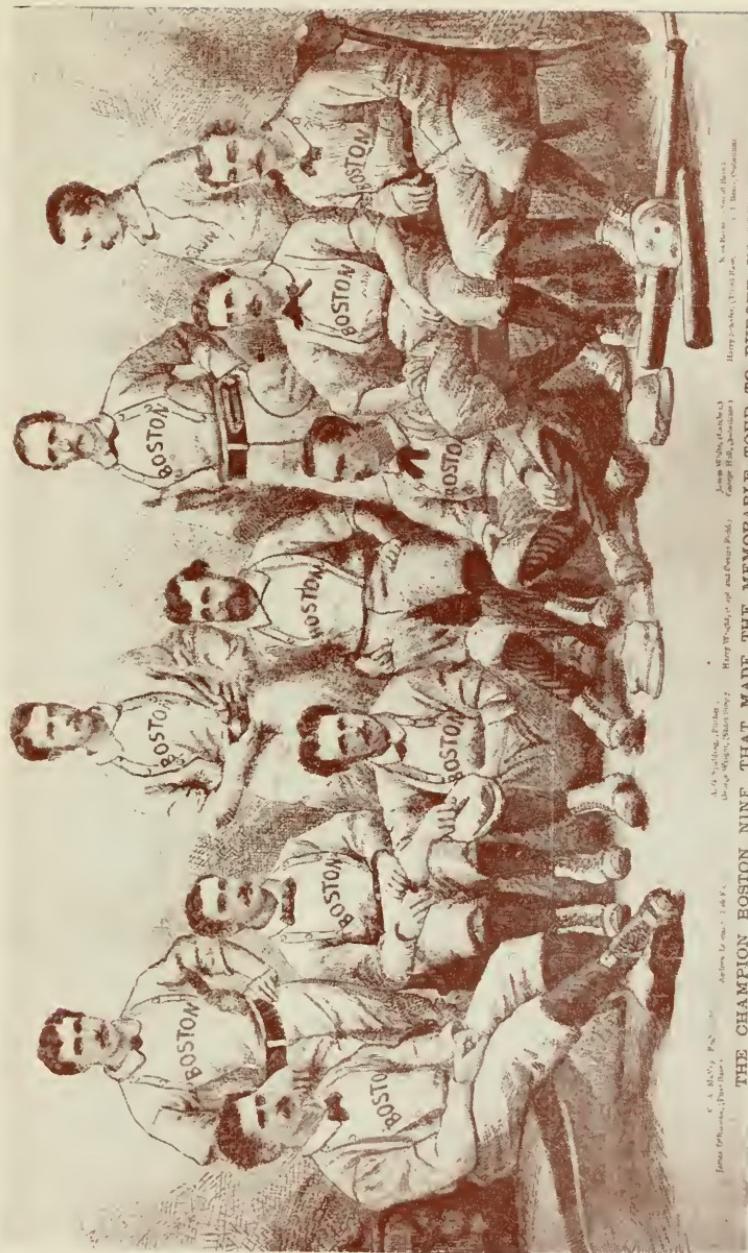
Waldo P. Breeden

While at breakfast one morning with that famous All-American, Judge Kenesaw M. Landis, the Judge intimated that he had met a man in Boston who was said to be the "father" of baseball, named Wright. I maintained that it couldn't have been one of the Wright brothers. When I returned to my home, I looked at a photograph, and I found that in the Cincinnati Red Stocking team as well as the Champion Boston Nine every player had either a full set of whiskers or a large moustache, which made me suspect that the Wright brothers must have been somewhere between twenty-two and twenty-five years of age at the time that print was made, that is, early in 1869.

I wrote to Judge Landis, stating that "If the man that you met was one of those Wright brothers, I would say that he must be ninety or more years of age at this time."

The Judge replied, "It does seem a little hard to figure out that Wright thing, but apparently there is no escape from the proposition that the Boston Wright is the old baseball Wright. At all events, before we wash him off, go slow."

When recalling baseball in Chicago, one just must mention the "Old Roman," Charley Comiskey. He was a one hundred percent Chicagoan, but he played on the St. Louis



THE CHAMPION BOSTON NINE, 1874
Wright Brothers and teammates, *left to right*: O'Rourke, McVey, Leonard, Spalding, George Wright,
Harry Wright, White, Hall, Schafer, Barnes, Beals

CHAMPION BOSTON NINE, 1874

James O'Rourke, Tom Hall,
John Leonard, Dan Barnes,
George Spalding, Harry Wright,
John Schafer, Barnes Beals.

John McVay, Fred White,
Albert Leonard, Dan Barnes,
Henry Wright, Dan Barnes,
George Spalding, Harry Wright,
John Leonard, Tom Hall,

John Schafer, Barnes Beals.

John McVay, Fred White,
Albert Leonard, Dan Barnes,
Henry Wright, Dan Barnes,
George Spalding, Harry Wright,
John Leonard, Tom Hall,

John Schafer, Barnes Beals.

John McVay, Fred White,
Albert Leonard, Dan Barnes,
Henry Wright, Dan Barnes,
George Spalding, Harry Wright,
John Leonard, Tom Hall,

John Schafer, Barnes Beals.



FRANK CHANCE AND JAMES CALLAHAN
Being presented with floral pieces by Mayor Harrison and Governor Dunne

team. Then he took over the St. Paul Club, which didn't turn out so well financially. He returned to his home town at the same time when Ban Johnson came to Chicago to organize the American League. Much of the preliminary work was done in the Great Northern Hotel, and we were often present when the details were discussed. When the organization was well under way, Ban Johnson agreed to hand the Chicago franchise to Charley Comiskey, providing he could obtain a lease on a ball park, and produce ten thousand dollars in cash.

Comiskey obtained a lease on that primitive ball park a couple of blocks south of the present White Sox park, but he lacked some of the cash. He offered me a third interest in that project for three thousand three hundred and thirty-three dollars. I remembered that in 1890 most of the star players in the National League left that circuit to form the Brotherhood League. It was proved then that there wasn't room for two major leagues, because the Brotherhood League didn't last two seasons. I thought I was smart not to accept Comiskey's offer, and it surely proved that I was anything but smart. Charley Comiskey raided the Chicago National League Club of half dozen or more of their good ball players, including one of the Colts' star pitchers, Jim Callahan. He soon succeeded in gathering up a real ball club, and the White Sox proved to be a financial success from the start. Charley Comiskey was a popular leader with the ball fans and the public in general. He rewarded that loyalty by building a new ball park that was unexcelled in the whole country. He kept on making large profits because he had a real fighting ball team, made up of star ball players—a winning, top-notch team—and that's what brought the customers.

Then something terrible happened—something Charley Comiskey never even dreamed could happen to him. The “Black Sox,” consisting of a few key men on his team allowed themselves to be reached by some crooked eastern gamblers. They accepted what they considered to be some easy money, and threw a national championship game to Cincinnati. Because they went “haywire,” it ruined those few erstwhile star ball players for life, but it broke Charley Comiskey’s heart. He never recovered from that blow. If I’m not mistaken, it was the now-famous Westbrook Pegler who uncovered that dirty work. He was then a sports writer on a Chicago newspaper. Charley Comiskey was not entitled to be the victim of such a crooked deal. He did much for that great American game, and until that unfortunate break, created more interest in baseball than any other club owner.

In the beginning of the 1898 baseball season, I went out to watch Anson’s Colts play from the players’ bench. “Big” Bill Lange introduced me to a green rookie. He was slightly bowlegged, but big and husky. Bill told me that he had been playing ball with local clubs out in Lange’s home state, California, and when not playing ball, he worked in orange groves as a picker. He said that he had watched him play and believed he had the makings of a good ball player. He brought him to Chicago with him and induced Captain Anson to give him a tryout. His name was Frank Chance. Anson gave him a real tryout, and soon used him as his understudy at playing first base. Frank Chance turned out to be a great “find.” He was a real fielder and batter—a smart player.

When Captain Anson retired from baseball, he opened a large billiard hall and bowling alley on Madison Street

just west of Clark Street. He was succeeded as manager of the Colts by Tom Burns, who had been one of Anson's star players in the early eighties. Tom Burns tackled a tough job to follow a man with Anson's ability as manager, but Frank Chance became a fixture in the position of covering the first bag. When James Hart, owner of the Colts sold out to Charles W. Murphy, Frank Chance was made playing manager of the Colts, and he developed it into the wonder ball team of the nation. "From Tinker to Evers to Chance" was then and is to this day a by-word. Frank Chance could lick any member on his team. They all respected him, and he got from his players what was necessary to win ball games, namely consistent team play, with the result that his Colts, later named the Cubs, won many pennants and some national championships. Frank Chance was forced to quit the game on account of ill health. When he had practically regained his health, he was made manager of the New York Yankees. In the meantime, Jim Callahan had quit playing with the White Sox, but the same season that Frank Chance became manager of the Yankees, Charley Comiskey took Jim Callahan back as manager of the White Sox. The first game between Chance's Yankees and the White Sox was played at Comiskey Park. Charley Comiskey informed me that Chance and Callahan would be presented with large floral pieces before the game. He said it would be a big day, and he would like Mayor Harrison to be at the game and present those floral pieces. Mayor Harrison and Governor Dunne had become friendly again. I knew that the governor would be in Chicago on that day, so I assured Charley Comiskey that I would convey his invitations to the mayor and the governor. Both accepted with pleasure and were there to make

the presentations. Comiskey Park was packed to the gates. It was truly a great and deserving tribute to those two club managers, but particularly to Frank Chance.

Unfortunately, Chance's illness came back on him, and he was again forced to quit baseball, and he passed away soon thereafter. His demise was a big loss to that great game—baseball.

CHAPTER 26

IN 1913, THE TAXICAB situation in Chicago became serious, and had to be worked out with the cooperation of Mayor Harrison. When the Hotel LaSalle was projected, we were asked to subscribe to some of the preferred stock, and we bought one hundred shares. The hotel was doing a good business, but in the spring of 1913, the manager, George Gazely came to my office with a long face. "Mr. Hermann," he said, "the Walden-Shaw Company has been furnishing the hotel with good cab service. It would be a blow to us to lose that service, and it looks like we are going to lose it. John Hertz came to me and said that they were operating at a loss, and must throw up the sponge unless they can get the City Council to permit them to raise their rates. He said that he believes that the Council will act favorably, but that the mayor will veto such an ordinance. Hertz would like to see you about that matter this morning, and has asked me to arrange for an appointment with you. I hope you will be good enough to see him and listen to what he has to say."

I replied, "Gazely, the mayor doesn't ask advice from the likes of me on matters of that nature. I can't promise to be of any help, but if Mr. Hertz, whom I don't know, wants to come here, I'll be glad to talk with him."

Gazely said, "That's all I want, and I'll thank you if you'll listen to what Hertz has to say, and if you can be of help in that matter, it will surely mean much to the Hotel LaSalle."

It seemed that John Hertz must have been waiting nearby, for in less than thirty minutes he was in my office. He unfolded his logical story, and informed me that Chicago was not yet taxicab minded. In other cities like London, Paris, and New York, taxicabs could be hailed anywhere on the street when empty and would pick up fares. He said, "In Chicago, a party will engage one of our cabs to take them to South Shore Country Club, the Edgewater Beach Hotel, or some other distant point and return without picking up a passenger. That condition is what broke our predecessors. We have been operating at a loss, and I'm telling you confidentially that we can't go any further unless we can get an increase in rates to stay in effect until such time as our cabs can get passengers on their return trips. When that condition prevails, we will voluntarily reduce our rates. If the City Council does not enact an ordinance to allow us to make a fair increase in our rates, we are through, and Chicago will again be without a taxicab service."

I assured John Hertz that I agreed with what he said, and sincerely hoped that he would succeed in getting what he was after, but I couldn't see where I could be of any help to him.

To that he replied, "Mr. Hermann, I have taken this matter up with several aldermen, and I feel quite certain that we can succeed in getting such an ordinance passed, but all seem to think that Mayor Harrison will veto it, so we cannot get anywhere unless we have the mayor's assurance that he will sign such a bill. Now, I am wondering if you could see your way clear to explain our troubles to the mayor and try to obtain that assurance from him." I thought that request over for a while, and then advised

John Hertz that I didn't believe that I could be of much help to him, but I agreed to try it. I informed him that Mayor Harrison was at his Huron Mountain summer home, and would return to Chicago the following Monday; and also, that I expected to be at lunch with the mayor and would then talk with him about the matter. I suggested that John Hertz come and see me Monday afternoon.

Although resolved to attempt to do what I had promised, I ran into a bad start. The situation was funny, but the laugh was on me. Mayor Harrison arrived for lunch, but he seemed to be disturbed about some trivial matter. When he sat down he started complaining about having been overcharged by a taxicab driver. Mayor Harrison was always conservative, to say the least, when it came to spending money. He opened up and told us that it was a shame that Chicago couldn't have taxicab service at a fair price. He said, "I took a taxicab from the Northwestern Station to my home at Rush and Ohio Streets, and for that short run the charge was a dollar and a quarter. Seventy-five cents would have been plenty to charge."

That put me on the spot—I was intending to ask him to permit the City Council to increase the taxicab rates. I couldn't help but burst into a loud laugh. Then the mayor asked, "What's the matter with you?"

"Plenty," I replied, "and you'll laugh too when I explain to you what I'm laughing about. Let's have our lunch first, and I'll tell you about it confidentially later." The mayor got no sympathy about the taxicab overcharge, and the subject was changed.

After lunch I went with him to his office, and on the way I told him frankly that I wanted to talk with him about the taxicab situation. When we arrived at his office,

I asked him if he would have preferred to carry his suitcase and walk home or pay a dollar and a quarter for a taxicab. His reply was, "What are you driving at?"

I fully explained the conditions to him, telling him about previous taxicab concerns going broke, and assuring him that unless the rates were raised temporarily the Walden-Shaw Company would "fold up." I told him, "That will not only make you walk from the station to your home, but it will be a 'knock' to Chicago as hotel guests will have no way of obtaining up-to-date transportation which should be available in a big city like Chicago."

The mayor had his eyes opened and seeing the point, agreed that, as a temporary remedy, he might not be against such an ordinance, but he first wanted me to furnish him with further facts and figures if I could obtain them. I did some quick thinking and told him that that was a matter to be investigated by the Chicago Association of Commerce. Being active in the work of that association and a member of the committee, I broached that subject to them, advising them of all details in connection with the taxicab situation, including my talk with the mayor. The committee ruled it was a subject that would first have to be acted upon by the local committee. It was sent there and a special committee of three was appointed for the purpose of making a thorough investigation. I was made chairman and the other two members, being left to my choice, I recommended the appointment of Henry Paulman, a prominent automobile distributor, and John Vogelsang, owner of a large and popular restaurant. We were furnished with a secretary and a stenographer. We rented a room at the old Palmer House. There we called in the principals of those concerns operating taxicabs. We obtained a detailed report

of their investments, general expenses, and complete, detailed operating costs. We wrote for information relative to experience in connection with the operation of taxicabs in other large cities, including London, Paris, and New York. That placed us in the position of completing a comprehensive report on the taxicab business on November 11, 1913, on which date that report was sent to Mayor Harrison by the Chicago Association of Commerce, stating that it was the report of the special committee which had made that investigation, and was being sent to him with the unanimous approval of the local (convention bureau) committee and also the executive committee of the Association.

The City Council passed that ordinance and the mayor signed it. The taxicab business was conducted by able executives. Charles A. McCollough had been general manager for many years of that pioneer and prominent Parmelee Transfer Company. With the passing on of the Parmeleys, John C. Schaeffer, owner and publisher of the Chicago *Evening Post*, became the principal owner of the Parmelee Company, but Charles A. McCollough bought him out and became the owner as well as general manager. Under the shrewd management of John D. Hertz, who by the way, adopted the idea of the yellow cab, which later became national, the Walden-Shaw Company prospered. Chicago was supplied with the best taxicab service in the country, and the rates have been reduced to a low price comparable to any in the country. In due time, of course, Chicago would have been supplied with an adequate taxicab service, but it is certain that such service would have been delayed for at least two or more years, if that ordinance had not been passed, and the Walden-Shaw Company had been forced out of business.

WHEN I BEGAN to jot down these recollections I earnestly hoped that it would not be necessary to touch on the subject of vice. Too much has already been written along that line to the discredit of Chicago, conveying the impression that this city had a monopoly on vice, which it certainly had not, but as this will constitute the "finishing touch," it may be permissible to divulge three interesting incidents that led to the cleaning up of segregated commercial vice in Chicago.

Chapin & Gore was one of two concerns that were the largest distributors of imported champagnes. One day our credit man came into my office, and told me that a stylishly dressed lady had driven up to our place of business on Adams Street, and placed an order for champagne to the amount of over fifteen hundred dollars. He said that she wished to open an account with our house, that she said she paid her bills promptly before the fifth of each month, and gave Marshall Field and Company as her reference. He did not care to take the responsibility for that account, and preferred to bring her into my office so that I could decide about extending credit to her. The credit man had a sly grin on his face, and said, "Look out of that window and get a 'slant' at the fancy outfit she drove up in." I asked him to bring her in because I had my own suspicions as to who she was, which were verified when I saw the name on the order. Murray Keller, western representative for Pommery Champagne, had previously related to me the

history of the Everleigh sisters. The credit man came in and introduced me to Ada Everleigh. She was a very well educated woman. She was very businesslike, and except for her expensive clothes and all her diamonds, no one would suspect her of being a "queen" of vice. Credit was extended to her, and her account ran from two to five thousand dollars per month. Promptly on the third of each month she called at our office and handed to our cashier a check in full for her account.

During the 1907 panic, one day she handed her check into the cashier's window, she stepped into my office, and stated that she would like some advice from me. She always acted very ladylike. I asked her to have a chair, and then she told me her troubles. "Mr. Hermann, in my business I require a lot of cash on hand for cashing checks. Now that the panic is on, the banks refuse to give me the amount of cash I require. I was wondering if it wouldn't be advisable for us to draw out all of our deposits and place the money in a safety box?"

"Before I can answer your question, I would like you to tell me what bank you deal with and the amount of your balance."

She said, "We have accounts at three banks. Our commercial account is with the Fort Dearborn Bank, and there we carry an average balance of close to forty thousand dollars. Then we have a savings account with the First Trust and Savings Bank where our balance today is one hundred and twenty thousand dollars. Our other savings account is with the Illinois Trust and Savings Bank where our balance is eighty thousand dollars."

For a moment, I was speechless and then I said: "Miss Everleigh, you have probably talked with the teller. You

go back and tell the cashier, or preferably the president of the bank what you have just told me, and I'm sure you'll get all the cash you need, but I certainly would not advise you to withdraw your money from those banks. They are as safe as the United States Treasury. If even a small percentage of large depositors were to withdraw their accounts from the banks under the present conditions, it might cause still more serious financial troubles. I am sure you wouldn't care to be the cause of anything like that."

She said, "I see what you mean. I'll have a talk with the head of the bank." She did, and left her money with the banks. If she had insisted on it, of course, the banks would have had to give her that money, but under those panic conditions, withdrawing such large sums might have proved harmful to those banks. When adding up those sums deposited in three banks, I was astounded at that high finance from such a source.

The other two incidents referred to deal with the cleaning up of vice conditions.

It was in 1909 that two men came to me and inquired about John E. W. Wayman. One was a lawyer in good standing, and the other was Charley Furthman, a young man, rather smart, but without visible means of support. His father had been an assistant state's attorney under Grinnell, and I knew the father well. Answering their question, I said, "Smith and Wallace do what law business we have, and John Wayman is a junior partner in that firm. I don't know anything about him and have only a bowing acquaintance with him."

They then told me that, in their opinion, Wayman would be a good candidate for the nomination for state's attorney in the coming campaign. I disagreed with them, saying

that, while he looked like a clean-cut young man, he was without sufficient experience and entirely unknown. Charley Furthman insisted that there were certain ways in which I could help Wayman, and with that help they felt sure they could put him over. Later, they brought Wayman to my house, and finally, I "fell" for him. I contributed to his campaign and raised a considerable further sum among my friends. I discovered that he was a good speaker, logical, and made a good impression. I was able to arrange for him to address a large meeting. I gave him the use of my car and chauffeur. Charley Furthman and his lawyer friend organized a campaign committee that did a good job politically. John E. W. Wayman was nominated and elected by a scant margin to the important office of state's attorney. Wayman turned out to be a rather thoughtless and ungrateful fellow. Evidently that victory went to his head. That was the opinion of Charley Furthman's lawyer friend, who was a high class man and stood well in his profession. After Wayman's election I never saw him again. Furthman was well taken care of. I am sure that what I did to help Wayman had considerable to do with his nomination and election. It was John E. W. Wayman who put the finishing touches on completely breaking up Chicago's commercial vice district. Mayor Harrison had previously chased the "Madams" out of the district close to the Loop and later issued the sensational order to close the notorious Everleigh Club. He was preparing to also close Vic Shaw's place, but Wayman beat him to it. Shortly after Wayman made his successful drive against vice, he committed suicide by shooting himself.

Mayor Harrison was not a Puritan, but he was a practical reformer. He always exerted his best efforts toward

cleaning up the vicious elements. He realized that segregated vice meant corruption among certain politicians and police. On the other hand, he feared the closing of the segregated district meant the spreading of vice conditions to many decent neighborhoods. Eventually, the mayor seemed to have concluded that he would do something about that matter regardless of political consequences to himself.

One day while at lunch, Mayor Harrison remarked that Comiskey Park had been fitted up with an electric lighting system, and that the first night game would be played by the White Sox in the near future. He suggested that Charley Plamondon and I should join him in watching that first night baseball game, provided that I would supply my automobile and chauffeur. It was an interesting sight, but after six or seven innings, a light rain fell, and we left for home. When we arrived at 22nd Street, Charley Plamondon and I were both surprised at the mayor's request that I order my chauffeur to drive slowly up Dearborn Street, then on Armour Avenue, and back again. I said, "Mr. Mayor, you may not care what becomes of you, but Charley and I can't afford to be seen roaming around in this district."

To that he replied, "I didn't suggest driving here to be seen. I want to see what's going on around these parts at night." That is all he imparted to us, and neither Charley nor I had the slightest suspicion of what was in the mayor's mind. One morning about one week after this incident, I was called over the telephone by Charley Fitzmorris who requested me to hold the line, saying the mayor wanted to talk to me. The mayor said that Oscar Mayer was in his office, that Oscar had brought his car and chauffeur, and

would I go riding with them. If so, they would call for me in fifteen minutes. I agreed to go, but wanted to know where they intended riding. The mayor said he'd tell me later, and in fifteen minutes Oscar's car pulled up to our office on Adams Street. Oscar sat in front with the chauffeur and the mayor sat alone in the rear seat. I got in and advised the mayor that I had a little money and some jewelry on me, and that I'd like to know where I was being taken. He said, "Charley, I can't trust you because you talk too much, but I'll agree to give you the 'dope' after we cross 31st Street." When we arrived at 31st Street, he said, "We are driving out to Palos Park to do some target shooting, and then we'll have a real 'spread.' There will be quite a crowd there—Judge Kickham Scanlon, Judge Charles McDonald, Judge Kersten, and at least fifteen more of our friends. We'll have a big day, but my real reason for going out there is that I must be away from my office for one full day. Now, I'll inform you that I have issued an order to close the Everleigh Club, and if I should be in my office 'The Bath' and 'Hinky Dink' will be on my neck, and it would mean a hard argument. I want that order executed, and that place closed tight for twenty-four hours before any of those fellows can get to me. I have decided to close it for good and Vic Shaw's place is next on the list."

As an innocent bystander, I had become implicated in the "clean up" movements promulgated by Mayor Harrison and State's Attorney Wayman.

The Hon. Carter H. Harrison served in France with the Red Cross for the duration of World War I, and was decorated by the French Republic for valiant services rendered. For the past ten years or more he has been and still is the Collector of Internal Revenue at Chicago. After

his book *Stormy Years* was published I wrote to him calling his attention to another recently published book that dealt principally with vice and carried a yarn about Mayor Harrison's closing of the Everleigh Club. I received a reply from him which is interesting because it demonstrates the handicap that was placed in his way, even by the high officials of his police department. Inasmuch as he inquired about George Ade, I mailed Mr. Harrison's letter to George Ade, knowing that he would be interested in reading it. His letter and George Ade's reply follow:

June 14, 1937

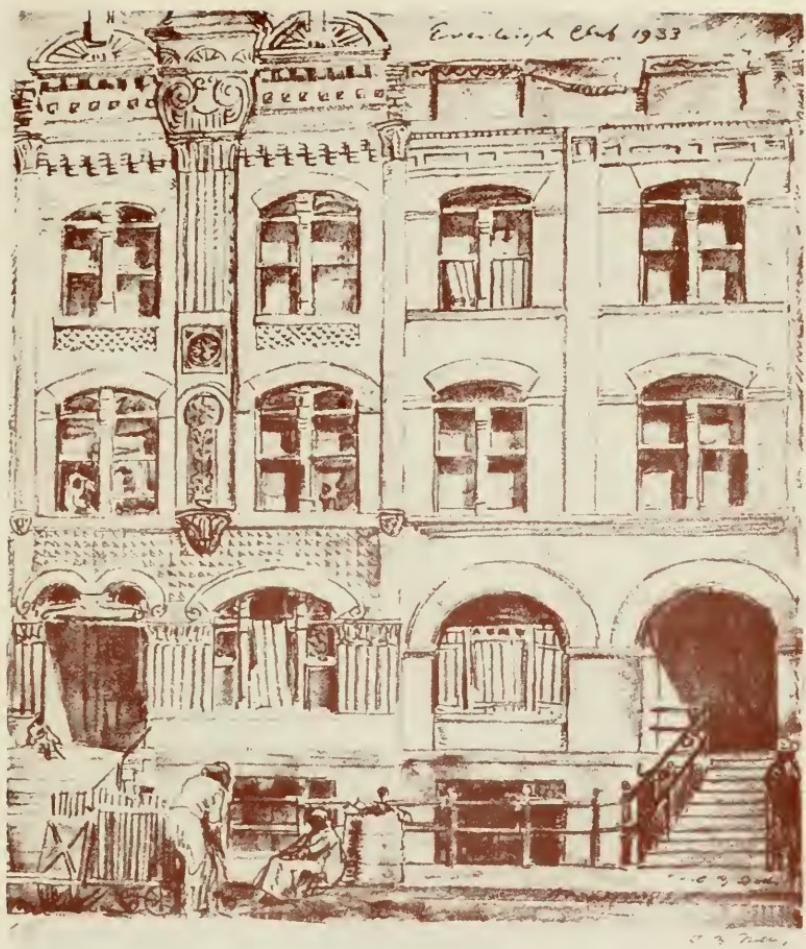
Mr. Chas. H. Hermann
63 E. Adams Street
Chicago, Illinois

Dear Charlie:

Thanks for the high class literature you sent me! Glancing through it I would size it up as a typical reporter's yarn padded out to make a good sized book.

How did your name escape?

One place where the writer of the book is way off is in suggesting the closing had been subject of gossip for some time. Not a human being had even an inkling of an idea the thing was coming off until the axe fell. I made up my mind to close the dump but never mentioned it to a living being. That is the absolute truth. Outside of an occasional joshing of some member of the luncheon crowd, I never mentioned the club nor the sisters. Vic Shaw was the doll I especially gunned for. I kept the news locked in my own brain until I handed the order *written by my own hand* to the Chief. I did not trust it even to John Kelley, my personal stenographer, for fear there might be a leak. Neither Chief McWeeny, Inspector John Wheeler, nor Capt. Pat Harding would issue the order personally. Each passed it on to his secretary. And it was not long before each one got his walking papers!



EVERLEIGH CLUB

Reproduction from drawing made in 1933, nearly twenty years after that notorious house was closed by order of Mayor Harrison



PINKERTON'S NATIONAL MINSTRELS

Reproduced from Comic print made in the early "seventies"

Left to right: Robert A. Pinkerton, Robert J. Linden, David Robertson, J. G. Horn, Allan Pinkerton, Colored Porter, George H. Bangs, Frank Warner, William A. Pinkerton

How is George Ade? I have not seen him for years, though I run into his old side partner, John McCutcheon, once in a while.

Sincerely,

Carter H.

June 20, 1937

Carter H. Harrison,
2100 Lincoln Park West,
Chicago, Illinois.

Dear Mr. Harrison:

The one and only Charley Hermann has sent to me for reading your letter to him and I note in it an inquiry regarding me. Therefore, I take the liberty of reporting that I am up and about although not very athletic since my serious illness of last fall. I am living very quietly at my country home and do not get into Chicago very frequently. When I knew the place your esteemed father was Mayor and I knew the old bailiwick from one end to the other. Now it has outgrown me and is so stupendous and noisy that it scares me.

I have been interested to learn from your letter some of the "inside stuff" in connection with the clamping down on the somewhat famous institution described in the book Charley sent to you. It was certainly a gorgeous and prospering establishment and I can understand why you had to go carefully and work against opposition when you decided to get rid of it. Under all of the circumstances, you were compelled to do just what you did and you made a good job of it.

I have read your book with great interest. Inasmuch as I have kept rather close tab on Chicago since 1890 it happens that I came in contact with a great many of the people mentioned in your book. Your story is mighty interesting and very fair minded.

I am, with best wishes,

Sincerely,

George Ade

CHAPTER 28

THE GREAT EASTERN cities, being Atlantic coast ports, were naturals to become large population centers. They received a tribute on importations from the rest of the country on merchandise that passed through their ports. Chicago's growth seemed to be of the mushroom type. The town was built up to a great city by rugged individuals who gamely fought their way through handicaps and what appeared to be unsurmountable difficulties. They were real he-men who never shied away from taking tremendous risks, always willing to take a chance, with the result that great industries developed. Chicago took the lead in packing houses, farm implements, as the world's grain mart, enormous merchandising concerns, and in architecture. Skyscrapers of steel construction were devised and first built in Chicago.

Up to and into the nineties Chicago was still to some extent a frontier town. That vice, gambling, and crooked politics prevailed there cannot be denied, but it is unfair to emphasize that as strongly as it has been by some publications whose object was to supply something sensational. The city was well on the way to being cleaned up if it had not been for the enactment of that noble experiment, the since discarded Eighteenth Amendment.

There is no need of going into the extensive details of what prohibition did to Chicago. The results are too well known, not alone to Chicagoans, but to the world. Brothel keepers, pimps, pickpockets, gangsters, gunmen, and

crooks who before that Eighteenth Amendment were limited to petty larceny pickings, soon foresaw their opportunity for reaping huge profits that ran into many millions of dollars by turning to and concentrating on bootlegging. That put those former underworld piker law breakers into the big money with such tremendous resources at their command that it naturally placed them in position to often control elections in certain districts and to bribe crooked politicians and police officials. That lawless condition was not limited to Chicago. Many other sections of the country suffered likewise, but I am writing only about Chicago.

The Chicago Association of Commerce realized the gravity of what was going on and what it meant to Chicago, and did much toward helping to solve it. At first the famous "Secret Six" went to work courageously at the job of cleaning up law breakers. Later the executive committee of the Chicago Association of Commerce, of which I was a member, appointed a committee of five, which was increased to fifteen, for the purpose of organizing a commission to battle crime, with the result that the great and efficient Chicago Crime Commission was created. The big problem that confronted us was to find a capable man with plenty of intestinal fortitude, one whom all law enforcement agencies would respect, who thoroughly understood our objective so as to be able to set up the necessary machinery for such a permanent organization, and who would take the active lead in the hazardous work ahead. To find the man with such qualifications was the chief problem. At the beginning of our undertaking such a man would mean either its success or failure. The Committee of Fifteen gave it much thought. Finally at a meeting of that committee at the Union League Club, at which Rufus Abbott presided,

I proposed and strongly urged Colonel Henry Barrett Chamberlin for that job. After a thorough investigation, he was appointed. Colonel Chamberlin accepted and conclusively proved to be just the man we needed, for he did an outstanding job and served for many years as the managing director of the Chicago Crime Commission until his death in 1941. Colonel Henry Barrett Chamberlin had been a noted newspaper man. He was managing editor of the Chicago *Record-Herald*. He was a fearless man of unusual ability. He realized the seriousness of his new undertaking, and went to work at it in real earnest and with all of his might. The principal credit for creating from scratch the methods and details of the Chicago Crime Commission belongs to him. Commencing in 1919, I spent the winters in California, and therefore, I was later obliged to resign as a member of the committee of the Crime Commission.

The letter accepting my resignation was mailed to me in California. Naturally, President Gore's complimentary remarks are highly appreciated, but I still believe some were more favorable than I deserved. My most valuable contribution to the Chicago Crime Commission was the act of proposing, securing the appointment, and then obtaining the acceptance by Colonel Henry Barrett Chamberlin to act as managing director of the Commission.

CHICAGO CRIME COMMISSION
organized by
THE CHICAGO ASSOCIATION OF COMMERCE
300 West Adams Street

September One, 1927

My dear Mr. Hermann:

Your letter of July 26th was read to the Executive Committee

of the Chicago Crime Commission at its meeting of August 25, and on motion of Mr. Gustave F. Fischer, seconded by Major George A. Paddick, your resignation was accepted with regret.

In putting the motion to accept your resignation, President Gore said, among other things, "For the benefit of those who might not know Mr. Hermann, I may say that he was one of the first members of the Commisison as well as one of the most useful and enthusiastic. If he were in Chicago now no more valuable man could be had. Personally, I sincerely regret the apparent necessity for his withdrawal. I will entertain a motion accepting his resignation with words of appreciation for his valuable services."

The Operating Director was instructed to communicate the action of the Committee to Mr. Hermann and to express to him its appreciation of his activities and efforts at the time of organization and to assure him that the membership was appreciative of the things that he had done to make effective the work of the commission.

Henry Barrett Chamberlin
Operating Director

CHAPTER 29

WHEN LOOKING out over that great expanse of fresh water comprising the finest inland lake in the whole world and Chicago's greatest asset, Lake Michigan, many folks of the past generation must wonder what has become of the numerous excursion steamboats and the regular passenger and freight traffic that has in recent years practically gone out of existence. Aside from a few small independent concerns, there were several large, old established transportation companies that operated their steamboat lines on regular schedules to many points in Michigan and Wisconsin. Aside from that needed service in the way of passenger and freight traffic, the steamboats during the warm summer months also furnished a considerable source of pleasure to a multitude of excursionists. In fact, those steamboats constituted an important asset to Chicago and other cities located on the shores of Lake Michigan.

It may surprise many to learn that the old established transportation companies that were sound enterprises rendering much-needed services and rated as an important part of Chicago's business institutions, were driven out of existence by what is today termed liberal legislation. That law was introduced by the first Senator Robert LaFollette, of Wisconsin. Labor leaders were behind it, and the senator, being a progressive, introduced the act and worked for it until it was passed and became a law. That senator's intentions may have been good as a "do-gooder," but no doubt labor politics played its part. The owners and employers,

as usual, were helpless. They and the unsuspecting public had that unreasonable, impractical, and devastating act put over on them. As is usually the case, there were some labor grievances at the time that needed correction, but such alleged liberal legislation unfortunately goes to the extreme and fails to accord justice or consideration for the other side. The LaFollette-Seaman's Act went so far that it turned out bad for labor, and ruined the steamboat business of the United States. It was enforced long enough to drive many such transportation companies out of business. In later years, I believe it was either amended or was not enforced in order to rebuild to some extent the business of transportation via water. That law, which also contained a "featherbed" clause, was so severe that operation under it was, in most cases, practically impossible except at a loss.

The Goodrich Transit Company was started not many years after Chicago became a corporate city. It grew to be the largest inland steamboat line in America. It owned extensive docks, freight houses, and its executive office building on the river front just east of Michigan Avenue. Its fleet consisted of ten big steamboats, the largest of which was the famous "Whaleback." The company owned one steel ship that was an ice-breaker, named "Nevada." That steamboat carried freight all winter. Some of the other boats carried freight during the winter months. The Goodrich Line's excursion business started each year on Decoration Day and finished on Labor Day. When the fleet was ready early in each spring, the United States Government would send inspectors to examine each ship. After such inspection, the company received its permit for each ship, such permit containing explicit orders as to the number of passengers each ship would be permitted to carry.

As an example of what the LaFollette Act did to the Goodrich Transit Company's business, we'll take the case of the Whaleback. That ship plied exclusively between Chicago and Milwaukee. It operated never over five miles from shore, and it was equipped with radio and all necessary safety devices. It was an unsinkable ship. Accordingly, the government inspectors permitted that ship to carry up to thirty-eight hundred passengers. When the LaFollette Act was passed, its "featherbed" clause provided for a considerable duplication of crew who, for most of the time, stood idly by and took up space. Also, that act provided that the ship must install such an unreasonable and entirely unnecessary amount of life-saving material and life boats that the ship's deck space was considerably clogged with it. After those provisions were complied with, the government inspectors were forced to limit the number of passengers that the Whaleback could carry to about one-half the number the ship was permitted to carry before the LaFollette Act was enacted.

Also, the passenger end of the steamboat business was seasonal. As already stated, it started on Decoration Day and ended on Labor Day. Consequently, in the spring the company would hire additional crews for the different ships of the fleet and after Labor Day such surplus crews were necessarily laid off. The men were satisfied with that arrangement. The company, of course, picked those best fitted for the job and sometimes a man with one season's experience was better than some who had four years experience. But the LaFollette law would not permit the company to employ anyone as a seaman unless he had had four years experience. That condition made it difficult and expensive to assemble the necessary crews.

The Goodrich Transit Company, naturally, was forced to operate at a loss, and in time its indebtedness to the banks became topheavy. Something had to be done, so A. W. Goodrich, the president of the company, decided to resort to selling an issue of preferred stock in the Goodrich Transit Company with the hope of continuing the operations of that important concern that had been established by his father more than a half century before the LaFollette-Seamen's Act was enacted. A. W. Goodrich, the son of the founder of that steamship line, had managed the affairs of that concern successfully for many years. He was practically the sole owner, and did not wish to sell the preferred stock issue to the public. Accordingly, he invited about twenty of his close friends to a dinner with him. At that dinner he explained the corporation's situation and his conclusion to sell the preferred stock issue. After he presented all of the facts to those present, of whom I happened to be one, the entire issue was purchased by his friends. A new Board of Directors was elected and five of the seven members of that Board were picked from the purchasers of the preferred stock, namely: B. M. Winston, F. L. Whitcomb, W. L. Phelps, C. H. Hermann, A. A. Sprague II. The other two directors were A. W. Goodrich, the president and H. W. Thorp, the vice president. With the careful management of the officers, together with the active aid and advice of the Board of Directors, the corporation managed to weather the storm. About two years later, in 1914, World War I was started in Europe. The Russian government needed ice-breaking steel ships and purchased the Nevada from the Goodrich Transit Company for the sum of six hundred thousand dollars. That was about two hundred thousand dollars more than the Nevada originally

cost. While that ship was needed by the company, it was decided that so was the big sum of money. The corporation was now clear of all indebtedness, and while under the drastic conditions of that new law, profit prospects were not bright, but the company was in position to continue as long or longer than any of its competitors, and could manage to hold its own.

In 1915 the terrible catastrophe occurred. A large manufacturing concern employing many thousands of men and women decided to give its employees a gala outing by chartering an excursion boat (from a Goodrich line competitor) for an excursion on Lake Michigan. A full day's outing with an ample supply of food and refreshments was provided at that concern's expense. It was a fine thought and a noble act, and it should be noted here that its turning out so sadly was not the fault of that great Chicago concern. That catastrophe, however, could have been averted because it was a known fact that the steamship's upper structure was topheavy, and therefore, its passenger-carrying capacity should have been limited to a considerably smaller number of passengers than those that boarded the "Eastland" at the Clark Street bridge on that occasion. The extreme weight lowered that ship until it rested on its keel on the river bed and when too many of those unfortunate excursionists crowded to one side of that ship, it turned over and more than eight hundred were drowned. It was the worst steamship disaster ever experienced in Chicago, and naturally, ruined the passenger business for all of the other steamship lines. A meeting of the Board of Directors of the Goodrich Transit Company was immediately called. That session had all of the earmarks of a coroner's inquest. Every one of us realized the seriousness of the situation and

all, including the executive officers, seemed helpless. Finally a thought struck me, and I asked a question that had to be answered by Goodrich and Thorp. The thought that had come to my mind was that the only thing we could do was to prove that the Whaleback could not be tipped over or sunk. So I asked, "If the Whaleback were fully loaded with passengers and all of them went to one side of that ship, would it tip?" Both Goodrich and Thorp immediately answered no. "Well," said I, "then we must without delay, but with plenty of publicity, make such a demonstration."

They all wondered where we could get such a large number of passengers to which I replied, "The average weight of passengers should be about one hundred and fifty pounds. Then let us get some passengers, including a band of music, and fill out the balance with sacks of sand weighing a hundred and fifty pounds each. I will try to get some prominent city officials to accept such an invitation. It will be a notable event and will make a front page story. I think I know a managing editor who will fall for it. I only hope Goodrich and Thorp are correct in saying that such a test can be made safely." They again assured me on that point, so it was decided to arrange for the sacks of sand, a band, and other details. I was to report about which leading paper would print the advance story of what the Goodrich Transit Company was arranging to do.

Arthur Brisbane came to Chicago and invited Dennis Kelly, then general manager of Mandel Brothers Department Store, to have lunch with him. The following day Dennis Kelly and I were to play golf. Kelly called me up to say he would bring a guest. When we arrived at Exmoor, Kelly introduced me to Charley Stanton, the new manag-

ing editor of Hearst's *Morning Examiner*. We spent a happy afternoon, and Stanton seemed like a good fellow. Kelly informed me that Arthur Brisbane had asked Kelly to introduce Stanton to some of his friends as Stanton was a stranger in Chicago. Well, we took Stanton in and gave him several pleasant afternoons, and he and I became good friends. After that Director's meeting, I called up Stanton for a golf game the next day. He accepted and I called for him in my car. After a pleasant afternoon I drove him to his office. On the way I told him about that terrible Eastland disaster, and how it had affected all steamship lines. Then I said, "Charley, I'll give your paper a scoop, providing you will promise to make it a front page story." I outlined what we expected to do.

"If you will do as you say," he said, "it will make good reading, and I'll agree to give it a good spread with a picture of the *Whaleback*."

The test, with many prominent men and city officials on the ship, took place just off Grant Park. Stanton made good his word, and the story caused quite a furore. Then, on August 25, 1915, the *Examiner* printed another story with illustrations. I had invited Charles L. Dering, President of the Chicago Association of Commerce, and the entire executive committee as guests of the Goodrich Transit Company for a trip to Michigan on one of the company's other boats. Those two stunts did the work, and the company's passenger business came back to normal. That Board of Directors stayed with the corporation for ten years until the Goodrich Transit Company was sold and merged with the Graham and Morton Line. The preferred stock was called in at a premium, and that ended the existence of the old Goodrich line. The merged lines evi-

dently could not subsist on what was left to the steamboat business, so they later on petered out. And that is how the old established steamship lines started down the "skids," going downward until eventually such water transportation was largely diminished on Lake Michigan.

CHAPTER 30

RECENTLY there appeared some interesting articles written by that former veteran Pinkerton official, David C. Thornhill, in the magazine section of the Hearst Sunday papers, starting with the story of their apprehension of the world's cleverest criminal, Adam Worth. The founder of that great agency, Allan Pinkerton, and his two famous sons, William A. Pinkerton and Robert A. Pinkerton, performed many notable feats long before the Adam Worth case.

Allan Pinkerton, an early Chicago pioneer, established the Pinkerton's Protective Police in 1850. Within a few years he operated his force on a national scale and his organization then became known as Pinkerton's National Detective Agency. He passed away in 1884. During the last 34 years of his life, due to his exceptional courage and resourcefulness and that of his two famous sons, they, with their force of operatives had performed enough outstanding exploits in that line of endeavor to furnish material that would fill many volumes. A number of such hair-raising stories, based on actual facts, written by Alan Hynd, Spencer Webster and Richard Hirsch were published by *Macfadden Publications, Inc.* in 1940, 1941, 1942, and 1943. Including all high thriller, which described the hazardous, though successful undertaking by Pinkerton's ace detective, James McParland in connection with the breaking up and conviction of that infamous gang of murderers and criminals known as the "Molly Maguires."

One of the highlights of Allan Pinkerton's early career was his success in detecting that hideous plot hatched by secessionists to assassinate President-elect Abraham Lincoln during his trip to Washington, D. C., for his inauguration in 1861. The rebels had planned to murder Mr. Lincoln while he was on his way from Harrisburg, Pa., to the Capitol. It was due solely to the sagaciousness of that great detective that the planned dastardly crime was frustrated. To Allan Pinkerton alone belongs the credit that the life of our great President was saved.

The Pinkertons had been an important factor in the activities of Chicago and the nation for the twenty years preceding 1871, when the city was subjected to that devastating catastrophe—the Chicago fire in October of that year. As is usually the case in such a great crisis, pandemonium ensued which resulted in lawlessness that called for military aid. Lieutenant General Phil H. Sheridan was charged with restoring order to the stricken city, but the Pinkertons were destined to play a major part in bringing order out of the chaos. Allan Pinkerton assumed a tremendous responsibility to which he responded in his characteristic manner, namely with courage and decision. He realized that the people of the stricken city, suffering from the horrors of that unprecedented conflagration, must be safeguarded against the additional terrors of lawlessness. Accordingly, he concluded that it called for stern and decisive action, and therefore, issued the following order to his entire organization:

OFFICE OF PINKERTON'S POLICE

Orders are hereby given to Captains, Lieutenants, Sergeants, and men of the Pinkerton's Preventive Police, that they are in

charge of the burning district in the South Division. Any person stealing, or seeking to steal any property in my charge or attempting to break open safes, as the men cannot make arrests at the present time, they shall kill the persons by my order. No mercy shall be shown them, but death shall be their fate.

ALLAN PINKERTON.

The Pinkertons were noted Chicagoans and the "EYE" was a Chicago institution that soon became national and then international. Upon the passing of Allan Pinkerton, the founder, his two famous sons became sole owners and equal co-partners of the Pinkerton's National Detective Agency. Robert A. Pinkerton operated from New York and William A. Pinkerton operated from Chicago. Through their success in tracking down criminals those two great detectives became world famous. I knew them both since 1889 and by the middle nineties I became one of Bill Pinkerton's close associates. After his office hours he could frequently be found in company with his cronies at Chapin & Gore. With the many important, intricate, and dangerous problems that were his to solve, he still found time for companionship with his friends. Bill Pinkerton greatly enjoyed pulling a joke, especially on a friend of whom he was particularly fond. I have already mentioned his joke on Joseph S. Martin, City Collector. Nobody but Bill Pinkerton could have gotten away with that.

Big John Ryan, who had charge of the betting ring at Washington Park race track, was a friend he liked. John Ryan had a relative in a suburb of Chicago who raised chickens. To please Mrs. Ryan, John would drive out on each Sunday to his relative's place to get six dozen fresh eggs. Bill Studebaker, Jim Brady, Bill Corbett, and I were with Bill Pinkerton in a restaurant and bar where John

Ryan was to meet us. John came in with his basket of fresh eggs that he expected to take home. He handed the basket to the manager of the place for safe keeping while we were having a drink at the bar. Bill Pinkerton excused himself, saying he'd be right back. He returned in about five minutes. I noticed a guilty smirk on his face. In about an hour John Ryan asked for his basket and left for home. As soon as he got out of the door, Bill Pinkerton burst into laughter. He informed us that when he excused himself and left us for about five minutes he had gone to the manager and ordered him to hard boil those six dozen eggs. The next time we saw John Ryan he was still "foaming at the kisser." He had driven a long ways to get those eggs, and couldn't explain to his wife how fresh eggs were ever laid hard boiled. Had any other one of us done that to him, John Ryan might have been tempted to commit murder. It is not known whether John ever entirely forgave Bill for pulling that one on him. At least, none of us ever dared to mention that egg incident in John Ryan's presence.

John Farley ran a popular bar adjacent to the Baldwin Hotel in San Francisco. We frequently congregated there, but Bill Pinkerton was his most welcome patron and idol. James Flood, son of the "Forty Niner," was the owner of the property in which Farley's place was located, and therefore, was his landlord. Each New Year's Day it was Farley's custom to serve eggnog gratis to his favored customers from a large bowl placed in the center of his bar. He had just mixed a fresh bowl full when Bill Pinkerton, Jim Flood, Big Bill Lange, Harry Corbett, and I strolled into the place, this January 1, 1898. Bill Pinkerton knew about the eggnog, so he came prepared. He had hired two bums to sneak in and stoop low directly under that bowl.

Then he stuck a small hose into the eggnog. The two bums fastened on to the other end of that hose. They were warned that, unless they emptied that bowl, they wouldn't be paid. They emptied it and made their getaway while Bill Pinkerton held John Farley in whispered conversation at the end of the bar. Then Bill Pinkerton requested that Farley treat us to some of his famous New Year's eggnog. Farley said, "That will be a pleasure. You came just in time as I have made a fresh bowl full." He put up the glasses and dipped his large silver ladle into the bowl. When he pulled it out, there was nothing in that ladle but foam. It is difficult to ever forget that surprised and embarrassed look on John Farley's face. Farley could not figure out what had happened until we all burst into laughter. For years afterwards Bill Pinkerton loved to recall that eggnog joke.

In later years Bill Pinkerton became less active and frequently would telephone one of us to come to his office for a visit. He was interested in collecting curios. He had a wonderful assortment of valuable, highly colored meerschaum pipes and cigar holders that he kept in his desk and enjoyed showing as well as other interesting oddities. He liked talking of old times.

One day he told me an interesting story. "Before the Civil War I was a young lad when my dad came in and ordered me to put on my coat and hat, stating that he wanted to take me to a place where I would meet the greatest man in the world. He walked me down the railroad track to Sixteenth Street to a small railroad shack. That was way out in the 'sticks' in those days. When we arrived he gave a secret knock on the shack door. It was opened, we went in, and dad introduced me to the im-

mortal John Brown. Dad had smuggled him that far safely and finally succeeded in landing him into Canada. John Brown, to show his appreciation, presented my dad with a picture of himself. Dad had a plate made of it and had three pictures made off that plate so he could give one to each of his children. Then he had that plate destroyed. I'm now giving you this one. I know you'll appreciate it." I still own and always will that picture of John Brown. Bill told me that he had the original and that the other two were owned by his sister and brother.

William A. Pinkerton was a courageous and most resourceful detective. His life was often in danger, but he fearlessly faced every situation when necessary to do so. One time when he had succeeded in having convicted some leaders of a dangerous gang of safe blowers, he received word that he was marked to be killed and was told the names of the two gunmen who were hired to do the job. Bill Pinkerton was walking north on Dearborn Street from Madison Street when he observed those two gunmen just across the street watching him. Bill walked a few steps more until he reached Donnelly's store and loan office at the corner of gambler's alley. He said that he had some valuable papers in his pocket. He knew Donnelly well, and requested that Donnelly give him a large envelope. He then put those papers into that envelope, and addressed it to himself, instructing Donnelly to place that envelope into his safe and if he didn't call for it within an hour, Donnelly was to have it delivered to his office. All of that time Pinkerton could see out of the corner of his eye that the two gunmen were waiting for him on the other side of the street. Then Bill Pinkerton boldly walked out of Donnelly's store, and turned up into the alley for

about fifty feet and stood there looking over at the gunmen, as much as inviting them to come on and do their stuff. They stood amazed at his boldness, and evidently figured that Pinkerton had their number. Then they turned and made their get-away. A couple of days after that, Pinkerton's informer came to his office, and told him that those two gunmen said, "To Hell with Pinkerton! That bastard tried to coax us to come into that alley so he could murder us." Nothing but Bill Pinkerton's coolness and courage saved his life that day.

In February, 1903, Bill Pinkerton appeared to be in ill health. With no signs of improvement, the latter part of March he decided on a four-month ocean voyage that would take him to China and Japan. On the day of his departure, Lou M. Houseman, sports editor of the *Inter-Ocean*, Larry T. Curtis, and I were at the railway station to see him off. That voyage and vacation did the work. We heard from him that he had completely recovered, and would be back in Chicago about the middle of July. Curtis and Houseman came to my office to conclude arrangements to give him a "welcome home" surprise dinner. We agreed that, regardless of expense, it must be an outstanding affair, but that Bill Pinkerton would like it better if that party were limited to about twenty-four of his friends. We invited the following friends to join us: Charles S. Bush, Charles E. Tripp, F. M. Blount, Michael Cassius McDonald, Joseph S. Martin, Dr. Leonard St. John, John Powers, M. A. Hogan, P. Guerin, Harold Stickler, J. A. Murphy, E. L. Lomax, John Corwin, Joseph Ullman, Sam Hildreth, Tom Hanton, William Corbett, Will J. Davis, and the guest of honor, William A. Pinkerton.

Larry Curtis and Lou Houseman decided that the arrang-

ing of the details for that party was really a one-man job, and that I was the man to make the arrangements. I said, "Larry, I might have expected as much from you two. Wasn't your decision based on the fact that, with your limited intelligence, neither of you could be of much help in that matter?"

He said, "No, Charley, we felt you knew how to make the proper arrangements, and we figured that, if it wasn't attended to properly, we'd have you to blame for it."

That was all there was to that. The job was in my lap, so I went to work on it. I went to the Annex Hotel (later named the Congress Hotel), and consulted with John Roth, manager of the catering department. Roth was a resourceful man, and is really entitled to most of the credit for working out the many original details. We first planned an elaborate menu and the proper wines. Some foods were served in the shape of stars and policeman's clubs. An attractive folder menu was especially engraved with a big "Eye" on the front page. "So far, so good," said I to Jack Roth, "but Bill Pinkerton won't know he's coming to a party in his honor until he enters the room, so we must pull a real and an original surprise. How about putting on a safe-blowing act?"

Jack agreed that that was a grand idea, and elaborated with enthusiasm, "We'll use the English Room which is on the third floor and a fire escape leads to a window of that room. I'll have my house carpenter build a big safe out of wood, paint it a dull black so it will look like the real thing. We'll have him install a nickel plated combination fixture on it that even you won't think that safe is a phony. I'll have that carpenter dress to look like a burglar, with a mask over his eyes. I'll assure you he'll look like

a real burglar. You arrange to have all the guests come ahead of time and we'll seat them. Then we'll put out all the lights. All I want you to do is to borrow four suits from the Pinkerton Agency to be worn by the waiters. Then, when all is ready, you, Mr. Houseman, and Mr. Curtis can escort Mr. Pinkerton to the English Room and have him sit in the chair at the end. The room will be dark, and he'll see nobody but you three. Then, I'll have my phony burglar come up that fire escape with a flash light, raise the window, come into the room, and pretend that he is there alone. He'll use his burglar tools on that combination. There will be a button that he will press and a bell will ring. The burglar will flash his light on Mr. Pinkerton, and exclaim, 'Well, I'll be blowed! It's the EYE.' As the burglar attempts to make his get-away, the four phony Pinkerton men will jump on him. There will be a scramble on the floor, and the lights will all be turned on. The burglar, handcuffed, will be led out of the room. Then the four Pinkerton men (waiters) will immediately return, open the safe, and serve the cocktails out of it."

That party was staged on July 25, 1903. There wasn't a single hitch. Everything worked just as it had been planned. It was a real surprise for Bill Pinkerton and a most enjoyable event. On July 26, 1903, each morning paper carried a column about that party. Inasmuch as the details have been described above, I will merely repeat some of the headlines as they appeared in the papers.

CHICAGO Chronicle
CATCHES THIEF AT BANQUET
FRIENDS ARRANGE ENTERTAINMENT
AND SAFE ROBBERY AS FEATURE

**EVENT GIVEN IN HONOR OF DETECTIVE'S
RETURN FROM TRIP ABROAD**

**WILLIAM A. PINKERTON FINDS SURPRISE IN DINING ROOM
MOCK CRACKSMAN ENTERS AND THE SLEUTH MAKES CAPTURE**

CHICAGO Tribune

PINKERTON HAS "GOOD BURGLAR"

HAVE FUN AT BANQUET

**MASKED INTRUDER INVADES HIS ROOM
WITH DARK LANTERN AND DRILL**

**DETECTIVE RETURNS FROM ORIENT
AND FRIENDS GATHER IN THE ANNEX**

CHICAGO Evening American

**DETECTIVES AT BANQUET SEE SAFE ROBBED
GUESTS OF THE NOTED CHIEF AS SPECTATORS**

**BURGLAR ALARM CALLS OFFICERS INTO ENGLISH ROOM OF THE
ANNEX HOTEL WHERE WILLIAM A. PINKERTON IS BEING DINED**

**ASTOUNDED BANQUETERS GAZE SPELLBOUND AT INTRUDER, BUT
DO NOT MAKE EFFORT TO CAPTURE HIM. EXPLANATION MADE.**

When the party was over, Bill Pinkerton asked me to be sure to have that safe sent over to him as a memento. It was sent to his office. I saw it there for many years, and for all I know, it may yet be there. I still have the menu of that party—in these days of food rationing, it brings back fond memories. Reading it is ample proof that, when that dinner was over, if any guest left that

table either hungry or thirsty, he had only himself to blame.

At the turn of the century, the Postal Telegraph-Cable Company had finished laying the cable from San Francisco to Honolulu. As a guest of John W. Mackay, William A. Pinkerton was in Honolulu on January 1, 1903, for the purpose of participating in the celebration of that historic event, the opening day of that cable which provided the island a direct wire communication with the mainland. Each of the guests was given the privilege of sending the first cable message. Bill Pinkerton sent his message to me carrying his kind remembrances to Dr. Leonard St. John, Larry Curtis, and his other friends. For its historic value, that cable message is reproduced herewith.

POSTAL TELEGRAPH-CABLE COMPANY IN CONNECTION WITH THE COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY.



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J. D. STEVENS, Secy.

ANDREW H. BAER, Vice-Pres.

ALBERT H. COOPER, Secy.

EDWARD L. WARD, Vice-Pres.

CABLEGRAM.

The Postal Telegraph-Cable Company transmits and delivers this cablegram subject to the terms and conditions printed on the back of this blank.

New York, May 8, 1903.

Cable.

Received at

11:30 A.M.

WHERE ANY REPLY SHOULD BE SENT.

To

124 Main x 15

Venice Inn 17

Charles Herzenau,

7a Prince St., N.Y.

concluding trip kind remembrance & John writing all friends

Pinkerton, 245m

No inquiry respecting this message can be intended without the production of this paper. Repetitions of doubtful words should be omitted through the Company's offices, and not by DIRECT application to the sender.

THE POSTAL COMPANY'S SYSTEM REACHES ALL IMPORTANT PORTS IN THE UNITED STATES AND BRITISH AMERICA, AND via COMMERCIAL CABLES, ALL THE WORLD.

PINKERTON CABLEGRAM

The first cable to be sent from Honolulu to San Francisco, January 1, 1903



SIX OLD CHICAGOANS AT LUNCH, CHICAGO ATHLETIC CLUB
Left to right: Albert Goodrich, John Irwin, Oscar Mayer, Hon. Carter H. Harrison,
Charles Hermann, Col. Henry Barrett Chamberlin

The Passing of Pioneers

JAMES JEFFERSON GORE, a great merchant and Chicago pioneer passed away on September 25, 1891. Mr. Gore was an energetic business man, possessed of an engaging personality; a fine, true, and interesting character. He was one of the recognized leaders among the old-timers of that early Chicago period. Mr. Gore, up to the time of his death, was also nationally known as a leader in the distilling industry. It was he who originated the term "sour mash," designating a certain method of quality distillation.

Gardner Spring Chapin, for many years owned a winter home, "The Lakota Grounds," in Santa Barbara, California. He went there with his family in 1894-'95. He was taken ill and died February 5, 1895 at the age of sixty-one. His rather sudden death marked the passing of another Chicago pioneer.

His surviving partner, James Swift Carter, who had entered the firm in the spring of 1872, was then elected president, and Ellis L. Hagenbuck, who had been cashier since 1881, was elected secretary and treasurer of the corporation. As for me, I had been the firm's sales manager, and upon the election of Mr. Carter to the presidency, much of the chief executive's duties were shifted onto my young shoulders. By the end of the nineties, I negotiated for and purchased all of the stock holdings of the Chapin estate. At the age of seventy-nine, Mr. Carter wished to retire from the business on account of illness. I purchased his entire holdings, and thereby, in January, 1913, became

the sole owner of Chapin & Gore. Ellis L. Hagenbuck passed away in 1911. James S. Carter died on April 29, 1913. He was highly respected, an old timer with fine principles and high ideals. As in the case of the deaths of Mr. Chapin and Mr. Gore, with the demise of Mr. Carter the last of the trio, another Chicago pioneer had passed on.

At the turn of the century, because of the firm's expanding operations in the distilling and national distribution of their product, it became necessary that we move into a larger building. From our new quarters the business continued to prosper until the advent of the "noble experiment." The Eighteenth Amendment was unfortunately foisted on the U.S.A. by some well meaning reformers, who however, were completely controlled by a pressure group of professional "blue noses." The "noble experiment" was the cause of the old firm's liquidation and the passing of that famed Chicago pioneer concern.

My reason for recalling the above personal matters is solely because of the historic part the old house of Chapin & Gore was destined to play in doings of Chicago since the year of 1865.

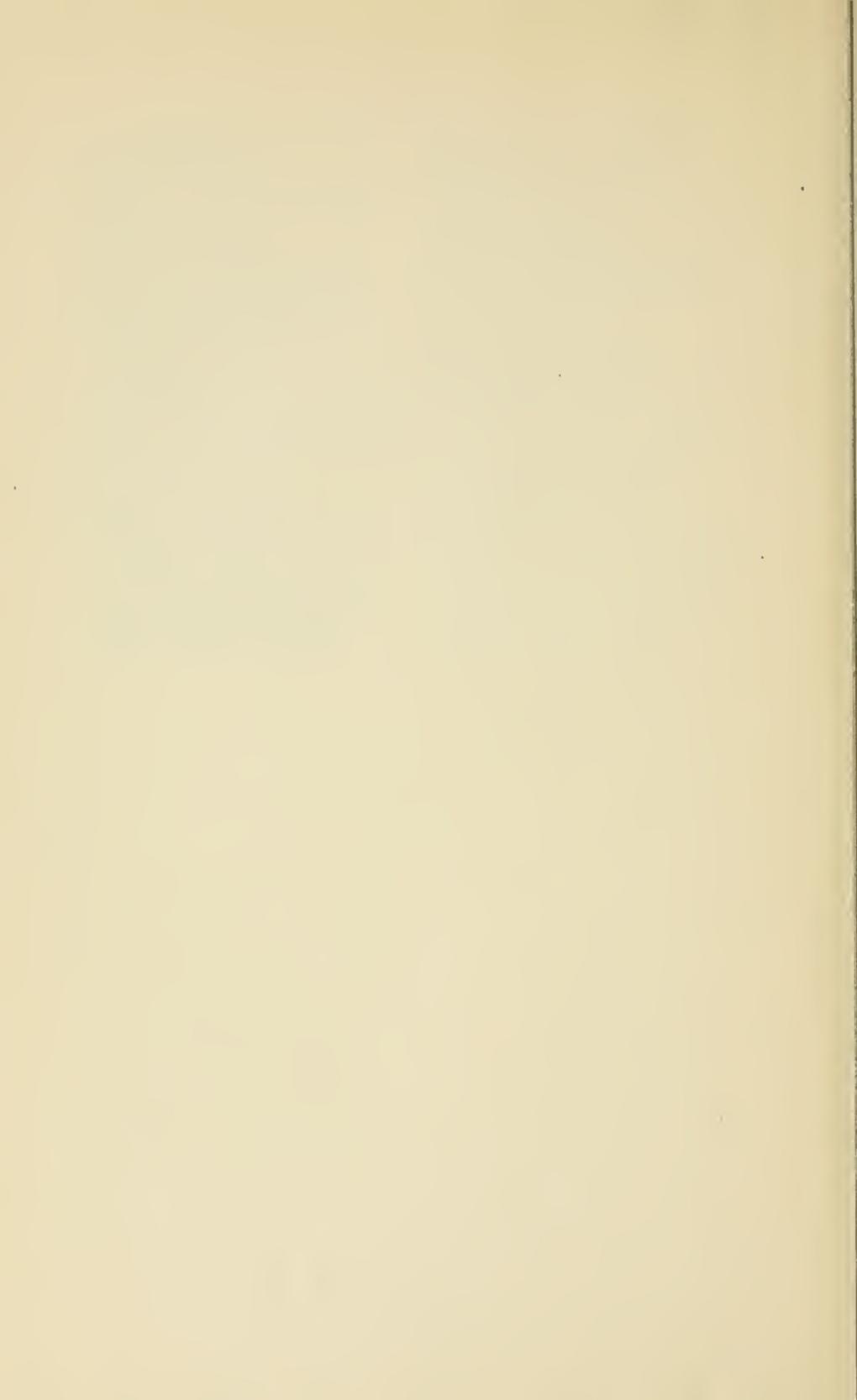
As we old timers turn our thoughts to the past and review the years during the period of time referred to in this narrative and take note of the many changes that in recent years have come to pass in our mode of life, we must conclude that, even though it has not always been smooth sailing, ours has been a great life. We have seen much and no matter what may come in the next half century, our generation has had the best of it.

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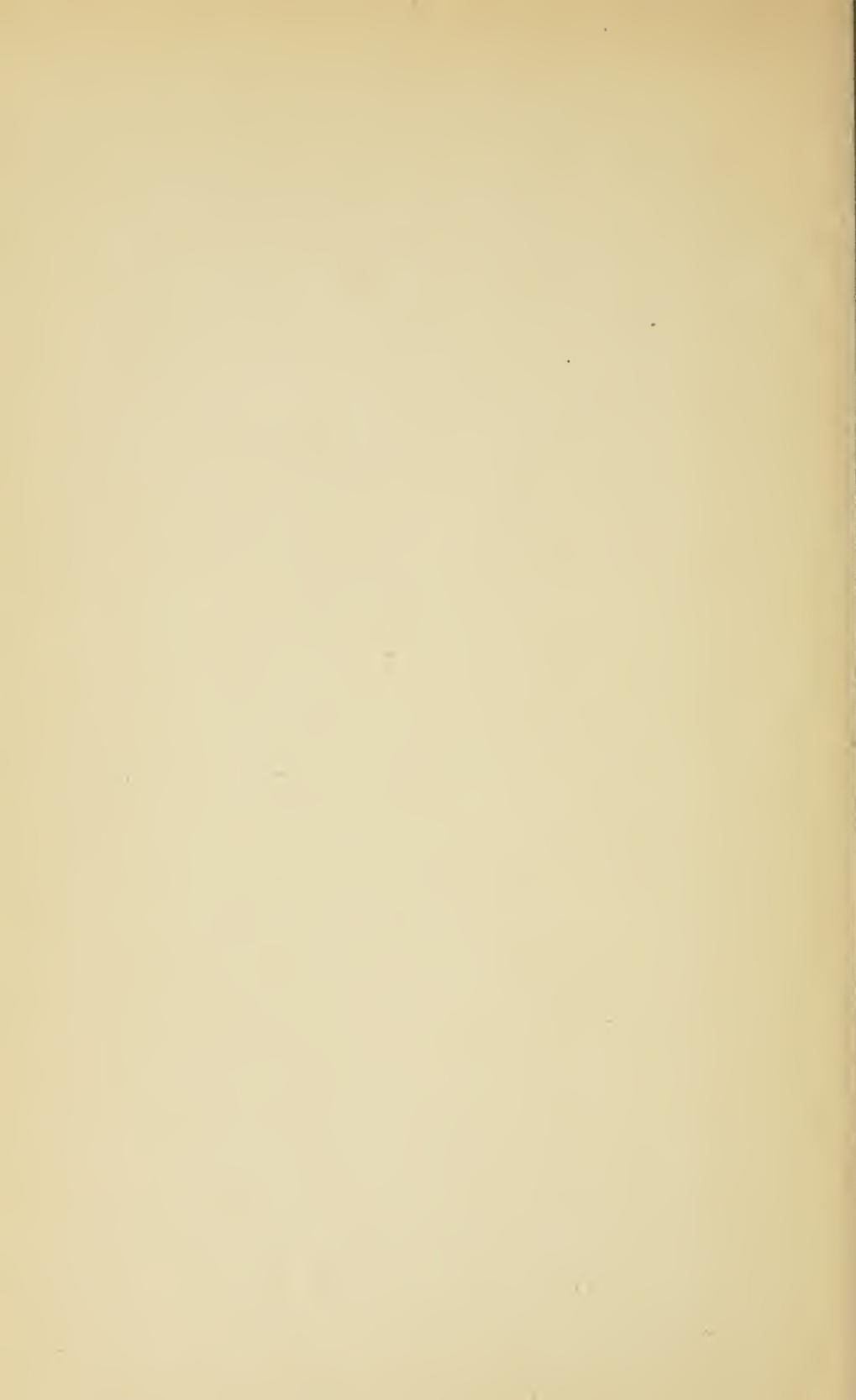
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